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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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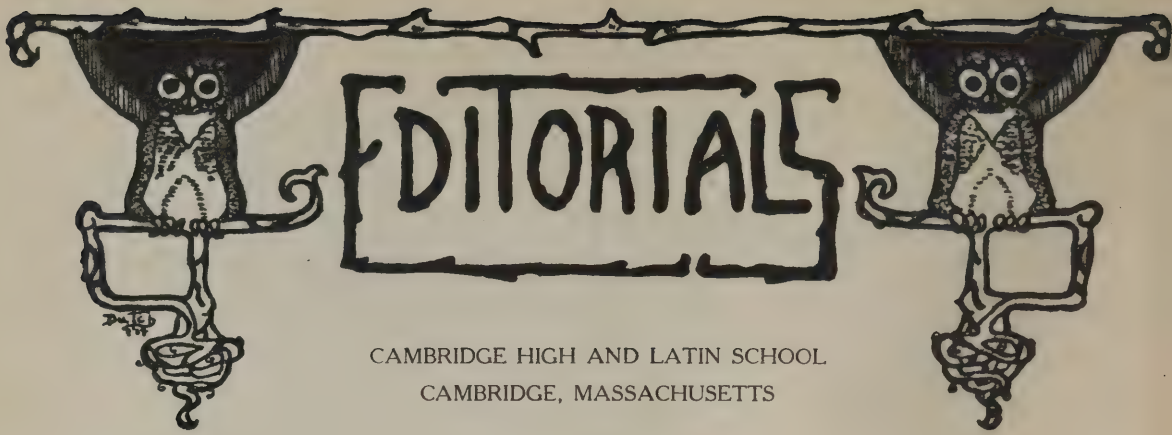
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NUMBER 1

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WELCOME FRESHMEN!



THE High and Latin School welcomes you, the Class of 1934. You have come to a school much larger than any you have known before. To some of you the numbers may seem almost terrifying for a time while to others they are a spur to greater effort. Today a high school education or its equivalent is necessary to your later success. Without it you will be very seriously handicapped. We do not wish to preach but we do want you to accept this fact of need at the very beginning. Resolve to carry on and through if possible.

Be sure that we all are in real sympathy with you both in your successes and in your disappointments. The spirit of the High and Latin School is one of friendliness between teacher and pupil. That spirit is one of her most precious possessions. You are now joining us in our responsibility as keepers of this tradition. See to it that you treasure it, add to it, and pass it on to those who follow you, richer in meaning and more potent in influence. How can you do this thing which may seem so serious a duty? You can do it by being loyal to your self or rather to that better self which is the possession of each of us.

We want you to be normal boys and girls, loving your play but also learning to love doing your work and doing it as well as you can. The pupil who has acquired the habit of doing his best will find his best getting better and better. Finally, please do not hesitate to go to your teachers for advice. I also shall always be glad to talk over your problems with you and give you any assistance I can.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND

WE have often wondered whether or not there still exists in the heart of the average Cambridge High and Latin School pupil that feeling of pride and affection for the name of the school, for its ideals, traditions, and activities known as school spirit. The answer is no! This lack of interest is apparent in all our activities: academic, athletic, and social. The old energy, organization, and cooperation of former years has long ceased to exist, and there is no legitimate excuse for it.

It is impossible to get out of high school life more than we put into it. And yet, that is what most of us are trying to do. If we are giving our very best to the school we shall find that we are benefiting the school, that we ourselves are benefited. The school is for us; it will be what we make it. We, you, everyone should be working for the advancement of all school activities. Each student should feel a strong, personal desire to have its various undertakings succeed. Not as a body, but individually must we do our utmost to benefit the school.

It is that ever present lack of school spirit, however, that retards the progress of school affairs along all lines. It is that which is mainly responsible for the poor showing of the majority of C. H. L. S. athletic teams in the past few years. Lack of support, lack of backing even in time of victory, that's what it is. That is the main factor in the present unprecedented attitude held by most pupils. There is hardly a school activity in the past few years, be it a football game, a dance, a senior drama, or any other, that has been properly supported!

The responsibility for this state of affairs rests mainly with the upperclassmen. They are unwilling to sacrifice even a little of their time and energy for the school. They assume an indifferent attitude and are content to watch the traditions and ideals of the school totter and fall into ruin and oblivion for lack of adequate support. Therefore, freshmen, it is mainly to you that we appeal.

You are beginning your school career practically anew. Your class, with the proper frame of mind, can become the medium for the rebuilding of the school's fame. It is largely upon you that the future of Latin school depends. Begin from the beginning; start all over again. Can you bring back to your school its prestige of days gone by? Can you fight against odds and win?

And yet, upperclassmen, you are not rid of your responsibility by passing it over to the members of the lower classes. It is up to you to help create the proper environment for them. After all, they look up to you for guidance in all phases of school life. Set the right example for them. Give them the right impression, one that you yourself desire them to form. Lead in the right direction and they will follow. Have an aim in common with them: the regaining of the lost prestige of C. H. L. S. through a regaining of school spirit. "This common aim", our headmaster, Mr. Cleveland has said, "will more and more bind you together with loyalty to your school and that for which it stands. It stands for loyalty to high ideals of character, for high scholarship, for freedom from petty prejudices, for work that brings the joy of accomplishment. You are a citizen of that school. You enjoy its many opportunities, *but you must also assume certain duties.*"

The fulfillment of those duties to your school depends upon your attitude toward the school, upon your school spirit.

I. B.

ANNUAL AWARDING OF PRIZES

ON June 4, the Latin classes were given a special C period to go to the Hall for the awarding of the Latin and Mathematics prizes. Mr. Cleveland first introduced the speaker, Mr. Walter F. Downey, Headmaster of the Boston English High School, who gave us a most inspiring talk about the importance of academic subjects in High School life. He likewise told us about the system of conduct marking which is used in his school. The student is marked by his teachers several times in the year upon his co-operation, reliability, and several other essentials. When a business man wishes to hire a boy for his office, he asks to see the reports, which, if satisfactory, are sufficient recommendation. Mr. Downey concluded with a pleasant little anecdote which showed that life "in the good old days" certainly did not surpass our life now.

Mr. Cleveland then read the names of the

prize-winners in the Latin and Mathematics prize contests which were as follows:

John Hopkins Latin Prizes

FRESHMAN

First Prize Marjorie Gutheim
Second Prize John Budryk

SOPHOMORE

First Prize Catherine Sanders
Second Prize Albert Weisman

CP. III

First Prize, \$15 Anne Southard
Second Prize, \$10 Barbara Wunsch

CP. IV

First Prize, \$20 Margot Clark
Second Prize, \$15 Letty Field
For the best examination paper in the entire Latin Course, \$15 Margot Clark

Mathematics Prizes

ALGEBRA I

First Prize Anthony Chmielewsky
Honorable Mention Catriona MacDonald

GEOMETRY I

First Prize Catherine Sanders

ALGEBRA II

First Prize Robert Worden

GEOMETRY II

First Prize Vincent Mooney

ADVANCED MATHEMATICS

First Prize Morey Wantman

As each of the prize-winners ascended the platform, Mr. Downey presented him with the award, which, in almost every case, was a beautifully bound book. The Review prize-winners were also announced at this time.

First prize for the best short story,
Evelyn Cummings, '31
Second prize for the best short story,
Theodora Hubbard, '31
First Freshman Prize Eunice Patton

THE K. B. CLUB



THE K. B. Club has organized for the year, although more girls may be taken in later. This organization has made an attempt to select as members only girls who are outstanding in the school. The requisite qualities of a K. B. girl are not only satisfactory scholarship but a willingness to work and a co-operative spirit. The purpose of the club is helpfulness. For years, we have been trying to help others who have been in some way unfortunate. Each summer, through the proceeds of K. B. activities during the school year, a number of delicate girls have been sent on a vacation. This, of course, has meant that the club members have had to work hard to raise the money. At Thanks-

giving and Christmas, the girls have sent baskets of food to several needy families, and during the year various other kindnesses have been planned and executed.

The K. B. club has always counted among its members many girls who have stood high scholastically. Some former members of the club are now members of Phi Beta Kappa and many others are outstanding in the women's colleges and in the business world. It is our aim to carry on the traditions of the K. B. Club by enlisting as members girls of high ambition and worthy character. We are in hopes that, year after year, the K. B. will come, more and more, to count among its members girls of the highest type.

N. L.

GENERAL GOURAUD

ON the Wednesday preceeding that of Oct. 8 we received the pleasantly surprising news, appropriately in French class, that General Gouraud, French commander of the allied forces at the great Argonne struggles, and one of the greatest war heroes, was to make a visit to the high schools here at Cambridge. The school officials had arranged to have the General entertained as a guest of the American Legion Convention during the week of October 6th, and to give a few minutes of his very valuable time so that we students at Rindge and Cambridge High and Latin might have the experience of seeing and listening to one of the French notables of the World War. The news of this visit was almost subordinated by the announcement that we were to learn in French, and sing for the visitors, the Marseillaise, national anthem of France. Thereupon began days of grilling practice; French rooms became music salons; for a time it was believed that the popular Marseillaise might be elevated to the rank so recently held by the much abused tune of the University of Maine.

Then came the great day. There was a suggestion of mist in the air, but no rain fell to dampen our hopes of taking part in the exercises to be given on the lawn in front of the library, where a temporary grandstand had been erected, with a microphone and loud-speaker arrangement. At nine-thirty-five we left the building and filed in some semblance of order over to the library grounds. We waited there for some minutes debating some points of pronunciation in the French song brought out by the practice of the day before. Soon our discussion was cut short by

the martial force of a band, and the sight of the escort of automobiles entering Trowbridge Street. The Saint Mary's Parochial school furnished music for the exercise by a boys' and girls' band which it sponsors. The General, his aides, and the officials passed through a lane of cheering, whistling students and up into the grandstand. After a moment of introduction and seating there, Mr. Fitzgerald, chairman of the school board, trim in his Legion uniform, announced that the singing of the Marseillaise by the school children was to be first on the program. With the music of the band to accompany us in place of the erratic but serviceable phonograph used in the classroom, we sang with a will, guided by the capable baton of Mr. Whoriskey, our music master.

Then came the speeches. Short, concise, and from interesting people, they were joys to the pupils' hearts of ours. First introduced was Major Judson Hannigan, a former student of Cambridge Latin, and an aide to General Gouraud during the war. His speech was just what we expected, if appearances matter in the least, vigorous, clean-cut, sincere. His praise of the General we felt was sincere not only because it was first hand, but because it was the honest opinion of a companion of the General during the confusion and crisis of the Argonne campaign. Our mayor, Richard M. Russell, attired in his Legion uniform, next addressed us, and, in a few words extended to the General and his party the welcome of the city and of the students. Mr. Fitzgerald then introduced the guest of honor, General Gouraud. A wave of genuine applause greeted him as he

stepped to the microphone, for the General commanded respect and attention. Very seldom do we find the expression of culture and kindliness, the perfect poise, the impressive carriage that are so noticeable in this man. The General is certainly in appearance, and has proved himself to be in action, an instinctive leader. He spoke to us in cultured, musical, perfect, carefully enunciated French, with great expression; we students of French were able to understand much of what he said. In his speech, General Gouraud spoke of the advantages of school, the tie between France and America; but what interested us most was his telling two stories, depicting the bravery, the patriotism, of the soldiers in the war. As for the interpreting of his speech, Major Vigneault, war time commander of the Lafayette Esquadron, the famous French flying unit, is to be highly commended for the splendid piece of work he did. As was noticeable when he spoke, the Major had a very decided accent, but he translated the General's speech into shorthand in his notebook, then gave his words in English from the shorthand without a single grammatical error, a piece of work requiring an especially active brain and an excellent knowledge of working materials.

After the applause at the close of the General's speech had abated, our Major expressed his desire to present several men who were on the platform at that time, a few of the forty-four possessors of the Congressional Medal of Honor who were then in Boston. There are only eighty-one men so honored by our congress, and we were privileged to have more than half at Boston during the American Legion Convention.

Pressed for time, the General was unable to remain longer to attend our exercises in the Latin Hall. Mr. Fitzgerald's little daughter had presented the General with a great basket of flowers in behalf of the students, and, after we had sung a verse of "The Star Spangled Banner", the party left the grandstand and the grounds, followed by the band. Rather unheeding of the suggestion that the students should remain in their places while the General left, we, with the rest of the crowd, dashed over to the sidewalk

to shout farewell to the French visitors. Those few who believed we did not make enough noise at the departure of the General could not have been standing within several yards of our quarter. We shouted and clapped until we were exhausted. Soon the escort had all left, and our duty was to return to the hall for further exercises. After choosing all the locked doors to try to enter, we at last found admittance and trudged into the hall, much to our surprise, quite on time.

On the platform in the hall the beautiful memorial equestrian statue had been set up and surrounded with palms. In a moment Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Sheehan, in his Legion suit, had entered and received tremendous ovation from the seniors and post-graduates assembled in the hall. In a few explanatory words our headmaster expressed his regret that the General was unable to remain with us at our exercises, but his satisfaction that there was someone in the faculty who could properly officiate. Mr. Cleveland made it clear that our program was to be very simple, merely the placing of a wreath on the statue, taps, by Charlotte Dailey, and the singing of a verse of our national anthem. Just as he was retiring, Mr. Fitzgerald entered and was asked to speak. In several sentences the chairman of the school board stressed the heroism and self sacrifice of the one armed commander. During the Argonne campaign the indomitable General Gouraud was urged by his doctors to retire from the front to a point where he might receive satisfactory hospitalization with the hope of saving his arm; but the General, of the stuff of which heroes are made, refused—and sacrificed.

The main lights were switched off; a flood light affixed to the top of the stage poured its intensive rays upon the inertly appealing figure; a green wreath, tied with a great tri-colored bow was placed silently at the foot of the statue; taps, long and plaintive, was sounded.

On come the lights, and the spell was broken. Miss Wait accompanied us as we sang a verse of "The Star Spangled Banner". At the request of the headmaster Mr. Bramhall dismissed us from the hall to our home rooms, from event to routine.

E. G. C.

OCTOBER

Crimson trees against a sky,
Blue, with white clouds driving by;
Purple mountains, misty masses;
Sere and yellow grasses.

NOCTURNE

How glowing gold the moon has grown,
A bubble of celestial fire!
A silver song drifts through the trees,
The echo of a heavenly choir.

THEODORA LOUISE HUBBARD, '31



ROAMING THROUGH THE CORRIDORS

SINCE we have to go from room forty 'way over to the English Building every day at the end of first period, we are very much interested in plans for relieving the congestion at the top of the girls' stairway on the second floor. We've tried various ways of getting through the mass of books, students, elbows et cetera and have at last discovered the following method to be the most successful. (1) Tie your books around your waist with a stout strap; (2) from the railing around the show-case outside of Mr. Fougere's room take a dive into the crowd. The breast-stroke is the best to use but if you are not proficient at that, the dog-paddle will do, with emphasis on the foot motion. Keep going until you strike either a wall or a teacher. We can't quite decide which is preferable; you are apt to hurt your head on the wall, but your reputation suffers from intimate contact with the teacher. From then on progress is comparatively easy; anyone with the well-sharpened elbows will have no difficulty.

However, since clothes, hair, manners, and morals are apt to suffer during this procedure, we take the liberty of suggesting some ways that occur to us to eliminate the scramble. The first one we think of is to expel all Freshman and Sophomores. But that leaves quite a few Juniors,

and we aren't sure but rather too many Seniors as well. Besides, it might be rather awkward to explain such a drastic move. Another brilliant idea—at least it sounds quite brilliant at present, perhaps tomorrow it will not seem so extraordinary—is to install a regular traffic system, with officers standing in little stalls with "No Left Turn" and "Watertown Straight Ahead" printed on them in nice black letters. Why not traffic lights too, while we're about it? And yellow lines and red crosses on the floor? This system seems to suggest new possibilities every minute. Who can tell what it may develop into? Then, of course, there are Austins for the Seniors, bicycles for Juniors, tricycles and kiddie cars for Sophomores and Freshmen. The P. G's will have to be the cops, we guess, because we can't think of anything but aeroplanes for them, and that might be rather confusing. This harmless little idea has grown at such a rate while we are writing, and has assumed so many new possibilities that we've almost decided to take the matter up with the school-board. But perhaps someone else has a better idea, which it would be a shame not to use. So, if anyone has, will he or she kindly communicate with the Review Office?

E. H. R.

THE SMYTHE-THOMPSONS CROSS THE POND

ONE short year ago they were known as the Smiths, but the death of an uncle in Australia and the subsequent inheritance of wealth had caused them to change their name to Smythe-Thompson, and to move from Simpkinsville, Ohio to Long Island. There were five of them—Father, Mother, Anthony, who had just graduated from college, Isabella, a High School senior, and Herbert, aged ten—known to Simpkinsville as Pa, Ma, Tony, Belle and Junior. They were now fulfilling a cherished dream—they were taking a trip to Europe.

Everyone except Mrs. Smythe-Thompson had

a most enjoyable ocean voyage. Although the sea was without a ripple, Mother became very sick as soon as the boat began to move. Junior, no longer watched by her eye, was into mischief every minute of the voyage. By the end of the first day he had been into every part of the boat from the baggage room to the boat deck. He had also tried to inspect the bridge, but had been unsuccessful. No matter where he strayed, though, Junior always returned at meal times. One day, when he failed to appear at lunch, the family became frantic. They notified the chief-steward and the deck-steward of his disappearance. Some one mentioned that he thought he

had heard a splash a few minutes before; another passenger supplied the information that Junior had been seen leaning over the railing not long before that. The officers had heard enough; orders were issued to stop the engines and to lower the life-boats. News of the search spread quickly, and within a few minutes quite a crowd had gathered along the railings. Suddenly Belle felt a hand on her arm and heard a familiar voice saying:



"Say, Belle, what's the rumpus about?"

"Junior!" cried Belle, wheeling around in astonishment. "Where *have* you been? We've been looking everywhere for you!"

"Me? Why I've been in the boiler-room watching the firemen stoking coal. But what's all this excitement about?"

"Oh, nothing, Junior. Thank heavens you're safe!"

After five days on the open sea, which seemed interminable to Mother, but all too short to the rest of the family, the boat arrived in Rotterdam, the chief seaport of Holland. The Smythe-Thompsons, staying in Rotterdam only long

enough to go through customs, hurried on to Amsterdam. There they took a small motor launch for an excursion to Vollandam and the Isle of Marken. Crossing the small harbor of Amsterdam, the launch entered one of the canals so numerous in Holland. For over an hour the small boat plied its way through the quiet waters of the narrow passage-way, traversing the typical Dutch lowlands so well known the world over. As far as the eye could see stretched a plain, broken only by the windmills whose arms slowly and majestically revolved in the breeze. Far in the distance towards the sea could be seen the high dikes which have transformed Holland from a dreary expanse of water to one of the loveliest and most picturesque countries in the world. The Smythe-Thompsons, like most observant travellers, soon noticed how scrupulously clean everything was. This fact was most vividly shown when the party visited a small Dutch dairy. The building was a one-story structure containing five rooms, three of which were the living quarters of the dairy-keeper and his family. The other two rooms were used as the dairy itself. In the larger one were four stalls where the cows are housed during the winter. The floor of each stall was covered with pure white sand, and beside it, was a small wooden device on the end of which was a piece of twine used to keep the cow's tail from dragging in the sand. In the smaller adjoining room were several vats in which the cheese was made. Returning through the large room to leave the dairy, the Smythe-Thompsons saw two shelves stretching across one end of the room, heavily laden with the round red Edam cheeses which are now so popular here in America.

The next stop which the boat made was at Vollandam, one of the two places in Holland where the residents retain their native costumes. As the passengers went ashore, the Dutch people clustered around them, or paraded up and down the one short street hoping that the tourists would take their pictures. Tony, who had charge of the family camera, soon learned that the natives had a purpose in their seeming benevolence—everyone expected a tip for obliging him with a picture. The women wore dark dresses of double-thickness of flannel; with this dark color, were the neat white collars, aprons and hats. The latter was the most distinctive feature of the costume, for it is by this that one can tell from what section of Holland the wearer comes. The Vollandam women wore one not unlike a bonnet, ending in two stiff points curving out beside their cheeks. The men wore long,

baggy, bloomer-like trousers and small light jackets. On their heads they wore almost anything, from small caps to something which resembled a Cossack turban. To complete their quaint costume, both men and women wore the well known wooden shoes.

While the guide gave a short description of that island, the boat proceeded from Vollandam to the Isle of Marken. For centuries past, the inhabitants of this small island have lived by themselves, stranded in the Zuyder Zee, their only means of access to the mainland being the numerous fishing boats with which the one small harbor is filled. The town itself is situated on a high spot of ground in the center of the island, and is reached by a series of narrow wooden paths, threading their way through stretches of marshy lowlands. It is occupied by between two and three hundred of the ugliest people imaginable. With the exception of the women's head-

dress, their costumes are very similar to those of the inhabitants of Vollandam. The Marken women wear their hair entirely concealed in a close-fitting bandana, excepting one long curl on either side of the head and short bangs turning up from the forehead to curl over the bonnet. Another peculiar feature of these people is that until the children are five years of age, they cannot be distinguished, because both boys and girls wear their hair long, and are dressed exactly alike.

The party of tourists spent nearly an hour on this island watching the natives as they went about their daily work. At the end of that time, they reluctantly returned to the boat for the trip back to Amsterdam. Within three hours, the Smythe-Thompsons were comfortably settled in their hotel, tired, but happy because they were really in Europe!

FLORENCE JONES, '31

MY STANDARD OF LIVING

(Home Management)

In the Home Management course one looks into several phases of living and home keeping. One outcome of this study is the setting down of one's standard of living.

My home shall first be put on a budget for time, and a budget for money. If I do not have a plan set before me for what has to be done against what may be spent, I will never get anywhere. Since I have no multi-millionaire future, my budget will be compiled on a basis of a moderate income.

My home, at first, will not be very large. In a small house not so many furnishings are needed and so I can have better quality for the amount of money there is to be spent. The furniture will be simple and in accordance with the type of house. Above all, it must be something of which I will not soon tire.

After the home is established I must think about the task of keeping it. The house must be cleaned regularly; a certain day must be set apart for each particular duty; on other days the house must at least be tidied.

The food must be of the best, but the menus must be planned economically, since I shall have a limited income. Really, baked haddock tastes as well as lobster. It is a pleasure to see what dainty dishes can be made from left overs.

This same theory applies also to clothing. It may not be so thrilling to have a plain but smart crepe as it would be to have a dainty chiffon, but it is more to the point when the cost has to be considered, because it can be used longer for more varied occasions.

Recreation must be considered. A summer vacation, trips, amusements, and hobbies all have their important place. It is ideal to go on a vacation. But what is to be done if one cannot get away? The porch can be furnished and screened; many pleasant hours can be spent there. Also, there are many worth while stage and screen performances I can attend. Aside from the regular radio entertainments, there are often beautiful and enjoyable symphonies out of doors in the summer. Last but not least, I must not forget to put time and money into a hobby, which sometimes can be followed more closely in the summer than in the winter.

My budget may change slightly if my income increases, but then only changes in magnitude not in taste. With money I might buy a car, more clothes, more books, more amusements, perhaps take a trip, and have help in my home. But life must continue systematically, on the highest possible scale.

FRANCES HAY, '31

“ROOMS FOR TOURISTS”

JEREMY grumbled to himself as he walked from his house to the barn, a sputtering lantern in one hand, a much-worn patchwork quilt thrown over his arm. A board, nailed rather insecurely to a tree in front of the house, caught his eye. “‘Rooms for Tourists,’” he muttered. “That’s what started it all ‘Rooms for Tourists.’” He seemed to get some satisfaction in repeating this out loud, giving various inflections to the words. “Why did they have to run the state road by our house anyway?” he continued. “And then Father couldn’t get work, so Mother put up this sign ‘Rooms for Tourists’. And just because two parties came tonight, I have to sleep in the barn while some silly person I never saw before has my room.” With a last look at the sign, he went slowly on toward the barn. “The worst part of it is being polite to them,” he continued. “If I could only have told that bald-headed man what I thought of him at supper tonight when he kept talking about how famous he is! What do we care that he is the Chief of Police in Barnstable? And his wife—! She wasn’t so bad, but who wanted to hear her tell all those crazy stories about her children? Well, here’s the barn. Guess I’ll ‘hit the hay’ in every sense of the words tonight.”

The barn was just behind the house, over a little hill. Since Jeremy’s father had given up farming as a means of making his living, the barn was scarcely ever used. A nearby farmer used it to store his surplus supply of hay in, and, except for that, no one went near it. But the loneliness did not worry Jeremy; he was concerned only with the inconvenience caused him by giving up his room and sleeping elsewhere.

Blowing out his lantern, he climbed up the ladder to the loft, which had recently been filled with sweet-smelling hay. There he spread his blanket and, taking off his shoes, lay down and tried to go to sleep. However, it was rather an unsuccessful attempt. The loneliness and dark became more pronounced to him; the barn had never seemed so far from the house as it did that night. Strange noises became audible; boards creaked and rats scuffled. Try as he would to ignore them, Jeremy’s tired brain imagined all sorts of creatures stalking around on the floor of the barn. He lay tense, every sense alert for new sounds and wishing with all his heart that he were in his own bed.

Suddenly he sat straight up in bed, his eyes wide with fright. Someone had come into the

barn! He heard whoever it was walking around the floor just below him. The noise continued, and up in the loft Jeremy cowered in his bed, wild thoughts running through his head. He had been told of tramps who inhabit lonely barns, and, from what he had heard, he had no desire to meet one. A tale of smugglers in the vicinity occurred to him, much to his dismay, and he crouched down still further in the soft hay. It seemed to him he remained that way for hours. Although the noise calmed down somewhat, he still could feel the presence of someone else in the barn and hear heavy breathing and occasional scufflings.

At last he could stand the suspense no longer; he cautiously rose to his hands and knees and crept to the edge of the loft. Looking over, he could see nothing, except a black, awful hole. He found the top of the ladder by groping, but he hesitated before starting down. Again he controlled himself and, step by step, lowered himself into the inferno beneath. When he reached the bottom he paused a moment, but evidently he was unheard. There was no change in the deep, drunken breathing and the occasional movement of some large body. He crept slowly toward the barn door, which loomed near him, framing a large patch of purple sky. But once outside the barn, he threw discretion to the winds and raced over the hill toward home. He arrived there breathless and scared. Then he began to realize how the family would laugh at his running away and he did not dare enter the sleeping house. Instead, he curled up in an uncomfortable hammock on the side porch. Realizing that he was not being followed, he grew calm and finally went to sleep.

He must have slept well, for the next thing he knew his father was shaking him by the shoulder and saying, “Get up now, Jeremy. The Atkins’ cow got loose last night and Pete says she spent the night in our barn. Will you go now and drive her home?”

Jeremy rose on one elbow. “The Atkins’ cow in our barn? Been there all night? Well, of all things. Then it must have been—: Never mind. Sure, I’ll drive her home.” As he went toward the barn he again passed the sign “Rooms for Tourists”. This time, however, he was too busy thinking of other things and so intent on planning an excuse for his foolish performance the night before, that he did not notice it.

ELIZABETH H. ROORBACH

DOWN

"She's my Annie, I'm her Jo,
 She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau.
 And when we're married, oh how happy
 we'll be—

The music issued from the bunkroom up the companion way and was lost in the tangle of winds sweeping the deck. This transport carrying divisions of the first American volunteers to France was making a miserable trip. The day would terminate — if they reached Havre — a rough, rainy crossing during which the soldiers had endeavored to amuse themselves with cards, sleep, and song —

"For I love Annie Rooney,
 And she loves me."

Plaintive wheezes of Bruce Andrew's harmonica were audible above the sound of the five voices booming for the fifteenth time that morning the chorus of the popular refrain. Attempts at music, particularly vocal, must have been rather disconcerting to those in the throes of that peculiar malady of sea sickness, for, from figures prostrate on the bunks around the room, there rose wails of pleading and threats of vigor as the group in the corner ventured upon another chorus. From the able bodied came bits of sarcasm in varying shades of delicacy. This, however, upset the singers not in the least. They had traversed three years of college together safely, in spite of their vocal aspirations. What were the threats of a mere army compared to the rush of a horde of their classmates?

The deep bass of Dick Roth, whose quick tempered, witty personality held a position of major importance in the hearts of his friends, boomed deeper in response to the remarks. Bruce, his former roommate and practiced accompanist, blew a little harder on his well worn instrument. The false tenor of little Sneex Donley grew more falsetto as he, with the rest of the group, strained his vocal chords to the challenge. Sneex, so named in reference to his habitual footwear, was Bruce's shadow. Timid, retiring, ultra studious, and most unmilitary, his decision to go to war could be explained only by the influence of Andrews, his idol and protector from the blunt taunts of their fellow students. In his quickly sensitive but humble manner Donley, in return, had assisted Bruce over classroom milestones which, to the athletically minded fellow, seemed sky high.

Bruce's harmonica ceased at the end of this chorus and the six carolers fell back on the three bunks in the corner. Dick rose, removed Bruce's

hat, and gravely passed it around the room; as gravely, he counted a moment later the gum wrappings, army shoe, and three hairpins—from an unknown source—which proved the gratitude of the assembled audience.

"How about a breath of fresh air, fellows? This place is stuffier than the dean's office."

Bruce's suggestion was readily accepted by Dick, Sneex, and Cosgrave one of the other three members of the group. The quartette was half way across the room when the quartermaster of the ship and the chief officer of the transport appeared at the door. The quartermaster delivered his message, seemingly a second time, to the army officer, and the latter, turning toward the soldiers called for silence. The message was stated curtly and with no trace of extra flourish or personal addition.

"The captain wishes that every man be absolutely certain that his life preserver is easily and quickly procurable in case of emergency. Under no circumstance is any person to venture on deck from now until time of disembarking without a cork belt. That is all."

"How come this sudden precaution, I wonder?" asked Cosgrave of Dick as they returned to their bunks. The quartermaster and the officer had turned down the tiny passage way and were stopping at the door of another bunkroom.

"I think," answered Dick, "we're probably going through the danger zone, where the subs and destroyers have been exchanging compliments. I must admit, though, I hate to think of having to jump off that high deck out there."

Sneex grew quite pale at the thought expressed by Dick.

"What I can't understand is why we have to wear these things on deck," Roth pulled two cumbersome preservers from beneath his bunk while Cosgrave drew another pair from beneath the bunks opposite.

"They certainly can't be afraid of our catching cold," murmured Sneex as he contemplated his huge jacket, flowing trousers and unaccustomed, uncomfortable, thick-soled shoes.

Bruce gave his preserver a loving pat. "Pretty handy little thing to have around. I'd like to see a man stay on top of that water long on a day like *this*. I s'pose the captain figures that if a soldier were on deck at the time the ship was fired upon, or a signal to go over board was given, he'd have a tough chance of making his way back to his bunk to get his preserver."

"Not even football tactics would help there," Dick commented. "Say, I'm going to put this on."

The darn thing gets caught between my legs when I walk."

They trotted up the companion way to the deck and joined the very few promenading soldiers.

There was a touch of cold rain lingering in the air, though a faded sun had dispersed most of the fog. The sky was quite clear. A sharp breeze ruffled the water; the loaded transport rose and fell monotonously.

After a turn about the deck the encumbered recruits, finding it difficult to dogtrot, stood by the rail directly in front of the companion way. Bruce's fieldglasses were passed from hand to hand searching for signs of other craft on the water. Cosgrave focused them to as far distant a point as he could. For a moment he gazed intently and, lowering the binoculars, said gravely to Bruce next to him, "Say, I'd swear that was a periscope."

He was about to raise the glasses again to his eyes, but Dick grabbed them. After a glance he handed the glasses to Bruce and turned toward the others.

"Say, fellows, this is where we see some excitement! In one second that watch is going to be warned—and, over we go!" Dick started on a run towards the bridge, but at a loud burst of laughter from Andrews he stopped and turned.

"Come back here, you boob! It's a good thing you're in the army, not the navy. Sorry to disappoint you, but that periscope of yours is only a harmless plank. Here, look again."

Dick took the glasses and glanced again at the horizon.

"Say, you people are crazy! My eyes were examined as well as yours before we got on this barge, and I say, that's a submarine periscope!"

"I'm afraid you're wrong, Dick" announced Sneex, who had been looking through the binoculars.

"I tell you I'm right! A dollar I'm right!" roared Dick.

"Two dollars you're not," said Cosgrave calmly who, after a second glance, had changed his original opinion of what he saw.

"All right! Two dollars!" Roth dashed over to the bridge. After a few words between him and an officer, the latter took his field glasses, gazed out over the water, and spoke to Dick who returned to the deck rail.

"Well, for once you're right. But I was positive that was a periscope. Let's see again." After a moment, "Oh, I can see it now. It's long—and, of course it's a plank."

"Bruce, doesn't the presence of a piece of wood

such as that suggest that some catastrophe had occurred recently, perhaps in this vicinity?" asked Sneex anxiously.

"Why, I don't know that it should suggest that; it seems there would be more than just one piece of lumber floating around if a ship had been blown up. Still, in this part of the ocean, a ship has to expect a torpedo in her side any time, especially if the enemy knows she's carrying transports."

"If we weren't docking tonight, I'd wish for some excitement in the line of a submarine torpedo," declared Cosgrave.

"I agree with you. There would be a slight inconvenience, however, very slight, merely the worry of choosing whether you would be in one of the lifeboats that will upset on the way off the pullies or in one that will sink eventually with too heavy a load," said Dick.

"Isn't this a cheerful conversation! Maybe this chill in the wind has got into our bones. Let's go below and see if we can warm our blood a little."

At Bruce's suggestion they turned from the rail and toward the companion way.

Standing at the opening was a soldier, not from their bunkroom, without a preserver.

"Hadn't better go on deck without a preserver, buddy," warned Bruce inoffensively as he followed his three companions.

"I ain't going on deck," the soldier answered surlily.

"Say, Bruce, do you think he heard anything we said up there?" Sneex glanced at the figure at the head of the stairs.

"Don't worry, Sneex. He'd be down for his preserver in a second, if he had."

Andrews might have seen grounds for Sneex's queries had he been in a position to notice the face of the soldier blanch when Dick had voiced his opinion of what they had seen. It would have taken a person of hardly more than average observance to surmise that this fellow always wore his hat over his eyes, always bent his shoulders forward a bit, and always wore the same expression of furtiveness now evident. Even considering the fact that he was small in stature, he glided extraordinarily easily down the stairs. One would suppose he always glided easily down stairs; it was probably his business to conduct himself thus unobtrusively. He did not pause before the door of the bunkroom in which the classmates were stationed, but glided on to his own, a door down the narrow hall. Here he lay on his bunk for a few minutes before he rose,

stepped on the edge of his bed, and spoke to the man in the bunk above.

"Lewis!"

The man addressed stirred but did not open his eyes.

"Hey, Lewey, Lewis!" a little louder.

Lewis yawned copiously and turned his face to the man who had waked him.

"Lewey, are you sure, they was only one p'server underneath' these here bunks? Abs'lutely sure."

Lewis groaned sleepily.

"For the last time, Brogg, I took the one lifey they was underneath these here bunks. Y'd think somethin' was gonna happen, the way ye're whinin! For Pete's sake shut up an' let a guy sleep!"

Lewis turned his back decisively.

Brogg slithered from his perch into his bunk and wearily glanced once again at the cork belts piled beneath the other bunk. Two—two—two—thr! no, two—. There were two under every bunk but his! And Brogg had heard the fellows with the field glasses talking about periscopes and submarines; his coward's heart failed within him; he'd have to get a preserver, some way. Brogg sat up in his bunk with the energy of an idea. Occultly he drew from his shirt pocket a pack of cards from which he selected four choice markers. These he placed professionally in choice hiding places about his person; the deuce of spades in his right puttie, and that of diamonds in his left; the other two went up either shirt cuff. He glanced about the room and was disappointed to find almost every promising customer either sleeping or otherwise engaged. Brogg rose from his bunk which was near the door and made his way down the hall to the door of the next bunkroom, opposite the companion way. His eye traveled from one side of the room, around, and over the soldiers. Not until it reached the group in the corner did it stop. Cosgrave and his friend on the top bunk were reading a deleted portion of a newspaper. Bruce, under them, was dreamily absorbed in his harmonica. Sneex, at the lower bunk (opposite) was repeating the minute process of tightening his shoe laces while Dick, at his side lazily watched the process. The sixth member of the glee club, sitting on the edge of the bunk above had just finished addressing a sealed envelope and was carefully measuring the distance between his fountain pen and Dick's head. However, the contemplation of this deed of crime was interrupted by the appearance of Brogg, whom he recognized was not stationed in their bunkroom. Bruce ceased his reverie and

made room for the visitor whose short nod inferred that he wished to join the group. Slowly Brogg drew a dirty pack of cards from one of the lower pockets of his jacket and shuffled the marked card boards while the group in the corner looked on. Cosgrave's friend above Bruce folded his newspaper.

"Any of you want a game?"

Bruce and Roth assented. Sneex, after a quick suspicious scrutiny of the stranger, squeezed himself on the bunk beside Brogg. A square of cardboard appeared from nowhere and the four, sitting on the two lower bunks, arranged it for their table.

"Playin' deuces wild?" Brogg queried in a matter of fact tone. Dick glanced at Bruce.

"Sure," he assented. Brogg, expecting agreement on this point, had so thoughtfully armed himself with four deuces to augment his combination of cards whenever he destined it safe, or worth a risk. He and Dick were decided winners during the first part of the game, so much so that soon Bruce was wearing the end of his financial rope. Brogg became more and more, though almost imperceptibly, nervous at Sneex's approximate hindering person, and at the sense of possibly impending doom brought nearer by each moment of delay. Andrews frowned as he tossed his last dime upon the table.

"Jump up, will you Sneex, and see if there's any more change in that bag."

Sneex, loathe to leave Brogg's side, moved slowly. Brogg placed his foot easily upon the edge of the bunk blocking Donley's former seat.

"Not a cent," reported Sneex.

"Here, take some of this," Dick pushed his winnings toward Bruce who waved them away.

"No, thanks. Anyway, you need most of it to pay your own debts, eh, Cosgrave?"

Cosgrave nodded vigorously and held out his hand wherein Dick reluctantly departed with two dollar's worth of silver.

"May as well have it before I lose it, I suppose." Roth had about thirty-five cents left.

Brogg tried very hard to make his voice sound natural, and he did convince everyone of his supposed sincerity.

"Well, if you ain't got any money, just t'row in any'ting, so we can keep on playin'!"

"Sure, Bruce," urged Cosgrave's friend. "Toss in anything to keep us going. It's about time either you or I started to win, anyway."

"C'mon, old topper, in with that mouth organ." Dick would have gone to the extent of paying for a new one had Andrews consented to

part with his battered treasure. Bruce glanced at his cards.

"No, not this time," he smiled. His eyes fell upon his hat. "How about this?"

Dick won that pot—or rather, he was allowed to win it. Brogg dealt the next hand, hoping against hope as Bruce, after meditating over his cards, looked about for something he could use. Sighing, he cast his tin music maker on the table. Brogg almost swore as he drew a deuce from the pack and won easily.

"Say, this has gone far enough! This hand has got to be my last. I won't have a thing left," Bruce protested.

"You haven't any right to kick, but we'll make a concession. Let's say that no matter how many times the bidding goes around you have to put in only one thing, while we add. How's that?"

"What a great friend you'd make! Bruce, congratulations! But then, I suppose since we aren't really playing, a few concessions won't matter." Cosgrave's friend dealt the cards, and Dick opened. Bruce's eyes fell upon the strap of his life preserver protruding from underneath the bunk. In a moment he had the belt on the table.

"Don't do that!" croaked Sneex in a very melodramatic stage whisper. Bruce glanced up wonderingly.

"Don't be foolish, Donley. I'm getting it back."

Brogg's eyes contracted, just so slightly. Dick, experiencing a strange sensation as he watched their action, subconsciously determined to bluff every atom of the meagre hand he held.

The dealer dropped out. Between Brogg and Roth the bidding went higher and higher. Brogg's memory swung back to the diamond deuce he had contrived to glimpse on the bottom of the shuffled pack as he dealt. Knowing that no one held it, he might, if forced, draw his own diamond deuce from his left—his right—it must be in his left puttee, that's where he always put it—and use it in his own hand. As the pile grew steadily larger, Brogg decided to use his sleight of hand. Either Dick was holding a promising collection or was maintaining a magnificent bluff.

With practiced strategy and an almost unnoticeable gesture Brogg transferred a deuce of diamonds from his puttees to his hand and a useless Jack vice versa. None, not even the hawklike Sneex, saw the action which rendered Brogg's hand practically unconquerable. Dick bid quickly, recklessly, but Brogg stayed. He would have pitted every cent he had for the stakes there on

the table. Finally Dick called, with his last nickel, and placed his cards, pitifully weak, beside Brogg's combination.

"What luck," Cosgrave whistled.

"I wish I had some of it," grumbled Andrews. I don't believe I ever won a thing at this game."

Brogg made short work of pocketing the silver on the makeshift table.

"Here," he said curtly tossing the cap and harmonica to Bruce.

"Thanks," replied Andrews as he caught the articles. Laying these on the bunk on which he was sitting, he reached for the life preserver, unaware that two possessing hands had been placed on the opposite end of the belt and were drawing close to Brogg. Surprised, Andrews glanced up just in time to see Dick lunge at the outsider.

"Put that down, you!" he yelled.

"Don't, Dick! He isn't going to take it!" Bruce whispered in his incredulity.

Brogg wrestled the preserver from Dick's hands and stepped backwards toward the door.

"I guess I can, if I want to. It's mine, ain't it?"

"Of course it's yours, you measly cheat!"

By this time the whole bunkroom had become an interested audience. Brogg was gliding toward the door, the preserver clutched firmly to him.

"Just because they didn't give me no preserver don't mean I'm gonna be drowned by no sub!" he hurled as he disappeared into the hall.

"Say, that fellow must be having nightmares about submarines," said Cosgrave's friend, amazed at the words of the soldier.

"Nightmares nothing!" Sneex almost screamed. "Bruce! That man was on the stairs when we were talking on the deck! That's why he came for a preserver! He was playing all the time for one! He heard what we were saying about that submarine periscope!"

"He was probably scared stiff we would see one," growled Dick as he and Bruce moved to sit down on the bunk.

"If anything happens, if anything goes wrong, Bruce, I'll choke that little runt, I'll choke him till he coughs life preservers, I'll kill him, I'll—" Dick's furious brain refused to produce more threats.

"Just wait till I realize what's happened." Andrews' naturally slow sense of comprehension worked even more slowly under the stress of his amazement.

The transport docked that evening at Havre just as a fine drizzle commenced from the fog

pendant over the harbor. The soldiers, carrying their cumbersome cork belts as well as their personal luggage, were herded out upon deck and one by one down the gang plank to stand shivering upon the pier. The glee club sextette were among the last to leave the bunk room. With the other stragglers they climbed up the companion way and out upon the slippery deck. Sneex, awkward in his army boots, tottered and fell, sliding perilously close to the rail; he was picked up, however, none the worse for his mishap, except for his uncomfortable damp breeches.

The drizzle was aggravating; with thoroughness it slithered down the backs and into the packs of the boys. More than clothes, it quite extinguished their spirits, usually so high. Down the length of the deck and to the gang plank they tramped. It seemed that the officers were unnecessarily slow in checking the presence of each of their charges; an eternity passed before they were down the gangplank and onto the pier, to wait more. An officer in charge there motioned and pushed the classmates behind the others so that they formed a part of the last rank on the wharf.

Sneex, next to Cosgrave on the end, followed the example of Dick on his other side, in placing his pack on the wooden planks where they were standing. As he glanced up Sneex stared at the man directly in front of Cosgrave on the edge of the wharf. As the man looked out over the crowd, his profile was presented plainly to Sneex and his friends. The man was Brogg. Donley, nudging Dick and Cosgrave, pointed to Brogg.

The two recognized him instantly, though he was now looking straight ahead.

No words were wasted in the formation of their plan; all seemed understood. Dick and Sneex exchanged places in preparation. As if in accordance with their wishes, there was a mixup at the top of the gang plank and the officer in charge of the pier ran up to assist in its untangling. Opportunely Brogg leaned over to finger in his bag which was lying on the edge of the wharf. His wrists were through the straps of the preserver, abolishing all doubt but that the belt would follow him, though neither Cosgrave nor Dick were particularly worried whether it would or not. In the midst of the talking and general confusion no one was paying any attention to the boys. Cosgrave nodded quickly as he braced himself. Dick lunged as if to grasp Cosgrave who stepped back tripping, accidentally, over Brogg's bent body. The soldiers near have a shout as Brogg thrown off his balance and toppled off the wharf. Apologetic Cosgrave and Roth extended their arms to assist the sputtering Brogg who, after floundering about for a moment, released his grip on the preserver and clutched the side of the pier. But Dick and Cosgrave ignored him in their amazement.

"Bruce! Come here! Look, look!" Dick cried hoarsely. The soldiers crowded to the edge of the wharf in answer to Dick's call and peered at the spot to which Dick was pointing. Brogg absolutely forgotten, a great sigh of wonder burst from the crowd of men, for the life preserver, the cork belt, slowly absorbing the water was sinking down, down

EVELYN G. CUMMINGS

MODERNISM

NOT so many years ago,
Before this modern day,
Parents raised their children dear
In a very different way.

If daughter, in a reckless mood,
Smoked a cigarette,
Mother reprimanded her,
In a way she'd not forget.

If son spent all his working time
Trying to "hole in one",
Father set him hard at work
So he'd forget his fun.

The tables now have turned, alas,
Not only daughters smoke,
But mothers also choose their brand,
Play bridge, and laugh, and joke.

Fathers now don't act the same;
Times have changed, and so
They leave their business to their sons,
Golf takes all day, *they know!*

DOROTHY HENDERSON, 1931



We wish to announce a change in the policy of this station beginning with this broadcast. In the future its programs will be devoted entirely to news of interest to both the faculty and student-body of the Cambridge High and Latin School. This department will serve as a medium of keeping everyone who is interested in the school in touch with school affairs, and informed as to what is going on in the building.

With this first issue of its forty-fifth volume the "Review" wishes the best of luck to the pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School and its faculty. May success crown all your efforts!

Hardly a year goes by but that we receive news of some ex-C. H. L. S. student who is carrying on in some other high school. This year is no exception. From Dorchester High we hear that Carl Alpert has been appointed editor-in-chief of the "Red and Black", the school paper.

While at Latin School, Alpert was a member of the class of 1930 debating team which defeated that of the class of 1929 in the Durrell Cup Debate to win the inter-class debating championship. He was the only junior to be awarded a Durrell Debating Medal in 1929.

Beside his activities on the school paper at Dorchester, Carl, not contented with founding only a Debating Society, has established a Chess Club, and has started plans for forming a Literary Society.

We wish him the best of luck in all his undertakings!

The Senior Elections have been held with the following results: Joseph Olivo was elected President, defeating Edward Barry, President of last year's junior class. Evelyn Cummings, Marion Mader, and Dan Doherty were re-elected Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Mary Cahill, George Curtin, Frank Davy, Tom Mahoney, and Catherine Pray were chosen as the five members of the Reception

Committee. Eleanor Bradley, Ruth Cleverly, Virginia Dillon, Dorothy Duffy, and Mary Sheridan were elected to the Drama Committee.

We feel that the Class of 1931 has chosen well, and take this opportunity of extending our heartiest congratulations to the officers on their election, and to the class on its choice.

October 15 was observed throughout the world as the 2000th anniversary of the birth of the greatest of Roman poets, Publius Vergilius Maro. Through the efforts of the Classical Department, this day was fittingly observed in our school. A brief history of the life of Vergil, compiled by Mr. Derry, head of the Classical Department, was read in each home-room, while Sir Alfred Tennyson's poem "To Vergil" was read in all Latin classes. Lantern talks at four different occasions completed the program which was so arranged that every pupil in the school learned something about the poet.

As is the case every year, the "Review" must issue an appeal to the pupils for material as well as for subscriptions. After all, whether or not we can issue a publication worthy of the school rests with you, the students. There is no doubt that every one of you has the ability to contribute at least one class note an issue. It is from the Literary Department, however, that the main plea comes. The literary editors are appointed to choose the material to be printed in their department. Yet, lacking contributions, they are forced to write and edit their department almost in its entirety. We therefore earnestly ask every pupil in the school to coöperate with us in publishing the "Review".

On the evening of October twenty-third, the French Department of this school gave a farewell dinner at the Hotel Continental to Miss Hite, one of the French instructors, who is sailing from New York for Europe on the first of November. Miss Hite, one of the favorites of our ardent French students, has been granted a leave of

(Continued on Page 19)



Instructions

"You lissun ta me, now or you'll never learn how ta handle a plane . . . Just do as I tell ya an' you'll be all right . . . Keep'er straight now . . . Don't let'er go sideways . . . Push'er a little harder an' keep yer front end up a little . . . Now, level 'er off . . . 'At's the way . . . Say! I'll make a carpenter out of you, yet!"

D. Doherty — "I hear you lost your dog."

E. Green — "Yes, I lost him last week."

D. D. — "Well, why don't you put it in the paper?"

E. G. — "Well, you see, my dog can't read."

Relief from Drought

Farmer — "What's 'a idea of mixin' your onions and potatoes?"

Farmerette — "Why — onions will make the potatoes' eyes water an' I don't hafta worry 'bout a dry spell."

You never hear of ants getting ptomaine poisoning from something they ate at a picnic.

Makeup Exams

People go about Venice in Gorgonzolas.

A polygon is a man who has many wives.

A brunette is a young bear.

Ambiguity means having two wives living at the same time.

A figure of speech is a way of talking or writing by which you say what you don't mean and yet mean what you say.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

The Normans introduced the Frugal System.

Un ami — "What is your brother in high school?"

D. Swisher — "A half back."

Un ami — "I mean in studies."

D. S. — "Oh, in studies, he's away back."

Some humorist suggests that we take up a collection to buy Paul Dugan an Austin roadster. What we want to know is how much it costs to have one enlarged.

Reardon — "Say, coach, do you know that they've named a soap for me?"

MacDonald — "Why, it's been called Ivory ever since I can remember!"

W. Scully — "May I kiss you?"

L. Magill — "Heavens! another amateur!"

Bob Fish had been fishing, but with bad luck. On his way home he entered a fish market and said to the dealer, "Harry, stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout."

"Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement.

"I want to tell the family I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

If They Lived Today

Cleopatra would take an aspirin instead of an asp.

Queen Isabella would tour America and endorse everything.

Helen of Troy could go to Paris for her clothes without criticism.

Ophelia would shoot Hamlet and then claim she was crazy about him.

Lady Godiva would have her hair bobbed and ride in a rumble seat!

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."

Cry of Freshmen Teachers

A toothpaste that removes film from the teeth may be all right, but what we need is a hair oil that will remove the fog from the brain.

Miss Ruggli — "When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Conley — "The price, ma'am."

"John, is it true that money talks?"

"That's what they say, my dear."

"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."

K. Pray — "Do you know what the Scotchman said when someone touched him for a five spot?"

T. L. H. — "No."

K. Pray — "It's funny I never have to finish that one."

"I knocked my math final cold last June."

"Really —."

"Yeah, below zero."

"Eliza," said a friend of the Dillon family to the old washer woman, "Have you seen Miss Virginia's fiancé?"

"No, ma'am," she answered, "it ain't been in the wash yet."

Clay — "That means fight where I come from, stranger."

Panunzio — "Well, why don't you fight?"

Clay — "'Cause I ain't where I come from."

M. Mader — "Well, what did you think of my last joke?"

I. Berkman — "Last joke? That's good news!"

Definitions

Pepper — What this magazine is printed on.

Wrist — Played by those who can't play bridge.

Robber — An elastic material used for garters, etc.

Guess — A lighter-than-air material used to fill balloons.

Won — The first number in the Arabic system.

Graph — A long-necked animal.

Cattle — A household utensil used for making tea.

Grudge — A place to keep your car.

Auditor — The guy that says whether this'll be printed or not.

Dalton — "What are you doing?"

Proctor — "My automobile engine died here and I'm digging a grave for it."

For Inventive Minds

Now that miniature golf courses are the rage, why don't we have:

Lilliputian baseball games with mothballs in lieu of the regulation horsehide?

Tom Thumb bowling alleys, using marbles for bowling balls?

Miniature quoits, tossing corn plasters instead of horse shoes?

Football played in a kiddie coop?

A swimming match in a gold fish bowl?

Miss McElroy — "Aren't you afraid that you will catch cold?"

Michael H — "No, ma'am, selling Liberties keeps up the circulation."

Then there was the quarry inspector who took too much for granite.

"I've got a Sherlock Holmth tooth," lisped Bernard.

"What sort of tooth is that?" asked Ed.

"'s looth."

Miss Schroeder — (entering her French I class) "Ah, I see we have a new Frenchman with us, today."

Little boy — (gravely) "No, ma'am, my name's O'Brien."

"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy, who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?"

"He's under the hay."

For Lovers of Virgil

Mr. Derry — (after explaining the order of long and short syllables in the scansion of Latin poetry) "And now, is there any question?"

Ita — (bewildered) "What I can't understand is why shorts always come in pairs!"



OFFICERS

RUTH HIBBARD, *President*

MILDRED McDONALD, *Vice President-Treasurer*

GERTRUDE LANCASTER, *Secretary*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Mary Falvey
Phyllis Grace

Margaret Hudson
Barbara Farwell



SHOULD anyone lack enthusiasm concerning our association, let him, or rather her, as the case most probably will be, look a second time at the above mentioned names. And, if she should even then hesitate upon committing herself to pass judgment, I hope by the end of the page, her enthusiasm will reach the n'th degree.

First and foremost comes our Faculty Advisor, Miss Brown. Just for the sake of a few uninformed readers, shall I mention that Miss Brown is now just as fine as she ever was; that her Lady Guinivere, her chickens, her Matilda, are all living happily at Kendal Green; and that poor old David now shows slight signs of rheumatism?

Now we come to our officers. May I express to Sarah McKenney, the elected Treasurer and Vice President, in the name of the organization our sincerest regrets that she will not be able to be with us this year? We all hope that she will make as great a hit wherever she goes, as she has made at our C. H. L. S. Gertrude Lancaster, as secretary, shows what we have never before seen in her, patience and hard work. As for Ruth Hibbard, the president, through her plans and excellent managing, we have in store for us a year of good times, different and new fangled ideas, that will keep us in a whirl of excitement and pleasure. Rumors have it that a play is on the way. This is only one of Hibby's plans! Jimmy O'Rourke has also left us, much to our sorrow. We send her our heartiest wishes for a happy year wherever she is. To take Jimmy's place on the executive committee, Margaret Hudson has been chosen, the only Soph on the staff. Well, Peg must show us what her class is made of in bright colors! She, then, with Barbara Farwell, Mary Falvey, and Phyllis Grace constitute the committee which, I hope,

will show its executive power in more ways than one.

The first meeting for the Freshmen was held in the hall on September 24th in the twenty minute period. Judging by this meeting alone the Frosh this year seem somewhat different. Either, they have been too disciplined in the Grammar School, have no spunk to utter a word, or are so deeply interested in whatever they hear, they seem to devour every word said to or thrown at them. It might have been the fault of the president, who spoke earnestly and entreatingly while silence reigned supreme in the audience. At least, they found out just what the G. A. A. holds in store for them for only twenty-five cents a year—delightful social events, athletics, plenty of fun and sportsmanship.

The opening gathering of the year, the Freshman Social, came off with great satisfaction and enjoyment by all. The orchestral music was supplied by Dorothy Hooker, who finished with blistered fingers, by Mildred McNally, and Marjorie O'Dell. We were greatly entertained by the dancing of Jesse Maver and Rita Maloy and the singing of Ruth Branscombe, Marion Williams, Rita Penderville, and Anna Sedorchuk. Out in the locker room ice-cream was sold by Ella Gans, Rita Doneski, Blanche Berger, and Marguerita McCaffrey under the supervision of Clara Cormier, to the girls who came first "to avoid the rush". We feel very proud that Miss Russell was present as our guest of honor with our old stand-by, Miss Brown.

I hope the Freshmen appreciate the different kind of initiation we are giving them this year. It might help to show up some hidden ability in the line of literature, strange as it may seem. It all depends upon you, freshmen, on the way you "take" the initiation, whether we have any at all next year.

Basket ball, the chief fall sport has begun, and looks quite promising. Just think, one hundred Freshmen out and all sticking to it! Every year Miss Brown believes that that year's Freshmen "will be the best ever" — and this year there is no exception. It might be her strong intuition, or her jolly tutoring — but she gets her teams to the right goal! Come on, Frosh, you'll get there; but you, too, must cooperate!

The Sophs have turned out eagerly in strong large numbers under the able captainship of Marjorie O'Dell. They show fine material, and every Jane and Emma insists on coming out on top. There will be a hard battle, but the results will show up gloriously.

The Juniors with Gertrude Lancaster as captain, though they're minus Sarah McKenney and Jimmy O'Rourke, are showing admirable pep and enthusiasm.

Our Seniors are first rate! New girls formerly from other high schools have come out on the floor. With Ruth Hibbard, the captain of our team for the past three years, we can expect this to be our most successful year.

Last year we started a new plan of managers — which for the first time was not wholly unsuccessful. Any girl who cared to be manager signed up for it, was assigned certain duties to do or to have done, for a certain amount of time. At the end of that period the one, of the group, who

worked most whole heartedly was the one chosen. This year we are modifying this statement a little. No girl can get managership without competition. If there is no more than one girl out — the team must get along without a manager. Show some spirit, girls, by coming out in strong competition!

Tennis has not had much start yet; however, with Mary Ford as chairman we are very optimistic of the future. Swimming, too, will be here before we know it. Particulars are not yet decided, but any interested readers know where to make all inquiries.

This does not end our long list of activities; we have more and more ahead of us. As Miss Brown says, "Come on, girls, stand on your toes!"

*Note: The returns of the election for the new Vice President have arrived. Mildred McDonald takes the place of Sarah McKenney. Another senior! Now that we are complete, let's look forward to a happy year.

STATION C. H. L. S.

(Continued from Page 15)

absence for this school year and will, after crossing the Atlantic on the New Amsterdam-Holland-American Line spend some time in Holland. Miss Hite also intends to visit Heidelberg, where she has stayed before, and then Italy, from where she will return to France. Here Miss Hite intends to spend some time studying. Next year she will be back at C. H. L. S.

Bon Voyage!

The results of the Junior class elections are as follows:

President	John Moran
Vice-President	Victor Gatto
Secretary	Barbara Farwell
Treasurer	Francis Potter

Prom committee:

William Baker
Anne Conley
Mary Mahoney
Richard Shime
Joseph Palmer

Pin committee:

Mary Falvey
Frances Carr
Rita Ryan
Eleanor Campbell
Rhoda Crouse

The "Review" wishes them the best of luck during the year.

Debating

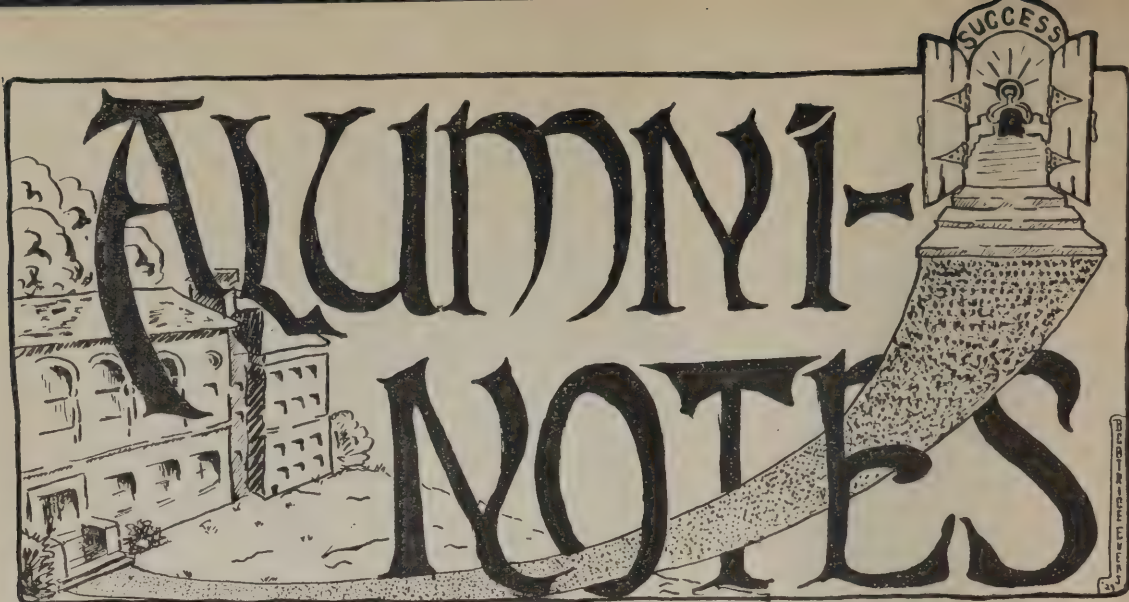


It is indeed most gratifying to behold the splendid way in which the students of our school have turned out to make this year's achievements in the debating class memorable to all of us. The present class is about six times as large as last year's and is under the able supervision of Miss Breau. The class is well under way now and the prospects for the coming year are very bright.

The main purpose of this department is to stimulate your desire to hear the coming debates. I am happy to say that we have been fortunate enough to be able to have our first debate at home. This meeting is between Lynn Classical High School and C. H. L. S., to be held on December 5, at 8 P. M., on the subject: "Resolved: That the installment plan is detrimental to American welfare", a subject of great importance at this time of business depression. Our team will uphold the negative.

We are expecting a large audience to take advantage of this splendid opportunity of attending this debate. Your loyal support will give new spirit to our team which in the past has well upheld the honor of the school. May it be victorious in its endeavors!

AUSTIN WEST



ALUMNI- NOTES

1930

Robert Creel is a freshman at Harvard. He received honors in all four subjects, the highest being in Latin and French. "Bobby" is a member of the band.

George Manousos is a freshman at Harvard. He received honors in English and Latin.

William Fitzgerald is a freshman at Harvard. He received honors in Latin. "Bill" also is a member of the band.

Saul Isenstein has entered Technology.

Margot Clark, Grace McGlinchy, Catherine Wakefield, and Elinor Rowe have entered Radcliffe by the new plan. Mary Conlin and Katherine Downing have entered by the old plan.

Ruth Bodemer and Frema Meltzer have entered Simmons.

John T. Scully and John Lundergan are freshmen at the B. U. School of Business Administration.

Nicholas Harmantas and Charles Shore have entered the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Marie Lane and Rebecca Leighton are at the Katherine Gibbs School.

Marion Barber and Helen Hurwitz are freshmen at the Leslie School.

Ranlett Ross has entered the Massachusetts Nautical School.

"Gene" Poltorach is at Northeastern.

Ben Bloom is a freshman at the School of Pharmacy at the University of Illinois.

Mary McDonald has entered Emerson.

1929

Lucio Gatto and James Nagle are freshmen at Harvard.

Alan Thompson was admitted to Harvard in 1929 but did not enter until 1930. He is playing in the Harvard Band.

Nat Kramer is at Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Raphael DiNunzio and Charles Holbrook are freshmen at Technology.

Frank Greene is a freshman at Technology.

William Lanigan and William Staffon are freshmen at Tufts.

Margaret Dyer is a freshman at Framingham Normal School.

1928

George Foley is a Junior at Harvard. Last year he made Group I on the Dean's List.

"Tim" Crane is a sophomore at Harvard.

"Bob" Dunn is a junior at Harvard. He is playing on the second varsity football team.

"Jackie" Hughes is a sophomore at Harvard.

"Freddie" Hamilton is at Williams College.

1927

James DiNunzio is a senior at Harvard.

Earl French is a Junior at M. I. T.

Lorraine Langley is President of the Student Government Association at Radcliffe. She is a Senior.

Harold Snyder is a Senior at Harvard. He made group II of the Dean's List last year.

T. P. O'Connell is a freshman at Annapolis.

1925

Guy J. DiPietro received the degree Bachelor of Chemical Engineering at Northeastern. In his Sophomore year he played on the Interclass Baseball Team, and in his Junior year he played on the Interclass Hockey Team. He was a member of the American Chemical Society in his Senior year.

Louis F. McMurtry received the degree Bachelor of Electrical Engineering at Northeastern. In his Junior and Senior years he was a member of the Student Union, and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

1924

Rose Shapiro recently became a member of the Massachusetts Bar.

BUGHOUSE FABLES

AT THE SENIOR ASSEMBLY

PELLOW CLASSMATES
THE ORCHESTRA
WILL NEXT PLAY
"BYE BYE BLUES"



W. ROBERTS

DO YOU SERVE
LOBSTERS
HERE?

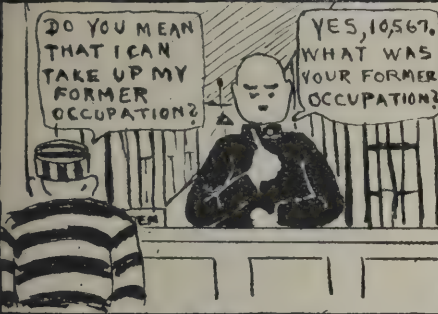
SURE - WE
SERVE ANYONE
SIT DOWN!



W. ROBERTS

DO YOU MEAN
THAT I CAN
TAKE UP MY
FORMER
OCCUPATION?

YES, 10,567.
WHAT WAS
YOUR FORMER
OCCUPATION?



A
TRAVELING SALESMAN

WARDEN

W. ROBERTS

BEFORE

AFTER

"WHAT A WHOLE OF A
DIFFERENCE
A FEW MINUTES MAKE"



GIVE A SENTENCE
WITH THE WORD
TARIFF IN IT
SILAS!

MY PANTS ARE SO
THIN THEY'LL TARIFF
I BEND



W. ROBERTS

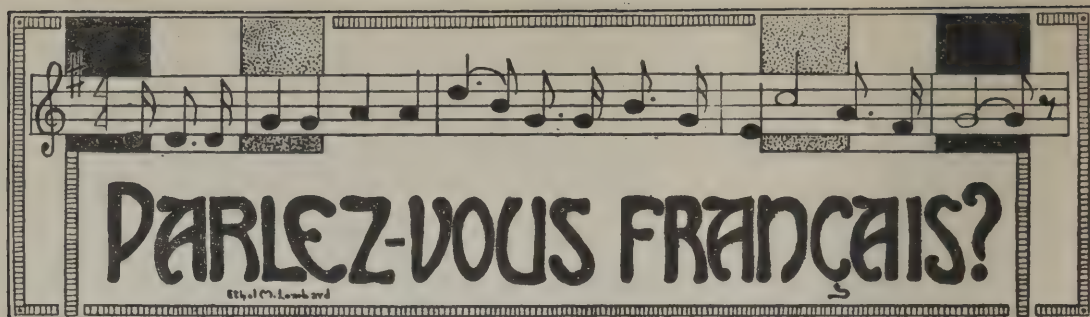
"OLD FAITHFUL"



W.R.



THE SLOW, BUT SURE METHOD THE SENIORS WILL
TAKE TO GO TO CH. L. S. DANCES.



LES CHATEAUX DE LA FRANCE

JUSQU'ICI je n'avais jamais réalisé combien de beaux châteaux ont existé en France. Je n'avais pas bien pensé au sujet de ces vieux châteaux extraordinaires, maisons du roman de la chevalerie, de la tragédie, et de l'histoire.

"Chambord le prodigieux," fameux pour sa chasse, sur lequel dix-huit cents hommes ont travaillé pendant quinze années, est digne de remarque pour sa grandeur, le toit grotesque et l'escalier, mais il rappelle le souvenir surtout du lieu François premier raya sur un carreau de vitre un distique fameux sur l'inconstance d'une femme, et où Louis quatorze bailla à une comédie de Molière. Dans mon effort de révéler la beauté et la perfection de ce château, je n'écrirais rien que des mots vides de sens.

Tout le long de la Loire, rivière la plus longue de la France, sont ces beaux châteaux. Si les murailles ne pouvaient que parler, on pourrait imaginer les histoires galantes, histoires des combats, des poètes, des belles de la grande réception, et de la mort, résultat de toutes les exist-

ences. Ces châteaux étaient bâtis pour la défense mais, les guerres finies, remodelés pour les logis des rois, des reines, et des gentilhommes. Le Château d'Azay-le-Rideau, site parfait pour les rêveries, les châteaux Luynes, fortresse à cette époque due système féodal, Chinon, où Jeanne d'Arc offrit à Charles sept son aide, où château de Montrésor, possédé à cette époque par un gentilhomme de Pologne, Chenonceaux, qui a protégé Catherine de Medicis, Marie, reine des Ecosses, et Rousseau, le donjon, bâti par Fulk le Noir, constructeur fameux de châteaux, Cléry, le dernier sommeil du Gallant Dunois, soldat avec Jeanne d'Arc et enfin le Logis du Roi, qui à Charles sept était un logis, — tous prennent part au roman de la chevalerie et de l'histoire due monde. Un français, amateur de la terre des châteaux, dit autrefois: "La Loire est la reine, et les rois l'ont chérie. Sur ses tresses azurées les rivaux royaux ont bâti des châteaux, sculptés pareils aux bijoux et de ces bijoux merveilleux, la rivière forme sa couronne."

ELIZABETH BRAMHALL, '31.

LA VISITE DU GENERAL GOURAUD A CAMBRIDGE

PENDANT beaucoup de journées, tous les élèves dans les classes de français dans l'Ecole Cambridge Latin et Rindge attendaient le huit octobre, parce que l'on leur a parlé de la visite de Monsieur le Général Gourard.

Le matin du huit octobre s'est levé mélancolique et très sombre. A dix heures à peu près, le Mair Russell, Monsieur Hannigan, le Général Gourard, et d'autres personnages sont montés sur la plate-forme élevée au pied du mât de pavillon près de la Bibliothèque Publique, où il y avait un amplificateur installé.

Après le chant de l'Etoile et de la Marseillaise, accompagné de la musique d'instruments de cuivre de l'Ecole Sainte Marie, notre Maire a donné au General un accueil cordial de la part de Cambridge et l'a présenté à son tour, aux assistants.

La partie la plus intéressante du discours du

Général était le récit de deux histoires. La première de Jacquemin, "un homme simple, un homme courageux", qui était prêt à abandonner ses trois enfants, afin d'aller sur une mission très dangereuse. Quand on lui a conseillé de ne pas les laisser, il a répondu, "C'est pour eux, que je le fais."

La seconde avait affaire avec un homme brave qui, après avoir passé vingt-quatre heures dans un trou, très près des lignes allemandes, a refusé d'être relevé.

Sans doute, "a dit le Général," il y a beaucoup d'exemples pareils, du courage, du patriotisme dans les annales de l'armée américaine 'labas', — avec l'instruction d'esprit, les écoles devaient instruire le coeur."

Ensuite Joan Fitzgerald, petite fille du Monsieur Raymond Fitzgerald, membre du comité des

(Continued on Page 25)



Cambridge Latin 0 — Salem High 26

The Cambridge Latin football team met a very strong Salem High team, in their opening game, and were defeated by a score of 26 to 0. Salem was able to run up this score chiefly through the efforts of their great captain, Norman Rand, who scored all four of Salem's touchdowns.

The game was filled with brilliant bits of football despite the heat. Cambridge improved as the game progressed and showed great flashes of power in the final period, but was unable to score. Cambridge suffered when O'Keefe, one of its best backs, was knocked out on the first play, and forced to leave the game.

Salem's first score came in the first period when Rand took a pass from Cullen and ran 35 yards for a score. On the first play in the second period, Rand took the ball 10 yards through the left side of the Latin line for a touchdown. In the third period Salem scored twice. Rand ran 58 yards for a touchdown from scrimmage and later in the period ran back a Latin punt for 55 yards and another score.

Captain Reardon was the outstanding Latin player on the defense, and his ability to cover Salem's trick plays helped to keep the score down. Ed Barry and Dave Swisher did some fine ball carrying for Cambridge, while Lekakas made a fine run back of a Salem kick-off in the second half. Salem was penalized 80 yards, while Latin was not penalized at all.

SALEM

CAMBRIDGE

Dawkins, Buery, April, le. re, Cosgrove, Good, Powers
Jellison, Kawcynsk, lt. rt, Kyrikos
Pappas, Boyagian, lg. rg, McKenna, Dimitro
Dempsey, Raymond, c. c, Reardon
Michaud, rg. lg, McCarthy, Rogers
Coburn, rt. lt, Dzendolet, McFadden
Crane, Skirsky, Landers, re. le, Palmer, Conlon
Cullen, qb. qb, Barry
Axelrod, lhb. rhb, O'Keefe, D. Swisher, McSweeney
Rand, rhb. lhb, LaRonde
Hefferman, Gagnon, Voyer, fb. fb, Lekakas, Cohen
Touchdowns—Rand, 4. *Point after Touchdown*
—Crane, Axelrod. *Referee* — McCabe. *Umpire*
—Daley. *Head Linesman* — Mooney.

Cambridge Latin 0—Boston College High 6

Cambridge Latin lost a bitterly fought game to B. C. High by a score of 6 to 0. The only

score of the game came in the second period when Soffriti took the ball through the right side of the Latin line for 12 yards and a touchdown. In the last period Cambridge began a drive toward the B. C. High goal.

By a series of short passes, from Barry to O'Keefe, Latin put the ball on B. C. High's 30 yard line. With but two minutes to play Latin opened her aerial attack. Barry tossed a short pass to O'Keefe over the right end. O'Keefe took the pass on the run and dodged beautifully through a broken field only to be brought down on the 2 yard line by the B. C. High safety man. Latin drove at the line twice, in vain. O'Keefe was then thrown for a loss as he attempted to circle the B. C. High left end. With one play left in the game Barry threw a short pass to O'Keefe who was stopped just short of the goal.

The Good brothers played on the rival teams. Albert, for Latin, and Frank, for B. C. High both played fine games. Laronde's defensive work stood out for Latin, while Lekakas played a fine game in the line. The work of the Latin ends, Conlon and Powers, was fine, especially in covering kicks.

B. C. HIGH

CAMBRIDGE

McCann, le. re, Conlon
Blanchard, lt. rt, Kyrikos, Rogers
Bleiler, lg. rg, McKenna, McCarthy
Wise, c. c, Reardon
Murphy, rg. lg, A. Good
Moran, rt. lt, Lekakas
Brennan, re. le, Powers, Cosgrove
Soffriti, qb. qb, Barry
F. Good, Shannon, lhb. rhb, O'Keefe
Mahoney, rhb. lhb, Swisher, Cohen
Cowhig, McLaughlin, fb. fb, LaRonde, McSweeney
Score — B. C. High 6. *Touchdown* — Soffriti.
Referee — McCabe. *Umpire* — Mooney. *Head Linesman* — Woodlock. *Time* — Four Eight Minute Periods.

Cambridge Latin 0 — Newton High 0

Cambridge Latin and Newton opened their Suburban League seasons by playing a great game which ended in a tie, 0 to 0. Through the early stages the game was a punting duel between Barry of Latin and Huston of Newton.

Cambridge in the final period carried the ball from its own 18 yard line to Newton's 10 yard

line largely through the efforts of Barry and Laronde, and the ability of the Latin line to open large holes. With fourth down on the Newton 10 yard line, Barry threw a forward pass which looked like a sure touchdown until the two Latin ends crashed in an attempt to reach the ball and it was grounded in the end zone giving Newton the ball on their own 20 yard line. O'Keefe's 30 yard runback of a Newton punt stood out, while Laronde's 40 yard run from scrimmage was a sparkling bit of work. Reardon, as has been his habit, played a great defensive game.

NEWTON HIGH

CAMBRIDGE

Bartley, Brewers, re.....le, Cosgrove, Palmer, Powers
Butler, Richardson, Hodgkins, rt.....lt, Lekakas
Julian, Colligen, rg.....lg, Good, Dimitro
Patterson, Lyons, c.....c, Reardon
Vassolotti, Gowell, lg.....rg, McKenna, McCarthy
De Maio, Giles, McLennan, lt.....rt Dzendolet
Perkins, Bell, le.....le, Conlon
Huston, qb.....qb, Barry
Shorten, rhb.....lhb, O'Keefe, D. Swisher, McSweeney
Blackler, lhb.....rhh, W. Swisher, Cohen
Sutcliffe, fb.....fb, LaRonde

Referee — Duffy. *Umpire* — Woodlock. *Linesman* — Fraher. *Time* — Four ten minute periods.

Cambridge Latin 0 — Rindge Tech 18

Cambridge Latin lost a hard played game to their ancient rivals, Rindge Tech, by a score of 18 to 0. Latin put up a much better game than the score indicates, and it was a bitter fight all the way. Captain Tony Saurausky was the ace in the Rindge attack, and Latin had a hard time stopping him.

In the first period Latin fumbled and Rindge recovered on Latin's 8 yard line. Dergay took the ball over for a score in one play. In the second period Latin attempted a forward pass in its own territory. Parker made a spectacular catch to intercept the pass and run 30 yards for a gift touchdown. In the third period Latin fumbled again, and Rindge recovered on the Latin 20 yard line. Latin was penalized to their own 5 yard line for piling on, and from here Ananis scored Rindge's final touchdown on a line plunge.

In the final period Latin made a strong but futile bid for a score. Barry threw a short pass to O'Keefe who ran 30 yards to the Rindge 15 yard line. Latin, however, grounded a pass in the end zone and lost the ball.

Captain Reardon played a whale of a game backing up the Latin line. Laronde, Dzendolet, and Lekakas stood out on the defense for Latin, while Barry and O'Keefe were the leading Latin ball carriers. Saurausky, Ananis, and Malisinski were outstanding Rindge players.

RINDGE TECH CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Shea, Burbul, le.....re, Conlon, Cosgrove, Palmer
McCue, McKenzie, Savage, lt.....rt, Dzendolet
Malisinski, Cutter, Suaney, lg

rg, McKenna, Rogers, Dimitro
Burgess, Bettencourt, Deluise, c.....c, Reardon
Danobed, Faxon, Manning, rg.....lg, Good, McCarthy
Corbin, Sears, rt.....lt, Lekakas
Parker, Baluska, re.....le, Powers
Saurausky, Tyrell, qb.....qb, Barry
Ananis, Reddick, lhb.....rhh, O'Keefe
Dergay, Lawrence, Madden, rhb

lhb, W. Swisher, Cohen, McSweeney
Wyche, Grygrel, fb.....fb, LaRonde

Score — Rindge 18. *Touchdowns* — Dergay, Parker, Ananis. *Referee* — Mooney. *Umpire* — Mahoney. *Head Linesman* — Woodlock. *Field Judge* — McCabe. *Time* — Four ten minute periods.

Somerville 6 — Cambridge 0

Cambridge Latin lost a hard played game to Somerville High by a score of 6 to 0. Latin fought stubbornly all the way, but was finally defeated by Somerville's last period score.

Taking the opening kickoff, Lydon, a Somerville halfback, seemed headed for a score when a fine tackle by Reardon, the last Cantab between him and the goal line, cut him down only after he had run back 30 yards. A few minutes after the opening whistle, Umpire Fraher twisted his hip, while following a play, and had to be helped from the field.

Falco, a substitute Somerville back, was a big ground gainer. He ripped off large gains through the Latin line almost at will. On the first play in the fourth quarter, Falco carried the ball 13 yards around right end for a touchdown. Falco plunged at the Latin line in an attempt to score the extra point but was stopped.

Conlon played a fine game at end for Latin. Barry and O'Keefe, Latin's forward passing twins, gained much ground by means of their overhead attack. O'Keefe also stood out in the ball carrying department.

SOMERVILLE CAMBRIDGE LATIN

MacKenzie, Johnso, Ross, le.....re, Conlon
Panza, Regan, lt.....rt, McFadden, Dzendolet
Stephenson, Janjigian, lg.....rg, McCarthy, McKenna
Plummer, c.....c, Reardon
Winn, Luciana, rt.....lg, Rogers, Dimitro, Good
Doolin, Traniello, rg.....lt, Kyrikos, Lekakas
MacAvoy, McNamara, Lundquist, Hayes, re
le, Palmer, Cosgrove, Powers

Vitello, Duggan, qb.....qb, Barry
Lynch, Androski, lhb.....rhh, Swisher, McSweeney
Lydon, Jeremiah, rhb.....lhb, Carchio, Cohen, O'Keefe
Manning, Falco, fb.....fb, LaRonde
Score — Somerville 6. *Touchdown* — Falco. *Referee* — Ayer. *Umpires* — Fraher, Malley. *Linesman* — Wallace. *Time* — Four ten minute periods.

Sprechen Sie Deutsch

Dieser deutsche Geschäftskreis ist eben angefangen worden. Er ist wegen der wachsenden Teilnahme in der Deutschen Sprache in dieser Schule geordnet worden.

Wir beabsichtigen eigentümliche Aufsätze, Scherze, und Übersetzungen von den besten deutschen Schriftstellern und Dichtern in diesem Geschäftskreis zu haben.

Wir heissen eigentümliche Aufsätze, Übersetzungen, und Scherze von den Studenten willkommen.

SCHERZE

Dame — Was soll ein höflicher kleiner Knabe einer Dame sagen, die ihm einen Pfennig gegeben hat, um ihr Gepäck zu tragen?

Knabe — Zu höflich bin ich es zu sagen.

Vater — Kannst du nicht deine collegiaten Ausgaben abnehmen, mein Sohn?

Sohn — Möglich könne ich ohne Bücher da sein.

ÜBERSETZUNGEN AUF DEUTSCH

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde,
Ruhest du auch.

VON GOETHE

AUF ENGLISCH

O'er all the mountains —
Tranquillity —
On ev'ry hill-crest,
No tree
With wind's unrest —
The birds now sing no tune.
Be only patient, soon
Thou too shalt rest.

THEODORA L. HUBBARD

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

(Continued from Page 22)

écoles, a fait un cadeau des fleurs au General Gouraud. Puis le Général a donné ses félicitations à huit hommes qui ont reçu la Médaille Congressionale d'Honneur.

Finalement au milieu des acclamations de l'assistance, le Général est parti, parce qu'il avait

donné rendez-vous à Boston à la Légion Américaine; et les enfants sont retournés aux Ecoles, bien heureux d'avoir vu et entendu parler un homme si courageux, si héroïque, mais, à la fois, si simple.

CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO, '31.

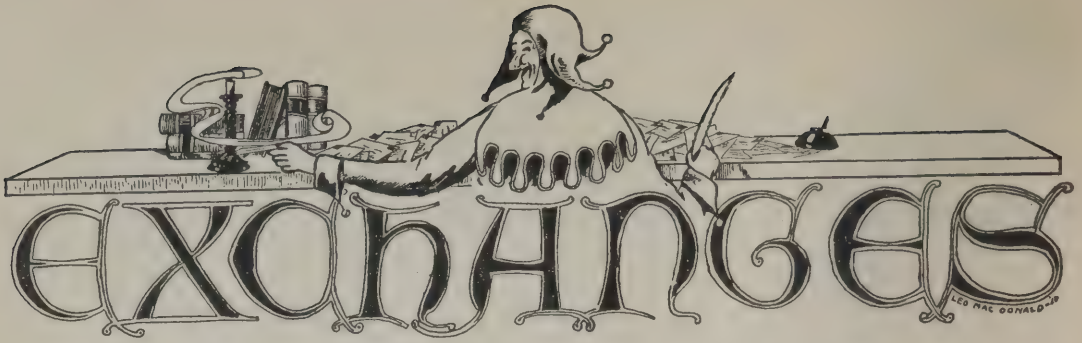
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"OURSELS"

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"The Red and White", Rochester, N. H.

"We greatly envy you your numerous cuts."—
"The Harpoon", Dartmouth H. S., North Dartmouth, Mass.

"ITHERS"

"The Oceanic"—Old Orchard, Me. H. S.

This is a good all-round paper. The Literary Department is very good; the stories, especially "Tug Wins" and the story about the football player, are especially interesting. The delineation of the character of Harley Davis in the latter is fine. We should suggest putting the very good jokes in a regular joke column. The only real trouble with this magazine is that it appears only once a year.

"The Red and White"—Rochester, N. H.

Another one of those dandy magazines! It's a hard thing, when everything in it is so good, to say what is best, but I should call the editorials the best. Really good editorials are scarce, and these are fine. The essay, "The Benefits of a Younger Brother", a title which explains itself, and the story, "The Woman-Hater", are hilariously funny. The poetry is very pretty and musical. We inclose two of the best jokes, but they are not up to the level of the rest of the magazine.

"Friendly German to waiter—'Wie geht's?'"

Waiter—"One order of wheat cakes."

German—"Nein! Nein!"

Waiter—"Nine? Boy, you certainly are hungry!"

"Found on a Freshman's registration card:
name of parents: Mama and Papa."

"The St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle"—Philadelphia, Pa.

Here I've been and gone and used up all my best adjectives with the best magazine yet to come! This is *absolutely* the finest school paper that I've reviewed so far. The Literary Department is simply grand;—no other word describes it. The stories are mostly serious; the best is "For France", the tragic story of a shell-shocked World-War veteran; the essays are very humorous, especially "On the Removing of Carbon", and as a whole, form an agreeable contrast to the darker outlook on life of the stories; and there is a corking good melo-drama, entitled "Desert Dullness", about a foreman in charge of the construction of a dam in the West, a lunatic, and fifty sticks of dynamite. There is an interesting group of short sketches called "Gleanings"; the Editorial, Athletic, Alumni, and Exchange Departments are all fine; in fact, the only omission is a Joke Department, and this is the one improvement we could suggest. We should, however, like to hear what the "St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle" thinks of us.

"The Harpoon"—North Dartmouth Mass.

This is a very exciting and sanguinary paper, to say the least. I should like, however, to ask one question about the star composition, "The Deserted Inn". How did the sleeping revenue agent obligingly lie so still while the villain was plunging a sword through his heart that his comrade did not even awaken? The exception to Literary Department of this issue is the very clever Class Prophecy in rhyme. The School Activity and Athletic Departments, on the other hand, are unusually good, but as for the humor, so-called——

"Mother—"Nora, run and get that Turkish towel."

Nora—"That's not a Turkish towel; it's a chinchilla towel like my coat."

If whoever writes such fine School Activity Notes would only turn his or her hand to writing as good stories, the "Harpoon" might be an extremely interesting paper.

Well, old bean, I'll be seeing you again soon. Cheerio!

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

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The Cambridge Review



Christmas 1930

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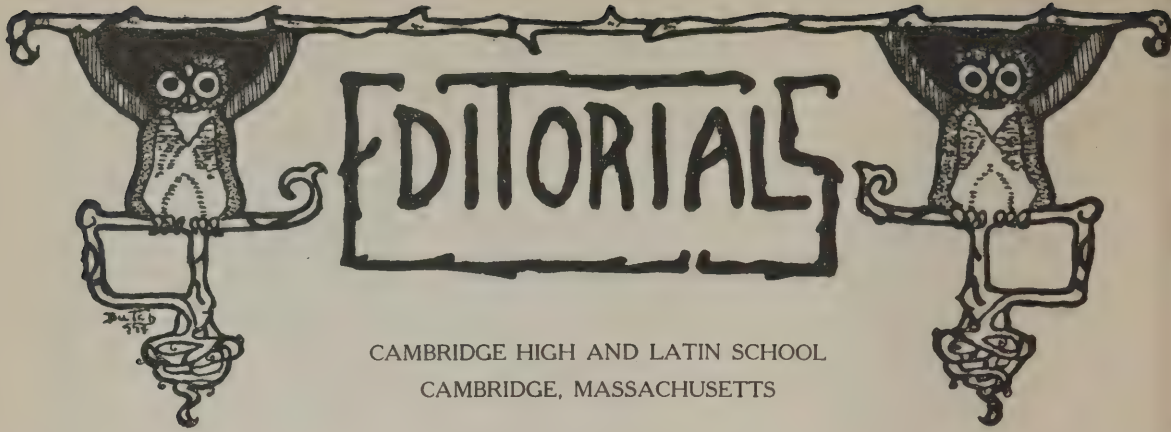
Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 45

NUMBER 2

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

ONCE again Christmas is close at hand. We know of no time of the year when life seems more colorful, more full of happiness than at Christmas. It is with this universal feeling of joy, gratitude, and friendship that we heartily wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

WELCOME 1931

A frosty night, bells chiming and sirens screaming, and another year is gone. For the passing year we have our regrets, some of us more so than others; it is a thing of the past, gone but not forgotten. But, whether we mourn the passing of 1930 or not, we all join in welcoming the New Year — 1931, and in looking forward with eager anticipation to what its unraveling days will hold in store for us. We make resolutions; we try to keep them. Some succeed; others do not. Resolutions are very easy to make; they are still easier to break. Moreover, if every one of us promises himself that he will do his best, try his hardest to play the game straight, broken resolutions will not matter.

And so on this New Year let us all make one resolution that we will surely fulfill: "To myself I will be true."

NOTICE!

Through no fault of her own the name of Anna Jacobson, the *Review* staff typist, was omitted from the first issue. Our mistake was quickly called to our attention, and we take this opportunity to correcting it in most sincerely asking Miss Jacobson's pardon, and in thanking her for her unsparing efforts to help make this year a successful one for the *Review*.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT

The business manager wishes to thank all the students who had some share in getting the *Review* started this year. As is always the case, there was great difficulty in securing subscriptions. However, a number of students devoted much of their time and effort to help overcome this obstacle.

The following pupils secured twenty or more subscriptions for the *Review*:

B. Evers
M. Hudson
M. Robinson
H. Hakala

T. Hubbard
E. Cummings
M. Mader
A. Jacobson

S. Kaplan



MR. JOHN BERNARD WHORISKEY

THE passing of Mr. John B. Whoriskey came as a distinct and severe shock to his many friends. His death is mourned by all, and especially by those in the Cambridge High and Latin School with whom he came in contact and to whom he endeared himself. The pupils lost a sympathetic friend, the teachers an esteemed co-worker, the school a loyal, active supporter.

He had an understanding, sympathetic mind which gained him the respect and affection of all who knew him, and was particularly happy in his relations with those pupils who were fortunate enough to come in contact with him. He lent a sympathetic ear to those in trouble, and gladly gave advice and aid where it was needed.

As musical director in the local schools in general and at C. H. L. S. in particular, he enjoyed unusual success, and raised the level of musical education in the common schools to a surprising degree. He conceived music to be a serious need of all, and it was with that broad view that he entered on the work of awakening among the pupils of love of music and an understanding of it.

His passing leaves a place not easily filled.

“He is dead, the sweet musician,
He, the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!”

MISS MARY A. LEWIS

ONCE in a while something happens in the routine and carelessness of our lives here at school that makes us stop for a moment and ponder on the reasons behind this wild dream we call Life. Such an event is the passing of Miss Lewis, a former teacher of French and Spanish in this school. Although we may not seem to see much as we rush around this building, we do notice the teachers; we learn to know and look for them, even though we have not them in class. So it is with deep regret that we notice changes, we realize that one more familiar face will be seen no more around the corridors. We will not soon forget Miss Lewis; she will linger long in our memory as a kind, sympathetic teacher.



GHOSTS OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

ALMOST half-way up Brattle Street, with only a little green park between it and the placid Charles River, there stands a stately, white-pillared mansion, known as the Craigie or Longfellow house. About it broods an air of detachment, as if it were amusedly watching, from the dignified retirement of its interesting history, the modern world passing to and fro before its gates; for it has had a glorious past from the time when John Vassall built it in 1759 for his beautiful Loyalist bride.

If you go into its grounds you feel as if you had stepped into the dim past; and, from the stately door, you expect to see coming some of the people who have lived in the old house. First come, almost stealthily, John and Elizabeth Vassall and their children, driven from their happy home, where they have lived for almost fifteen years, by a Patriot mob. At the gate, Elizabeth Vassall looks tearfully back at the house which she entered so joyously as a young bride, and passes on.

While we are still gazing after her, we hear the sound of rumbling wheels and the cheering of a crowd. Evidently, the new arrival is not one whom the mob suspects of being a Tory. Suddenly, a great golden coach, which is drawn by four white horses and whose coachman and outriders are dressed in a livery of scarlet and white, dashes up and halts before the house. The great front door opens, and General George Washington, in a resplendent blue and buff uniform, hurries down the path to greet his wife, who has driven all the way from Virginia to keep her husband company in his winter quarters at Cambridge.

Then these spectres, likewise, fade away, and the only person we see is a small boy peeping fearfully through the fence at an old woman

who is gazing out of the front windows of the house. Another small boy comes up, and says curiously, "Who's the old lady you're looking at?"

"Sh!" says the other. "That's old Mrs. Craigie, and if she sees us looking at her, she'll turn us into cats or something. She must be a witch or very wicked because she reads books written in French, and she keeps to herself all the time. My mother says that Mrs. Craigie has had some very wicked statues put on the island in that pond."

As we watch, Madam Craigie catches sight of the staring children, raises her hand in anger, then vanishes. We go up the walk toward the door and enter.

As we pass the stairway, we hear the tinkle of childish laughter and see, in the lamplight, the gleam of golden hair. Then, as we enter the large study, we hear again behind us the voices of "fair Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair."

At the desk in the study, we see the venerable figure of Longfellow. He is writing, but suddenly ceases from his labors, and beckons to someone whom we cannot see. Then, from the corners of the room come figures whom we have known for many years: King Olaf, with his golden hair, and scarlet mantle; Paul Revere, muffled in a cloak, and seeming to look for the signal light; Hiawatha, with his bow slung over his shoulder; and two fair maidens, Priscilla, the Pilgrim, and Evangeline, the Arcadian.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blows through the room; the figures become shadowy and fade away; and the ghosts of the Craigie house have returned to the dim shadows whence they appeared.

THEODORA L. HUBBARD, '31.

MEMORIES

SCUFF — scuff — the sound grew louder and then gradually faded away. To the experienced ears of the inhabitants of Joysville, this peculiar sound meant but one thing: old Hiram Stone was on his way to the home of some benefactress to obtain a meal.

I had often wondered why such an unkempt,

ragged person as Hiram Stone was so well treated. He very seldom did any manual labor, and he could not be trusted to go on errands as he invariably forgot his mission. Evidently there was some story about this man; I was determined to find out what it was.

My opportunity arrived sooner than I expected.

That same afternoon "The Joy Bearers", as our club is called, went on our mission of cheer to the cottage of the oldest lady in the village. After tea, she asked us if there were anything about the village that we should like to know. I boldly asked her to tell us what had changed Hiram Stone from a respectable citizen to a ragged, beggardly, old man.

She looked at us, somewhat startled, and then said slowly, "Well, it's a short story, and the main points of it are well known to most of you. Everyone claims that the sudden death of his wife and daughter is the sole cause, but I know more. I'll tell you the story as he told it to me. My husband and Hiram Stone were lifelong friends and he always finds a welcome here. One day, at tea, he opened his heart to me, and told me his secret. You, too, shall know it, but remember it is sacred.

"You all know the river and the many pretty camping spots along its banks. Hiram Stone, his wife, and daughter had a small cottage on one of them. Here they spent many happy summers. He was a builder of small boats, and usually there were two or three dories near the cottage. Evidently, since she grew up among boats, his daughter was an expert sailor. Here is his story as he told it to me.

"One day, Betty dashed into the cottage aglow with plans for a picnic to be held on the following day. In her bright, happy way she chatted about the arrangements. We three were to row downstream to a spot near the Falls, and there eat the lunch which she was to prepare. She and her mother wished me particularly to accompany them as it was rather difficult to handle a rowboat among the rocks. When the day of the picnic arrived, however, I found that I was unable to go with them. But, I urged my wife and daughter to go, and promised that I would join them later if I finished my business in town in time. It seemed to me that there was something I wished to tell them — warn them about; but as I could not remember what it

was, I decided to let the matter drop. I started gaily off for town, and turned at the bend of the road to wave "good-bye" to them. I shall always remember them as they stood framed in the doorway, for it was — "Good-bye".

"Returning home later than I had expected, I was very much surprised to see almost the entire village clustered around my cottage. A path was made for me and my friends stood in silence as I entered the house. Some vague impulse, a sudden fear, drew me into the bedroom. I stood aghast, gazing at two covered figures lying on the bed. At first I did not fully understand, and looked stupidly at the sympathetic faces of my neighbors. As the full import came over me, I gave one cry and collapsed. They told me later when I recovered, that Betty had rowed onto rocks near the falls and that the bottom of the boat had caved, in throwing her and her mother into the rapidly moving water. Help did not reach them in time. The bodies were recovered by the horrified farmers a short time afterward. Something in my mind seemed to snap then, and I've never been the same since, for with the realization of my dear ones' death, I recalled what I had tried so hard to remember that morning."

"His voice trailed off, and for a few minutes, he sat gazing off into space, all the sorrow and longing in his heart revealed in his eyes. I was afraid that he would forget what he had told me, or else resent my hearing his sad secret. A moment later he continued:

"I had forgotten to warn them about using the regular boat. The day before, I had discovered that the bottom was decayed. I had intended to tell them to take another boat, but I forgot — I forgot! And they took that boat; they took the rotten boat when one word of mine could have saved them! They went near the falls where the current is swift, and the bottom — You know the rest; I can't say it, but what happened that day has changed my life. And I could have prevented it if I had only remembered!"

HELEN KATZEN, '31.

Cosmos

I AM as old as the hills; as young as the blue,
blue chickory that unfolds anew each morn.
I am as old as the ocean; as young as the starling
that packs the way to light.

What am I? I wonder.

I am Eternity, Infinity; call me what you like,
I am incalculable, unfathomable, incomprehensible.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32.

A COURTSHIPPE

WINTERS in Plymouthe were severe. In the appartment of Maels Standitch it was so cold that the steam from the radiators formed tiny spirals which fell to the floor with monotonous clicking. This day Maels was engaged in polishing his cap insignia and badge: as the captain of Plymouthe Rocke Police Department, he was obliged to set a good example for his force. His friend and roommate, John Alldone, glancing from his interested perusal of a March College Humor just over from Englande, brushed aside the red velvet portiere from the window and gazed longingly at the village tennis courte, now covered with several layers of virgin snow. Half heartedly he switched on the radio, lit a cigarette, and leaned back in his deeply cushioned Morris.

"My friend," quoth he, "in what sport engaged thou thyself?"

"I but polishe my brasse, brother Jim," replied the captain.

A moment passed during which the swish of the sands in the hourglass was audible. Maels glanced quickly at the glass. "Zounds! I am already late for my beate. But, friend, before I leave I have a great favor to ask of thee!" Maels was having difficulty in pinning his badge on his buckskin, and John carefully assisted him. "John," he said, as he pocketed his ramrod, "thou knowest that for many a day I have loved the fair Priscilla. Ever since Rosie died, I have needed me a wife, —" here a tear glistened on the scarred cheek of the warrior, and he drew his handkerchief.

"Don't be like that, Maels," cautioned John, affectionately. "It doth not at all become thee."

Standitch snorted quickly, and replaced his handkerchief. "You see, Johnny — thou seest, John 'tis as this. I am far too occupied to waste my time a-wooing and a-fetching me a wife. To you, the scholar, I leave the saying of faire words. Tell her the bravest soldier of Plymouthe wisheth to wed her."

Maels Standitch strode grandly from the house, but a muttered curse came from tense lips as he tripped over the protruding base of a gateleg table.

John Alldone laughed dryly. "Because I come from Harvard, he giveth me the muddy business. Whilst sendeth me to courte his ladie, I loveth her, Priscilla!"

But John Alldone, having come over on the Mayflower, was of the best stock, and had no intentions of deceiving his friend Maels. Through the thudding snowflakes went he straight to the house of Priscilla. All the ride on the appart-

ment elevator he tried to determine what to say, but found it impossible. At the door of the appartment he was greeted by Flying Feet, the plump old squaw who served the Mullins. He was ushered into the drawing room where he found Priscilla weaving colored baskets, the very latest thing for Christmas presents.

"John!" She extended her hand in greeting; the light in her eyes almost made John forget his mission, but he managed to remain conscious enough to accept her invitation to sit down. Primly she patted her linen cuffs, crossed her woollen clad legs, and settled her stiff white apron. "I much fear I have but little to offer thee for tea," she said, worriedly. "We have but a bit of ground corn and a can of beans in the larder. I would send Feety to the delicatessene but, as thou knowest, the king has forbidden trade on Thursdays."

"A simple meal with thee is as a feast with an angel, Priscilla!" replied John aesthetically.

Priscilla blushed daintily as she twisted a platinum ring on her third finger, left hand. "Where didst thou obtaine that ringe?" thundered Alldone.

Priscilla had not lived all her life in merrie Englande for nothing. "'Tis but a gift from a friend," she announced tersely, "and not to be asked about by a gentleman of whom I have but the leaste acquaintance."

John was suddenly yanked back to the realization of his original mission. "But, Priscilla, I have not come to ask thee for myself. My excellent friend Maels Standitch hath sent me to woo thee for him, to ask thy hand in holie wedlocke."

A queer expression crossed Mistress Mulins' countenance. "And, prithee, why doth he not his own wooing?"

"Maels is a busy man. He hath not time for the searching of a wife. Oh," he protested as Priscilla shook her head. "Maels is one of the biggest men in the United States today; captain of the police force, in line for a heavy raise, manager of the new miniature golfe course on Teapot Common, he hath large prospects ahead, and needeth only a wife to complete his happiness." John stopped as he felt the scrutiny of Priscilla upon him.

"And didst thou forget me in the worship of some wilde Radcliffe hussy whilst thou wast at Harvard?"

"Never, Priscilla!" John almost ruined the left knee of his browne velvet trousers as he slid to the feet of his beloved.

* * * * *

John's brain reeled with the mixed melodies of "Kiss Me Again" and Macdowell's Funeral March from "The Green Goddess" as he tramped through the snow to his home. As he expected, Maels had returned.

"How went it, my friend?" the good man questioned.

"Beastly, bally business, what!" returned John wearily.

"Odds blood and twel' men! Dost mean the wench hath refused me?" roared Standitch.

"Aye, and hath accepted me," returned John with all the courage of a football player.

The rage of Maels was as the rage of vengeful Athena. It is said he uttered many combinations of noises not recorded in the open pages of history. At the finish of his exposition, he stamped from the room roaring something about "weeks" and "a big job".

During all the preparations for the wedding, consisting largely of Priscilla's decision on an order to Paris for her trousseau, John's thoughts never wandered from the man he believed he had wronged. The day of the wedding dawned, as most days do, and still Maels Standitch had not appeared. The marriage ceremony was completed

with little event except that John's shoes squeaked miserably, ruining the effect of the processional and the deep tones of the great organ. As they passed out of the church, they were hailed by an Indian messenger boy who had just bicycled up to the door.

"Ugh! You Miss' Alldone?" he asked John.

"Well, not exactly," flustered Alldone, "but I'm her husband, if that will aid thee."

"Ugh! Telegram Miss' Maels. Four bit."

John snatched the yellow paper and read it with Priscilla.

To Mrs. J. Alldone, Plymouthe Rocke Colony
Am sending snappie red straight
eight canoe postpaide.

Lucke,

STANDITCH.

"A friend for thee!" cried John, waving the telegram.

"Ugh! Four bit," insisted the Indian.

"Here, away with thee," ordered Priscilla, counting out three pinches of corn, a silver buckle and a blue ribbon. She had already taken hold of domestic finances.

EVELYN G. CUMMINGS, '31.

EVENING IN CAMBRIDGE

REFLECTIONS on the water from numerous lighted windows —

Soft shadows from the trees on the grass —

A broad strip of silver moonlight slipping across the calm water —

Massive bridges looming nearby and fading into the gloom across the river —

A few couples, strolling slowly by, caught for an instant by the headlights of a swiftly moving car —

Stars shining bright and clear except where the long white finger of a searchlight from Boston sweeps across the heavens, blotting them out for a moment —

Bright lights and shrill police whistles in Central Square—

A talkative theatre crowd hurrying from street car to candyshop and then home —

Awkward, distorted shadows thrown on the sidewalk by the street lamps —

The grinding of brakes —

Kaleidoscopic colors of cars, clothes and faces moving, always changing —

The electric lights on the signs blinking unceasingly —

Restless crowds and calm river —

This is evening in Cambridge.

ELIZABETH H. ROORBACH, '32.

IN A RESTAURANT

A RESTAURANT is a dining place, but, I always manage somehow to satisfy my appetite practically without eating. By no means is it my intention to sit at a dining table without relishing the food which is served, for my orders compose wholesome meals. Nevertheless, there are sometimes such interesting people and such curious things that they perforce must attract attention. Even so minute a detail as the arrangement of a menu does not escape my notice. Moreover, an excellent opportunity for observation of my surroundings presents itself while I am waiting for the order. Furthermore, once engrossed in watching some diverting incident, I cannot make up my mind to eat.

Since I have seen a gentleman at the next table make a wry face at the taste of the soup in which he put too much salt, my own first course seems to have lost its flavor. However, so great is the portion served as the main dinner that I have not even courage enough to taste it. Meanwhile, someone has accomplished the feat which seemed impossible, namely that of finishing the main course. Influenced by this, I venture to pick on the dainty little side courses, for, after all, they are so inviting that I cannot help tasting them. Suddenly I swallow some sharp spice which causes me to drink at least four glasses of water. Of course, I cannot eat anything substantial after that. Therefore, I decide to wait for the dessert.

While the waiter is bringing the dessert, a little boy, to the embarrassment of his mother,

and to the excitement of the waiter, has picked some of the beautiful, long, green leaves on the plant near the entrance. With awakened interest, I watch the boy victoriously carry off the attractive leaves which still hold his fancy. By this time, the waiter has recovered from his temporary shock and has set down the final course on the table. Now I must try my skill at eating grapefruit without sprinkling other people with the juice of this delicious fruit. Such an accident would be anything but amusing to them, although spectators might witness such an act with hilarity.

Yet I must watch one more incident before I drink my coffee, for, in the corner of the dining room, a man is returning to a table which he vacated fifteen minutes ago. His plate of food is gone from the table at which now are seated five other men. There he stands like Macbeth, as if he were going to say, "Which of you has done this?" Up to him comes the waiter with humble apologies and mild reproaches. The man, angrily walking out, reminds me that it is time to go.

... I pay the check for the untouched food without regrets because I am no longer hungry. How strange it is that one can lose a big appetite through excitement without suffering pain! Furthermore, it is ever so much more interesting to eat in a restaurant than at home, for a good laugh is worth the price of a hearty dinner, provided that one does not starve meanwhile.

JOHANNA NEUDORF, '31.

THE SMYTHE-THOMPSONS VISIT SWITZERLAND AND VENICE



AREN'T the Alps gorgeous?" exclaimed Belle, peering through the window of the train in which they were traveling. "I've always thought that the pictures of them exaggerated their beauty, but I was wrong. They really don't do them justice."

Belle's remark was very true, especially as they were then passing through the loveliest part of that wonderful group of mountains which covers the entire area of Switzerland and most of Bavaria. There was no sooty smoke to mar the magnificence of the scenery, for all the Swiss railroads have been electrified, due to the necessity of passing through innumerable tunnels. The train wound slowly between the peaks, clinging to the mountain sides as if held by a gigantic magnet. The three powerful engines now

seemed to regain their strength, for the train gradually increased its speed as it approached its destination, Interlaken, — the quaint little town built on a small isthmus between the beautiful lakes of Thun and Brunz. This picturesque village, nestling in a valley of the high Alps and dominated by towering peaks on every side, would probably seldom be visited if it were not for its proximity to the great trio of the Monch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau. The last-named peak owes its fame to the fact that near its top, which rises 13,664 feet in the air, there is situated Jungfrau-jock, the highest railway station in Europe — dizzily perched at an altitude of 11,342 feet.

It was late in the afternoon before the Smythe-Thompsons arrived in Interlaken, and they were all content to remain quietly in the hotel for the evening. Early the next morning, they awoke

to hear the disconsolate pattering of rain. As this rain showed no signs of lessening by breakfast-time, the family decided that it would be best to remain in town and postpone the trip up the Jungfrau until the following day. Fate seemed to deal cruelly with them, though, for the next day — their last one in Interlaken — dawned as drearily as the first. This dreariness did not dampen the young folks' spirits, though, and they were all merry as they tramped through the drizzling rain towards the station.

"Rain or no rain," Junior had emphatically declared, "I want to see the Jungfrau!" — and the entire family had agreed with him.

There was much excitement as the passengers scrambled to get seats on the train which was to take them as far as Lauterbrunnen, the starting-point of the Wengernalp Railway. Junior wanted to stand on the platform where there was a better view, but his mother wouldn't think of letting him until Tony offered to go out with him. Even in the driving rain, the scenery was beautiful. The snow-capped summits of the distant peaks were partially obscured by the low-hanging clouds. In the nearer valleys could be seen countless waterfalls, some of them, such as the Trummelbach falls, masses of water, tumbling wildly through the crevices of the rocks and crashing with a deafening roar on the boulders at their feet, others descending mist-like over the faces of the cliffs, so slight that sometimes the water evaporated before it even reached the valley.

At Lauterbrunnen, everyone changed to a cog-wheel train which carried them through increasingly beautiful country, over fields and through fir-woods, to little Scheidegg where a second change was made — this time for the Jungfrau railway. Shortly after . . . the train entered a tunnel cut through the heart of the Eiger, and after about fifteen minutes stopped at Eigerwand station, which had been blasted out of solid rock. The passengers alighted here and were given time to go to the huge windows from which, on a clear day, one could see for miles around. Although our friends strained their eyes, they were unable to see more than a yard beyond the window. Their view was completely obscured by an impenetrable snow which fell, avalanche-like, from the heights above. Also, they learned that the temperature in the station was zero, but as the cold was very dry, it was not very penetrating.

From Eigerwand, an adhesion line train proceeded through the tunnel in the interior of the Monch which became much steeper before, over an hour later, it finally reached Jungfraujoch, the terminus. To the right on the platform of this station is the entrance to Berghaus Jungfrau,

a fully-equipped, five-story hotel. The first floor is devoted to the railway station, the post-office and a waiting room; the second contains a spacious dining-room, and the upper floors comprise the hotel proper. There is an elevator to carry guests from the waiting-room to the fifth floor. Here they may hire snow-boots, snow-goggles, woolen stockings, ski-outfits, and any other equipment that might be necessary for a trip over the snow.

Our friends enjoyed a delightful dinner, but soon afterwards, the great attitude began to effect the older people. Pa's face became increasingly red and finally, as the time approached for their return to the valley, turned a sickly, blotched purple. Ma was affected by a feeling of drowsiness and nausea, the blood left her face and her lips turned blue. As usual, the young folks were unaffected. They explored the entire building, but did not dare to venture outside because of the raging blizzard. Once they attempted to go out on the observation platform, but the blinding, whirling snow forced them to return to the shelter of the warm waiting-room. So powerful was the wind which shrieked and howled around the building, shaking it to its foundation, that two strong men were necessary to close the door to the observation platform after Tony had opened it.

The return journey passed without incident. As they were steadily borne into lower altitude, those affected before regained their usual good health until they were quite normal when they reached Interlaken. The rain continued all night and was still falling when they left for Venice early the following morning. After an all day's journey across the Alps and through the beautiful valley of the Po River, they arrived in Venice just before sunset. The railroad tracks leading to this city of many islands were laid on narrow paths set on piles and washed on either side by the sea.

Although most tourists who visit Venice expect to find canals rather than streets, nearly all are greatly surprised when, upon emerging from the railway station, they are in reality faced by only water and boats — no streets, no side-walks, and no automobiles can be seen anywhere. The Smythe-Thompsons found that they were not immune to this sensation and for a moment stood spellbound by this strange and unusual sight. When their surprise had lessened a bit, they proceeded to the steps to a gondola. Although these boats can carry five passengers, the family agreed that it would be best to hire two because of their baggage. Accordingly, Pa and Ma with most of the luggage went in the first boat, and Tony, Belle, and Junior with the remaining pieces of baggage occupied the second.



They all found the slow, rolling motion to be soothing after the tiresome day's train ride. The young folks, particularly, found much amusement in listening to the gondoliers crying to each other in Italian. Since all his calls were given in shrill, harsh tones, accompanied by much muttering, the Americans found it impossible to discern whether the gondolier was angry or merely bidding one of his friends the time of day.

So interested were the Smythe-Thompsons in the marvelous old buildings which seem to be crumbling into ruins, but are in reality very little the worse for the ravages of time since they were constructed so long ago, that they did not realize that fully forty minutes passed before they finally reached their hotel. How different is this slow, relaxed method of travel to the swift, tense travel in a New York taxi-cab! It was truly a relief to be in a city where there was no possibility of an automobile accident.

Early the next morning the family joined a sight-seeing tour. The first place of note was St. Mark's Cathedral, a magnificent church al-

most entirely decorated with beautiful mosaics. Also located in St. Mark's Square are the Campanile tower which is the highest structure in Venice, the Doges Palace, and the famous clock which covers the side of a small building and is similar in appearance to a sundial. On the roof of the building is a large bell which two bronze men strike every hour. The tourists next visited the Doges Palace, and, crossing the well-known Bridge of Sighs, entered the political prisons and dungeons which have been rendered immortal by Lord Byron's unforgettable lines. Re-crossing the Bridge of Sighs, Belle stopped to gaze out through one of the two small heavily-grated windows, and as her thoughts turned to the many unhappy wretches who had crossed this bridge never more to see the light of day, she involuntarily sighed.

The tour concluded before the Doges Palace, and the Smythe-Thompsons returned to the hotel to eat their first meal of genuine Italian spaghetti, happy to have seen the greatest treasures of Venice in one short morning.

FLORENCE M. JONES, '31.

FANTASIES

SPIRES of cities, rising, towering;
Islands on a sea of fire,
Golden islands shining, changing
All their ruddy hues.

Ships of commerce, ships of pleasure,
In the same direction going,
Driven by some magic power,
Sail on land as well as sea.

Thus the picture comes before us
At the fall of eventide,
Thus the golden sun, in sinking,
Paints his pictures in the skies.

CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO, '31.

MODERN ART

THE drawing and painting of pictures is universal; each early tribes had its own art and, even today, the least civilized races of the world have their paintings, some temporary, as the sand paintings of our own Indians, and some lasting, such as the making and decoration of pottery and tapestries. Just as different races produce different types of work, so do different ages produce different variations of the same style. Each new development in its time is labeled "modern", despaired of by the elders, and carried to extremes by the young. Even the works of such a master as Botticelli were probably in his day called by some too modern, too extreme, although today they are considered in perfect taste.

So, according to the general rule, our own age has produced its art. Being slightly different from what has gone before, it is often carried to extremes. However, when the fanatics are busy with the next flare in painting, and the technique is adopted by others, just as modern but possessing also a sense of what is in good taste, what is now labelled crude and unusual will fit into the accepted art, adding new, interesting touches.

Just as with all new developments we must become accustomed to modern art before one can appreciate and criticise it. A person brought up and nourished with the works of Titian,

Michael Angelo, and Botticelli, cannot, at first, enjoy Gauguin's landscapes, Dega's chorus girls, or Rockwell Kent's unusual murals. But if he has studied this modern movement in art, if he realizes that this simplicity of design and of detail, this tendency toward angular faces and figures is a direct outcome of our modern age of machines and invention, will he not approach the subject differently? I am sure he will. It is only because the older generation is so bound up with the art of the past that they cannot appreciate the art production of this age.

I am not, however, advocating all the art of the present. There are many artists — or would-be artists — who are painting and drawing in such a way that can be enjoyed only by fanatics like themselves. But, as I said before, their work will not live; it is the more conservative modernism that is the real soul of modern art, and only that will survive.

I am very fond of this modern art because it does reflect the spirit of our time as nothing else can. Literature, perhaps, comes close to depicting the ideas and notions of the age, but the work of a sincere artist, striving for the best he can do with this new development, is, to me, a better indicator of the thoughts and ambitions of this entertaining age of ours.

ELIZABETH H. ROORBACH, '31.

THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF
BEING PROMPT

LIKE Charles Lamb, I divide the world into two classes of people, but my division, quite unlike his of borrowers and lenders of books, separates persons who possess the unhappy faculty of always being late from those unfortunate mortals who spend eons of wasted time waiting for them.

I belong to the latter class, to which, in my opinion, is dealt a wretched lot, rendered the more unhappy by the blissful unconsciousness with which late comers desecrate its most sacred principle, that of being prompt. Moreover, it is my misfortune to be surrounded by friends who, with cruel carelessness, pay no heed to this rule. However, for the experienced waiter, there are numerous ways of beguiling the time that must pass before the tardy arrival of one's friends. The subway is an especially fruitful field wherein to speed to a run the steady march of time. Sometimes, I watch people hurrying from the surface cars to the subway trains. It is with smug satisfaction that I follow the progress of a stout,

red-faced man, who dashes up the runway behind the others, fumbles in his pocket for his dime, drops it, recovers it after much ungraceful scrambling, and pushes through the turnstile, only to have the door of the train shut in his face. Ah, if he had been on time he would not now be looking disconcertedly at the big clock and comparing it with his fat, gold watch.

An old gentleman I knew, once told me that he had a little game which he was in the habit of playing with a friend of his. Each claimed that he always kept appointments exactly on the dot of time. Thus, if either arrived early, he would conceal himself behind a moth eaten potted palm tree or a large newspaper, whence he would leap to the appointed place at exactly twenty-two minutes past two, or whatever the time set for the meeting happened to be. Time and again, I have patiently hidden behind a post, with my eye on my watch, and rushed from behind cover at the appointed time, to scan hopefully the faces about me, in vain search for the expected one. But

the game has never proved successful for me, perhaps because I have not the proper spirit of trust in my friends.

One of the fallacies of those who keep engagements promptly is that of believing that on this occasion their friends will arrive on time. Thus, it is with something of surprise, mingled with bitter disappointment that, each time, I stand and wait five minutes, ten minutes, anywhere up to half an hour. There are those who

would wait longer, but they are spineless creatures, who bend unresistingly to the will of the other class, and are undeserving of membership in our worthy brotherhood. Half an hour I have fixed as my limit of endurance. After that, I return home, highly incensed, preparing on the way, a coldly sarcastic speech, short but pithy, with which I shall reprimand the culprit at our next meeting.

NOREEN LEAHY, '31.

TO AMERICA

TO sing a song of joy and pride
That I am Thine and Thou art mine; —
To serve Thee as those ones who died
To save Thy Flag, and hold the line
Of battle; — and to pass the flame
To other patriots, free from shame —
That is my right.

To teach my children pride of birth
And love of Flag and Country dear; —
To hold my head high, keep my worth
Of youth, and live all free from fear; —
To keep my purity and truth
As would a plumed knight, in sooth —
That is my right.

To pass Thy holy stories down
To those who come in after year; —
To teach that Loyalty's a crown
To him who holds his Country dear; —
To keep my love and faith from gusts
Of shameful cowardice and lusts —
That is my right.

THEODORA L. HUBBARD, '31.

THE RISE OF DANIEL DABBIT



It was the day before Christmas, "the best Christmas ever" in the words of joyous, wide-eyed children, busy, planning parents, staggering last-day shoppers, and smug, satisfied store keepers. The air was keen, crisp, reverberating with the ringing shouts of coasting youngsters and blasts of the horns of automobiles. Daniel Dabbit, LL.D., emerging a little later than usual from his office at the edge of the square, thought the evening more bitter and unnecessarily noisier than ever. He tucked the lapels of his top coat across his chest and, head bent forward, shoulders rounded, set off ploddingly to his bachelor apartment some blocks away. Whiz! the tip of a seven-foot evergreen rubbed his nose

as he stepped off the curbstone into the path of a large family car, overladen with half a dozen laughing children and their parents.

"Fools!" muttered Dabbit as his little ferret eyes, brilliant under heavy black brows, sought a clear path across the street. "Trying to fool themselves into thinking they're having an admirable time. Christmas! Bah! A rush of buying and selling, a short junction of family connections, a brief period of hysterics." Dabbit continued his muttered exposition as he crossed the road and plodded more diligently. An army of yelling boys armed with sleds rushed past him. Two were lagging, one yanking and twisting the runners of his scraped and worn glider.

"Gee, I'll be glad when I can throw this old

thing in the ash can! Dad promised to get me a Flexible Flier this Christmas, a big one, too. You gettin' one, Jimmy?"

"I put it on my list. If I get one, my kid sister can have this. She's always pesterin' me for rides. And I don't want to be bothered with any girls."

Dabbit watched them run whooping down the street.

"I'll say Christmas is for the children! Probably not one of those boys has any conception of Christmas except as a time to receive gifts. Well, what else is it? Who gives presents out of any thought but duty? I've nearly run Jones off his feet purchasing gifts for a number of touchy relatives who would sooner behold me dead than live to see my disregard of the traditional custom. Christmas spirit, bah! Aesthetic notions." Dabbit crawled slowly up the front stairs of the large pillared house where were his quarters. "There, now, I'd forgotten I was to have dinner with Bob tonight. No matter, I'll see him this evening. Brrrrrrr! Good Lord, this weather is awful — and some people enjoy it."

* * * * *

Tiny flakes of snow flurried uncertainly and then settled gracefully on the earth forming a white coverlet for the earlier fall which had become blemished and disfigured during the day. The street had grown quiet, and from the houses candles and wreaths shone a colorful welcome and good cheer to the night traveler.

The home of Robert Dabbit, his wife, and little son was one of the brightest. Bob, one of little Billie's best playmates, was as gay spirited as a child.

"Look here, son, did I see you peeking through the keyhole of our closet door this morning?" The twinkle in father Dabbit's eyes was not at all in accordance with the reproachful tone of his voice.

"Honest, Daddy, I thought everything was wrapped up! But you're going to give me that Erector set, ain'tcha?"

"Aren't you," reprimanded his mother mechanically.

"Yes sir, aren't you!!" chorused his father. "You've got a lot of black marks to make up, Billie. Y'know, I'm *almost* afraid we'll have to take some of those things down to Simpson Street with the dinners."

"Hush, Bob! Don't tease him any more tonight. Hurry, Billie, you must be dreadfully tired, and you ought to get to bed early tonight, after shopping all afternoon with me."

This was Billie's cue to divert his attentions to drawing dinner out as long as possible.

"Daddy, guess who I think's a Scrooge!"

"A what?" drawled Daddy.

"A Scrooge," Billie felt encouraged to talk.

"Our teacher read us a story the last day we were in school, and it was about this man named Scrooge that had a ghost come and see him rattling its chains and flying through the windows!"

"Billie's thinking of the 'Christmas Carol', Bob, Dickens' story."

"Oh, of course, I remember the flint hearted old merchant who had such a delightful nephew. Well, who's your Scrooge, Billie?"

"All the time the teacher was reading it I kept thinking of Uncle Daniel. He's just like him!"

"Why Billie, what do you mean? Uncle Dan, a Mr. Scrooge? Whatever gave you that idea?"

"But, Mother, doesn't Uncle Daniel say 'Bah!' and call Christmas foolish when anybody knows it isn't?"

"But look here, Billie, Mr. Scrooge was supposed to be a grouchy, hard hearted old money monger. Uncle Dan has been pretty decent to a certain unappreciative nephew of his."

"Yes, Daddy, he's given me some nice things, but he doesn't seem to care whether I like them or not. Besides, his man, Jones, is the one that brings all Uncle Dan's presents. One time when I was up there Jones told me that Uncle Dan didn't know half the time what he was giving his folks" Billie stirred his pudding pensively for a few moments; however, under the effective urges of his mother, he soon finished his meal, and finally ran upstairs.

Elizabeth Dabbit turned to her husband.

"Bob, I'm inclined to think there's more than an atom of truth in what that child has been saying."

"Of course not, Betty. Daniel is one of the most respectable people I know."

"Oh, he does his duty admirably in the matter of family gifts, but as for spending a few dollars on someone whom he doesn't know and who really needs the money, Daniel just does not know how. He has about as much spirit of giving as a clam. He has never seen any poor souls in want, and when anyone attempts to tell him about such people, he merely deepens his grouch and asks why they aren't working. A person who lives right in the midst of things and can talk about Christmas the way he does ought to be taught a lesson. He actually thinks people don't really enjoy the season; I wish he could only *see* what an effect gifts and dinners from unknown people have upon families like those the Lodge is taking care of, Bob. Christmas means a lot to them."

"I agree with you perfectly that Dan has no Christmas spirit; but can we blame the poor fellow? He has a load of business cares on his mind, with not a comforting person to pour them out upon, such as we married men have. There's a gallantry for you!"

"I thank you for it, but I am cruel enough to oppose you still in the argument. Dan might have married if only that confounded business sense hadn't taken the fore, even when he was only a young fellow. At thirty-eight he's as confirmed a crusty bachelor as can be found. And sometimes I blame you and myself for it; we ought to be able to show him there is something in this world besides commerce and duty."

"By George, Betty! I had almost forgotten you were one of your alma mater's staunchest debating supporters; just how long did it take you to prepare these little speeches?"

"As a matter of fact, Bob, I've been thinking about Dan for a long time, and Billie's words tonight set the fire to the gunpowder! The aggravating part of the whole thing is that I don't believe Dan's heart is really so hard it can't be touched; it's just been covered with a layer of blindness, that ought to be peeled right off!"

"What figuratives! But there's the bell. Why it's the old rascal himself. Right in, Dan; we were just having our post-prandial discussion. Eaten?"

"Yes, Bob; but that wind! It's frozen me." Dan removed his great coat and sank wearily into a convenient chair.

"You people go into the living room while I get some hot coffee for Dan," ordered Elizabeth, as she swept a few dishes from the table and disappeared into the kitchen.

"H'm," reflected Dan, as he gazed upon the giant tree erected at one end of the large, tastily furnished room. "Some mess you have there."

"Oh," laughed Bob, good naturedly, "we broke only four of these bubbles getting it up this time. And look at this." Bob crossed the room swiftly, switched off the main lights and turned on the tiny bulbs interspersed through the highly decorated tree. The lights glowed rosy red, shedding a heavy softness over the room; at the top of the tree, a great silvery star gleamed brilliantly.

"Good lighting effect," commented Daniel. He turned toward the door as Bob's wife entered with the coffee. "I shouldn't bother you like this," he apologized, as she placed the service on a small table. "I suppose you are quite weary, shopping all day. It's a bad business."

"I am rather tired," she admitted. Dan shook his head mournfully. "But I do enjoy it, ever so much," she added hastily.

Dan continued. "I was just wondering how you ever manage to clean up a mess like that," pointing toward the tree covered with artificial snow and icicles.

"Oh, that's Billie's special job. He prides himself on being able to collect almost all the slippery stuff." She glanced at Bob. "Furthermore, to deprive a certain brother of yours of the pleasure of setting up the tree would be nothing short of criminal."

Dan condescended to laugh a short, hard chuckle. "Bob always was a bit childish."

"Childish enough to recognize and enjoy a bit of happiness when I see it," replied Bob jovially.

"Too childish to settle down to a bit of business right now?"

"Make it short; we're busy tonight, Betty and I. Getting ready for Christmas morning is still a job, even though Billie is past the Santa Claus stage. I shall never forget my relief, although I did pity the little fellow, when Billie, after a lengthy debate with Ed's kiddo, Junior, lay in bed wide awake and caught us filling his stocking. What a job it used to be to fool him! I used to sit up nights trying to figure out answers to his questions about 'Santy'."

"Serves you right. Do you realize that some of our customs are as ridiculous as those of ancient tribes? This fraud of Santa Claus with which children are deceived in Christian Countries certainly doesn't go far to build a foundation for sensible, strong-minded citizens."

"I understand then you've forgotten how hard it was for Ed and me to convince you there was no such personage as St. Nicholas," replied Bob, dryly. Strange how irritating Dan's cynicisms were tonight. He and Betty were used to receiving his harshness as the outlet of the lawyer's overworked, overworried mind. Dan's cynical spirit seemed a part of him. However, young Billie's words seemed to have roused a realization of Dan's attitude. He saw his brother as a lonely bachelor, robbed of the joys of happy companionship — he visited Bob rarely; Jones was as silent as a rock; and Dan's membership in one of the Lodges in the city went no further than the club records. Bob wondered if there was a method of piercing the crust of Dan's heart and tapping his true self. Bob knew there was something worthwhile beneath; he had known Dan before the hardness came. Ever since the engagement between Dan and his fiancée had been broken, the cynicism had grown more habitual, business more demanding; he had aged a lifetime in ten years.

Bob and his brother talked seriously some time; at last Dan rose, and started from the room.

"I guess Betty's gone upstairs to rest for a few moments," said Bob, helping Dan with his overcoat.

"This Christmas spirit one hears so much about must be the only thing that keeps most shoppers on their feet," said Dan.

"I suspect it's the thing that keeps most of us going," replied his brother. "Without it, Christmas might be pretty dismal for some people."

"I don't believe you. Christmas spirit goes with plenty, not with need. It doesn't mean anything unless you've got all you want. This aesthetic idea of joy and gladness is imaginative; it is not universal; it is supported by money. If you have the means, you can afford to rich yourself into feeling snug and satisfied. In your ecstasy you spend good money on people who don't deserve the attention, who employ their poverty, got by laziness, to beg a meal from the other fellow and who, when his back is turned, laugh at his gullibility. You don't see me fooled; I know them!"

Bob was deeply shocked and then indignant at Dan's words, more bitter than any others he had heard before from his brother.

"I don't quite follow your argument, Dan, but I do see enough of it to know it's wrong. There are millions and billions of people in the world who are enjoying this season's gladness to its fullest extent, both rich and poor people. Because you are too cynical to see and appreciate the happiness folks are now experiencing in the joy of giving is no reason for your expressing your mind the way you did. Christmas spirit does not accompany plenty only; poverty sees and welcomes it in private and public Christmas donation funds. It's a strange thing but true that those who complain most about lack of genuine feeling in the Christmas season give least to create such feeling. Tell me honestly, Dan, just how much did you do this Christmas to prepare for a celebration of the birth of Christ?"

"I did just as much as I ever did — perhaps a bit more; purchased gifts for all the family, sent in an annual donation to the club and topped the week with a couple of dollars to the scrub woman; everyone doesn't, you know, — gifts to the employees."

"That's just the point, Dan! You didn't give her money because you wanted her to have it, but because it was part of your business policy. Jove, I never knew anybody so stubbornly hard-hearted in all my life! The whole trouble is, you've thought of yourself and your concern so long that you've entirely forgotten, if you ever knew, what poverty and gratitude are. And it's my miserable business to teach you." Bob thrust

his hands in his pockets and turned away with a look of desperation.

"What do you mean, 'teach me'?" yelled his brother. "How can you show me anything I ought to learn? What remarkable example have you set that I must follow?"

Bob turned again toward Dan and spoke steadily. "At least I haven't been so wrapped up in my own affairs that I haven't had time to help to create a little happiness among those that need it. I think it wouldn't be such a terribly bad idea if you should come with me tomorrow morning while I go the rounds with half a dozen Christmas dinner baskets Betty's club has prepared for some families down on Simpson Street. You can see the real thing down there, and perhaps you'll change your mind a bit."

"Let me see," murmured Dan, drawing a memorandum from his overcoat pocket. "Mmm; I was to see Parker tomorrow morning but he's marched off to Philadelphia for the holiday. Yes, I'll go with you. What time are you starting?"

"I'm leaving the house at six," replied Bob evenly.

"Six?" cried Dan. "Well, I shan't be up at six."

"I admit it will be a task for me to rise so early myself. However, the dinners must be there early. I tell you, walk down to the head of Simpson Street; I'll watch for you and will meet you with the baskets I have left when you come. How's that?"

"Quite all right; I'll probably be there by eight or thereabouts."

"See you in the morning then, old topper!" cried Bob, as he closed the door behind Dan's back.

What he then executed in front of the fragrant Christmas tree ought adequately be termed an Indian dance of victory; at least, if it were not a dance, it was a victory!

* * * * *

Daniel Dabbit woke, stretched lazily, and glanced at the clock on the table beside his bed. It registered exactly ten minutes to seven. He leaned over to ring the bell, then remembered that Jones had been given the day off.

"At least he ought have stayed to wake me; I ought to have been up same as usual at quarter to seven." Dan mumbled as he swung himself out of bed.

After a shower, dressing, and breakfast, Lawyer Dabbit appeared at the door of his apartment at exactly ten minutes to eight, and started off for Simpson Street. It was a brisk walk; the air was sharp and the snow was crunchy; the sun shone with dazzling brilliance on the white ground. It was so silent the world seemed dead

and yet very alive with the crispness. Dan almost admitted to himself the atmosphere of peace, the air of quiet relaxation after a period of tension.

He soon reached Simpson Street which lay on the east side of the suburban town. In a moment a little red coupe pulled up beside him and out tumbled Bob.

"You're just on time not to miss the exhibition! I just delivered my fifth basket and I've only one left. This one goes way down to the end of the road," explained Bob, as he and Dan stepped in. "The poorest in the bunch, I guess, although the others hadn't much to boast about."

"You're pretty generous," commented Dan as he glanced at the basket, in the rumble seat, overflowing with grapes, jelly jars, milk, bread, and turkey.

"Yet every time I take a basket into one of those houses, I feel it's the very least I can give, and wish I'd brought more," Bob replied.

"Oh, I daresay there are plenty of folks waiting to hand these people a dinner," said Dan.

Bob merely smiled shortly.

In a few moments they drew up before a squalid little two-story tenement, not so deteriorated as its neighbors yet of a nondescript color and doubtful age.

The brothers stepped from the car onto the brick sidewalk, Bob with the basket.

"Jove, I don't see how anyone could live in a hovel like this — and still amount to anything," said Dan, as they climbed the quivering stairs to the second floor.

"Let's see," mused Bob, regarding a card which he had drawn from his pocket. "This goes to a Mrs. Bassett, widow, four children, second floor, 238 Simpson Street. I guess we have the right party!"

Bob advanced to a door at the farther end of the hall, and rapped.

A few moments elapsed before a small, black haired woman opened the door, glanced timidly at Bob standing before her. Dan had made a move to come forward as she was opening the door, and now he stood beside his brother. The black-haired woman glanced at the second man; a look of surprise flashed across her face.

"Why, sir; I didn't expect to see you here, sir."

"I don't very often accompany my brother on his trips to deliver Christmas dinners," Dan tried to make his words sound pleasant, hearty, but instead they rang with a tone of condescension.

"Oh, I see; you are the gentleman with the dinner. I was told to expect you. Won't you come in?" Mrs. Bassett waved toward the room with an unexpectedly gracious gesture.

The two brothers went in. Bob set the basket on a large table in the center of the room and turned to the woman.

"Just to make sure, you are Mrs. Bassett, aren't you?" Mrs. Bassett nodded. "And are these your youngsters?" Bob motioned toward one of the cots in the room where four wide-eyed children sat, the eldest a girl of about eight, a pair of five-year-old twins, and another girl, a tiny child with a multitude of little ringlets neatly arranged.

"They are very pretty children," ventured Uncle Dan. He went forward to the little one who held a tiny celluloid doll tightly clasped in her hand.

"Are you having a nice Christmas?" he asked.

The child glanced toward her mother, who smiled gently.

"We alwayth have a nith Kwithmuth," the little one answered seriously. "Do you?"

"Why-er-why yes! Christmas is always nice, isn't it?"

"Yeth. We gotta twee!"

Dan glanced at the tiny piece of shrubbery standing on a small table in one corner of the room. He could not help noticing at the same time the clean cotton wrapped about the stalk; the fresh curtain at the one window; the immaculate bedding on the three cots in the room.

"I hope the money I gave you was of use," groped Daniel.

Bob started; this was something unexpected. The only person Dan said he had given money to was the scrubwoman at his office; surely Mrs. Bassett wasn't — why she must be his scrubwoman! What a coincidence! She certainly didn't appear to fulfill that office.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dabbit, when I found out that I was to be given a Christmas dinner, I gave the money to the De Vino's downstairs, that is, Mrs. De Vino. Poor soul, she needs it more than I." Mrs. Bassett was still very timid; her words came slowly though not with difficulty. "Her husband is — drinks most of the time, and her children are much smaller than mine; at least we have a little of the season's spirit in here, and I'm afraid they have very little."

Daniel probably did not mean to appear surprised, but he did look astonished.

"I gave you that because I thought you needed it," roared Lawyer Dabbit.

"And do you regret my placing it in the hands of real want?" In Mrs. Bassett's face was a flash of spirit Bob had not seen there before. "Mr. Dabbit, I have found it very hard to live as respectably now as when my husband was alive. But I hope the time will never come when I shall forget to recognize real need and

aid it as much as is in my power." Uncle Dan seemed to have touched a responsive chord.

"I am not poor; I have known happiness and comfort — and love. If it were not for the children I could carry on alone; I'd never accept anything.

"Never once in the midst of all our good fortune did I dream I would meet with this! But there was an accident — my husband — was killed — everything went —." A sob choked the word of this woman to whom emotion had seemed so foreign. "We were so happy; we never thought there could be anyone that was suffering, but I was taught differently. I have seen people to whom all causes for rejoicing were unknown, to whom the gladdest season of the year meant additional pain because they could not partake. I grew cynical, until I realized that I was learning the value of true feelings in life. All I had left was the memory of my husband in which to train my children; now I have the aim of rearing them to respectability which does not forget those who are unhappy. They will

never forget this — ." She motioned to the blank walls and squalid surroundings. "They won't have to be taught as I had to be." Suddenly the cloak of poise that Mrs. Bassett had assumed fell away; the timidity with which the men first saw her, again took possession of her features; she stepped backward from the middle of the floor and toward the children.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dabbit," she said, apologetically. "I had no right to speak so freely."

"You certainly did, Mrs. Bassett," affirmed Bob heartily. "I think it does us good sometimes to hear something like that."

Dan was very silent as they went out of the house and toward the car; he stepped in as Bob started the coupe.

"You're coming up to the house for dinner, aren't you?" asked Bob.

"Yes," Dan answered absently. Then he roused himself.

"Say, drive me uptown to a restaurant, will you? I want to order a dinner for the De Vinos."

EVELYN G. CUMMINGS.

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"Grumpy"	Mr. Bramhall
"Why Bring That Up?"	Departmental Test
"Numbered Men"	Football Team

Tom L. — "I don't have to read books; I have ideas of my own."

Dot H. — "Why, you old dear; you've been deceiving me all this time."

Kay — "I believe our school is haunted."

Bill — "Why?"

Kay — "They're always talking about the school spirit."

Teddy said the other day that she just knew that a coupé was an inferior type of car because every time that she went into the country, the roads were lined with those that had stalled.

Al — "I'm living out at Fishhook now."

Edna — "Fishhook? Where's that?"

Al — "The end of the line."

"Come, sonny, take your bath; cleanliness is next to godliness you know."

"Oh! Mama, is that the reason Saturday comes before Sunday?"

Cop (to drunk) — "Hey, there, get on your feet."

Soak — "What, have they come off too?"

Chase — "I want to ask a question about a tragedy."

English Teacher — "Well?"

Chase — "What is my mark?"

Physics Teacher — "This wheel has 30 revolutions per minute."

Crane — "Thought that only happened in the Balkan states?"

The scene is a dress rehearsal of "Noah's Ark". Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be

heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use?"

And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, "The flood lights, you sap."

T. Arthur — "Don't you speak to him any more?"

E. Bramhall — "No! Whenever I pass him I give him the geological survey."

T. Arthur — "Geological survey?"

E. Bramhall — "Yes, that's what is commonly known as the stony stare."

Paul T. — "So there was some hot necking at your house last night?"

Sally W. — "Yeah. My uncle got too near the gas jet with his celluloid collar!"

Young Bride — "Now, dear, what'll I get if I cook a dinner like that for you every day this year?"

Hubby — "My life insurance!"

Stasia — "Can you tell me the last words of Webster?"

G. Moran — "No. Let me in on it."

Stasia — "Here they are, from the 1930 edition: Zymotex, Zyrian, Zythem, Zythepsary."

Teacher — "Willie, I hear that your big brother has the mumps. Do you think that you will get them?"

Lil' Willie — "Yes, mum. I'll get 'em just as soon as he outgrows 'em."

Little Boy (seeing knotholes in a piece of wood) — "What are these?"

Carpenter — "They're knotholes."

Boy — "Oh, you can't fool me, I know they're some kind of holes."

"An auctioneer had passed away
One morning just at dawn,
And on his tombstone was engraved,
Going, going, gone."

Mr. Justwed — "What in the world did you do to this meat? It has such a peculiar taste!"

Mrs. Justwed — "Oh, nothing. It did get a little burnt but I fixed that — I applied Unguentine right away."

Flo (relating her travels) — "And in Florence I visited the Pitti Palace."

Bob — "Oh, did 'ums?"

Boarder — "This steak is like a day in June—very rare."

Landlady (crustily) — "And your bill is like March weather — always unsettled."

Moran — "What makes this auto rock so?"

Gatto — "It's a Plymouth."

Anybody — "I'm sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your bridge, but I shall be with you in spirit."

K. B. Girl — "Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? The tickets are only one dollar."

E. H. R. — "What do you think of this story? Give me your honest opinion."

E. G. C. — "It's not worth anything."

E. H. R. — "I know, but tell me anyway."

English Teacher — "You seem to enjoy reading Chaucer."

N. Leahy — "Yes, he spells worse than I do."

"But why did you buy a dachshund for the children?"

"So that they can all pet him at once."

These nocturnal football games will allow the grandmothers of office boys to live longer.

First Father — "I saw my car on the street today."

Second Father — "Yes, it's a pretty small world after all."

News Item

The bearded lady in the circus died today, leaving a wife and four children.

Now that plump figures are coming back, girls can eat their cake and have "It" too.

"Did you finally buy tickets for the Harvard-Yale game?"

"No, we decided to buy a new car instead!"

"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"Hic — musta — hic — bit myself."

"G'wan. How could you bite yourself up there?"

"Musta stood on a chair."

"No, Lynne, a coquette is not a small Coca-Cola."

Man—"Lohnes, what do you do for a living?"

Lohnes — "Nothing, sir."

Man — "Well, that's a pleasant job, I must say. No worries attached to it."

Lohnes — "No, sir. Except that I might lose it."

Haverty — "How were your marks last term?"

Heller — "Jules Verne."

Haverty — "How's that?"

Heller — "Twenty thousand leagues under the 'C'."

B. Grenier — "Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

Kay H. — "Who does that?"

B. G. — "My horse."

"Do you know why men like to die with their shoes on?"

"So they won't stub their toes when they 'kick the bucket'."

Sweet Young Thing — "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

Friend — "Who asked you?"

S. Y. T. — "Mother and father."

Reporter — "I've got a perfect news story."

Editor — "The man bite the dog?"

Reporter — "No, a bull threw a Congressman."

Ha! Ha! Ra for Pa!

"So your son got his B. A. and M. A.?"

"Yes, indeed, but PA still supports him."

"Mummy, you bought sister a piano, so buy me a bicycle."

"What for?"

"So that I can go riding while she practices."

Reporter — "What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the game?"

Editor — "Why, say the bleachers went wild."

Boss — "What fool told you to place those papers on that file?"

Clerk — "You did, sir."

Boss — "Well, leave them here — you're discharged for calling me a fool."

B. Farwell — "I was just reading about a fellow who has been employed in this country for seven years and can't speak a word of English."

M. Falvey — "Impossible! What is his employment?"

B. Farwell — "He's a train announcer at North Station."

Mike — "What a friend you are! When I got in a fight with that big bully and cried to you for help, what did you do? You came up and socked me in the eye."

Ike — "I thought youse wuz calling me names. Youse wuz lookin' right straight at me and yellin' 'Succor'."

A gentleman is one who gives a lady an even break in racing with her to a movie seat.

Get Your Own Alp

A news item from Geneva says that canny Swiss, who know more about pleasing tourists than any other people, are experimenting with the idea of artificially heating small mountain lakes so that visiting firemen can go swimming in them. If the plan is a success, the idea is to get ready for next summer by building several Tom Thumb Alps for mountain-climbers who do not like high places.

Latest Discovery! ! !

There is a part in Eddie Green's hair.

Painless Worker

"I am sorry," said the dentist, but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

"So you took the pippin home from the movie last night."

"Yeh."

"How far does she live from the theatre?"

"Oh, three soda-fountains and a candy store."

It Wears Well

We read again that a Bostonian was showing a visiting Briton around. "This is Bunker Hill Monument — where Warren fell, you know."

The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully and then said: "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course?"

Curtin — "Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"

Waiter — "Yes, sir."

Curtin — "Well, it's had a relapse."

Nit — "I'm tired of playing checkers."

Wit — "Sort of checker bored, eh?"

Dot T. — "Do you suppose that English teacher is really very old?"

Dot H. — "Must be; it is said that she once taught Chaucer."

Indian — "Where's that settler I just shot?"

American — "Right over there — just follow the arrow."

Miss Murray — "John, why didn't you learn your history lesson today?"

John — "Well, you've said so often that history repeats itself, that I thought yesterday's lesson would do again."

Hotel Clerk — "I beg your pardon but what is your name?"

Barenberg — "Name? Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

H. C. — "Yes, that's what aroused my curiosity."

Ducky C. — "Father says that I am his greatest treasure."

Kent B. — "Oh, yeah? Then he isn't as wealthy as I supposed."

Bus Driver — "Say, fellow, this transfer has expired."

Walter R. — "Well, what didja expect with such poor ventilation in these buses?"

"What makes the Dean stagger that way?"

"Oh, just the Dean's list."

Definitions

Trek — A set of rails forming a railway.

Vain — The act of stepping on a scale.

Vast — A short sleeveless jacket.

Vaunt — To feel the need of; desire.

Vicious — Desires, wants.

Vie — For what cause, purpose, or reason.

View — Not many.

Vigor — Visible form; shape, outline, contour.

Old Gentleman (at swimming pool) — "I say, attendant, what is about the longest a person has stayed under water?"

Attendant — "Oh, about five minutes, sir."

Old Gentleman — "Well, there's a man over there who's easily broken the record. I've been timing him, and he's been down ten minutes now."

Father — "Now I want to put a little scientific question to you, my son. When the kettle boils, what does the steam come out of the spout for?"

Son — "So that mother can open your letters before you get them."

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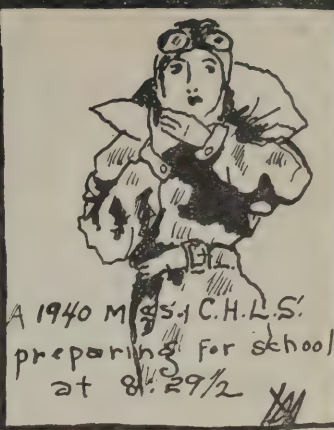
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Before ~ and ~ After



CHRISTMAS

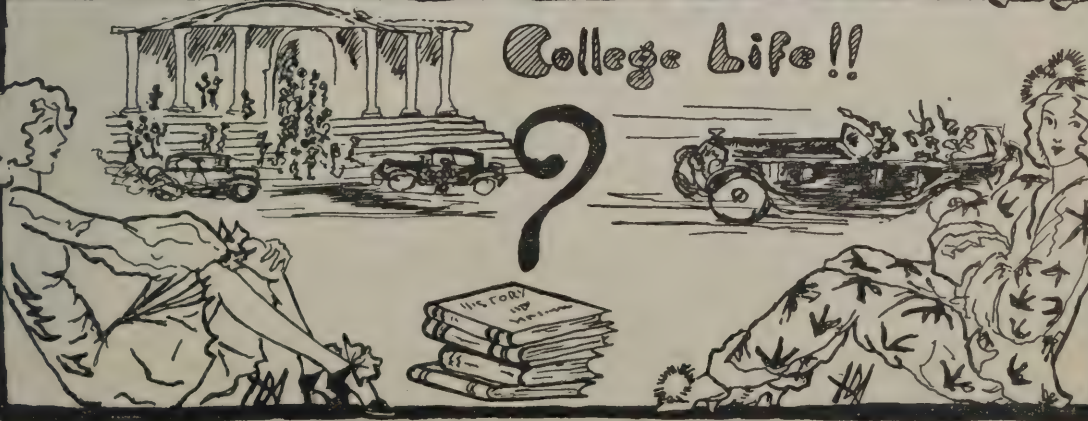
RDB

WHO WAS THAT DUMB
LOOKEN GIRL YOU WAS
OUT WITH LAST NIGHT?

OH, THAT WAS YOUR
GIRL "SNICKER"



College Life!!





ARMISTICE DAY EXERCISES

On Monday, November 10, Armistice Day Memorial Exercises were held in the assembly hall by the seniors and post-graduates. The feature of the program was an address by Mr. Joseph Gannon, a former pupil of the Cambridge High and Latin School, who saw action in the battlefields of France. He stressed the fact that Armistice Day is not a day of celebration, but rather one of commemoration. Mr. Cleveland led the exercises. The complete program follows:

I. SELECTION

C. H. L. S. Orchestra

II. A RETROSPECT.....*Cunningham*

Joseph Ricker

III. RECESSIONAL *Kipling*

W. Stewart D. Muti
D. Weddleton J. Eisner
Accompanist Miss Wait

IV. ARMISTICE ECHOES *Esther Olson*

Anastasia Kirby

V. LET US HAVE PEACE.

Soloist Helen Geary

VI. LEST WE FORGET *Curtis Wheeler*

Eleanor Gray

VII. ADDRESS

Mr. Joseph Gannon

VIII. SELECTION

C. H. L. S. Orchestra

Parents' Night

On Friday, November 7, 1930, a Parent's Night was held in the school. The parents went from class to class, meeting the teachers, gaining an accurate idea of the work that must be covered, and straightening difficulties in general. Mr. Wood of the School Committee and Mr. Cleveland spoke to the parents in the assembly

hall. Music was furnished by the C. H. L. S. Orchestra under the direction of Miss Wait.

The foremost of the many beneficial results of this evening is that there now exists between parent and teacher a stronger feeling of co-operation in the work that is being done.

Orchestra

The passing of Mr. John B. Whoriskey left the C. H. L. S. orchestras without a conductor. However, Miss Wait, whom we have always known as a teacher of algebra, has stepped into the void and filled it ably.

While at college Miss Wait majored not in algebra, but in music. She is now making use of her experience in that field.

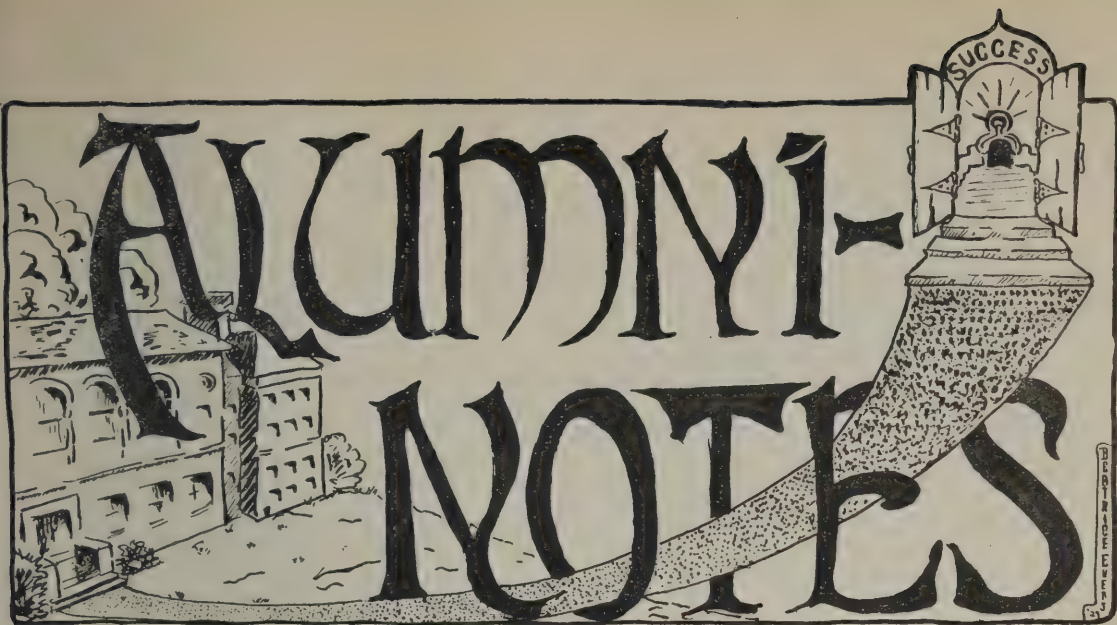
Welcome, Miss Edgerly

The school is glad to welcome back Miss Edgerly, the shorthand teacher. It was with feeling of deep regret that we learned that owing to sickness, she had to leave school early in September, and after nearly three months, we find sincere pleasure in seeing that she has again returned to our midst.

Seniors

The homeroom committees of the senior class have chosen as the official photographer of the class of 1930 the Photo-Reflex Company, of Harvard Square, Cambridge. This company uses the most modern methods whereby the subject sees himself in a mirror just as he will be in the portrait. When a satisfactory pose is reached the picture may be taken by pressing a button near at hand. Thus, one is assured of a perfectly life-like portrait.

Work upon class photography will be begun in the near future.



1930

Francis Cahill has entered Harvard by the new plan. He received honors in Latin and French.

Marion Cullinan is a freshman at Radcliffe. She entered by the new plan.

John Hoffman and Harold Borjeson have entered Boston University School of Business Administration.

James Falese is attending the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Harold Flax has entered the Boston University College of Business Administration. He is attending evenings only.

Miriam Donald is attending the Wheelock School.

John Shea is a freshman at St. Anselm's College, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Adelaide Gulliver is a freshman in the Erskine School in Boston.

Ruth Blanchard and Elizabeth Ryan are registered at the Lane School in Cambridge.

1929

Michael Crowley is a freshman at Harvard. He entered by the new plan, receiving honors in Latin and French.

Harry Olkin entered Harvard by the old plan.

Samuel Joel and Raymond Levine are freshmen at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Edward Cutter entered Harvard by the old plan.

"Bill" Hogan is a sophomore at Boston College.

Julia Hacia is employed by the Lechmere National Bank.

Anthony De Vito is a sophomore at Harvard. Harold Browning has now entered West Point.

Rose Duchin is a sophomore at Simmons.

Henry Forbes is a sophomore at Technology.

Fred Harlow is attending Hebron Academy.

He was captain of the football team for the preceding season. "Freddy" also plays on the baseball and hockey teams.

1928

Samuel Fogel is a sales-manager in the Lucky Strike Cigarette concern.

Miriam Bramberg is attending the Portia Law School in Boston.

Gilbert Mottla is a sophomore at Harvard.

Madelaine Navien is a junior at Emmanuel College.

Anne Martin is at the Boston Art School.

Milton Talent is a junior at Harvard.

1927

"Billy" Brooks is a junior at Harvard.

Miriam Berkman has been elected to the honorary society of the Phi Beta Kappa at Radcliffe.

Carl Hoss is taking a business course at Bryant and Stratton.

Les Wilke is a sophomore at the Tufts College of Dentistry.

Arnold Segel is a junior at Harvard.

1926

Elsie Field is studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, New York. Her engagement to Joseph L. Daob was announced this fall.

"Franie" Neale is a foreman at the A. R. Hyde Shoe concern. He is captain of the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. basketball team.

Joe Curtin is a senior at Yale.

1925

John O'Brien is a chemist in North Cambridge.

1924

Samuel Doctoroff is an executive of the Independent Dye Company of Boston.



WELL, looking from the freshmen's point of view, the one and only, first and last, unpleasant ordeal of the year is long over; that is, initiation. For a change, we made the poor little frosh use their heads. What with their having to write at least a one-hundred word theme or an eight-line poem, I think their teachers might have wondered at the lack of brilliance shown in class at the time. Is it too much to ask you, girls, to look away back as far as October 24th, to be able to laugh again at the sight of so many Happy Hooligans the Frosh represented with the lily cups on their heads? On the 29th and 30th the victims reported in the gym, where quaking with fear and excitement, they had a race eating stale doughnuts and crackers, as well as other kinds like obstacle and lobster races. It really was quite funny to see so many girls in competition going backwards on all fours, or pushing an apple or penny with their nose. But, on the whole, I must say to the credit of the class that those who were initiated took it in a really sportsman-like way. Yet, there were a few, I regret to say, who did not show up at initiation at all. The officers, of course, know who they are; but would it not be nicer for those girls to approach the officers than vice versa?

Following initiation there generally comes some sort of party for the freshmen. This year instead of last year's Baby Party we had a Book Party — where each dressed up as some famous fictitious character. The majority of the members did come out in costume, and showed unusual originality in their choices. To crown it all, came Miss Brown dressed symbolically as the "Old Woman in a Shoe". Truly, one might think

"She has so many children
She doesn't know what to do."

When all the strangely and comically dressed people gathered in the gym, each had pencil and paper to record the characters represented. To those two who showed the most intelligence, prizes were awarded; to Winifred Burns, "The Three Bears", and to Mary McNamara, "The Three Little Pigs" — just what each wanted! When the fun of comparing one personage with another reached its timely climax, leaving no

time for a lull, we all went up to the hall where there was put forth a one-act comedy, "Squaring It with the Boss". It went off first rate, and was much applauded by the appreciative audience. The cast was as follows:

BETH	Mary Toner
JIMMY	Mary Sullivan
AUNT CLARISSA, Beth's Aunt,	Dorothy Hooker
AUNT HORTENSE, Jimmy's Aunt,	Anastasia Kirby
JOHNNY BENDER	Helen Klauer
MR. DUNN	Mary Sheridan

After the play Eleanor Janick entertained us with a clog dance, accompanied by Jerry Leighton, a past officer who, much to our delight, was with us. A pantomime was acted by Mary Falvey, Dorothy Falvey, and Peg Hudson. Eleanor then appeared in costume, and accompanied by Mildred McNally, again danced — this time a Russian dance. Just before we left the hall the prizes were awarded for the best costumes by Jerry Leighton. The prize for the upperclassmen went to Peg Hudson, who was a perfect Jo, straight from the pages of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women". Believe it or not, her prize was Ripley's "Believe It or Not". Then, who do you suppose came up for the freshman prize — why Hepzibah herself, really Elizabeth Walsh. And, appropriate to her costume was her prize, a book of essays. The party again made its way downstairs — this time to the lunch room for ice cream sold by the refreshment committee consisting of Helen Kenney, chairman, Elaine Emery, Doris Hansis, Virginia Kelley, and Constance Sales. Then came the grand march, and in a long line the guests bid each hostess good night.

Just in time to satisfy everybody's curiosity as to what was coming next, the first G. A. A. meeting for all members was held in the hall first recess period, November 13. The new Vice-President, Mildred MacDonald, and the Secretary, Gertrude Lancaster, were introduced, and the business of the meeting was carried on.

On Friday night, November 21, the girl dance took place in the gym. As in former years half the girls came as boys, and a good time was

had by all. The couples were checked at the door by a committee with Gertrude Lancaster, secretary, as chairman. The gym was beautifully transformed into a dance hall by the decoration committee consisting of Lillian MacDonald, chairman, Elaine Emery, Caribel Conant, Philameno DeLallo, Margaret Mahan, and Frances Serge; into a hall, where at one end sat the patronesses: Miss G. Hardy, Miss Browning, Miss Russell, Miss MacLaughlin, and Miss Brown. From the other end came our music supplied by Mr. Herbert Brown and his colleagues. The ushers were Virginia Adams, Natalie Blouin, Clara Cormier, Rita Doneski, Virginia Kelly, Constance Sales. During intermission refreshments were sold in the lunch room by Ruth Branscombe, Dorothy Falvey, Helen Klauer, and Dorothy Sullivan — all under the management of Marguerite Farwell. To say the least, the dance supplied most of the guests, if not all, with satisfaction and enthusiasm beyond comparison.

Thanksgiving baskets were made up from contributions of the girls' physical education department, and were delivered to some families on the morning before Thanksgiving Day by the G. A. A. officers.

Basket ball is going on in full swing now. Interclass games have already started. On November 14, the Juniors and Seniors played their first match games. And, wonderful to tell, there were three teams. The first team game resulted in a victory of 35 to 20 in favor of the Juniors. Although the Seniors lost, they put up a good game and played well.

JUNIORS	SENIORS
Helen Kenney, rf.....	lg, Ruth Hibbard, Capt. Evelyn Cummings
Clara Maloney, lf.....	rg, Caribel Conant Winifred BurnsVera Hodge
Clara Cormier, jc.....	jc, Eileen Moran
Gertrude Lancaster, Capt., sc.....	sc, Palm Zappala
Philameno DeLallo	
Louise Hodge, rg.....	lf, Mildred MacDonald
Mary Falvey, lg.....	rf, Evelyn Cummings Sally Whitman Lillian MacDonald

Score: Juniors 35

Score: Seniors 20

The second team score was a tie 9 to 9; and the third another victory to the Juniors, 8 to 4.

The second match game between Juniors and Seniors resulted in a victory by one point in favor of the Juniors: a score of 25 to 24. That means that if the Juniors play and beat the winners of the Sophomores and Freshmen, two out of three games, they will be recognized as champions.

The underclassmen have come out in large numbers, too. We expect four strong teams to emerge from the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. Their first games came December 5th. Surely, that was a red letter day!

We, from the Freshmen up to the Seniors wish to thank Marjorie Lynch, commonly known as Lynchie, a former star basket ball player, for her patient refereeing and support at practices and her great untiring help to our coach, Miss Brown.

Well, girls, that's all for now! It won't be long before there will be more news to excite you!

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

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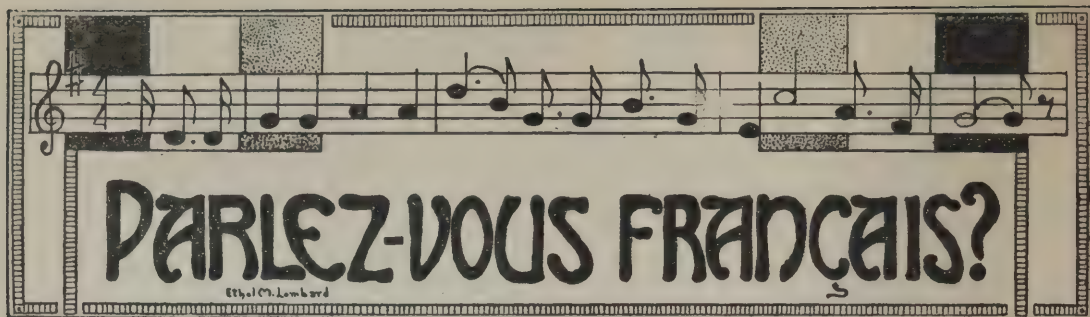
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



LE PARDON

LA province de Bretagne est une partie de la France, mais elle est séparée du reste de la France par une grande forêt. Par conséquent, cette province a gardé toutes ses coutumes et ses traditions.

L'une des coutumes des paysans est un pèlerinage à Sainte Anne d'Auray. Cette sorte de pèlerinage s'appelle "le pardon". Les paysans font souvent de ce pèlerinage une occasion de célébrer des noces, qui sont des affaires joyeuses. On danse à la musique de la cornemuse et on s'amuse bien.

Cette affiche devant moi montre un groupe de paysans dans une des villes peut-être sur la route de Auray. Il y a un brancard ou charette pleine de jeunes filles qui sont endimanchées. Elles portent la croix d'or au cou et elles portent la coiffe ou le bonnet blanc que est façonné de dentelle, de laquelle la Bretagne est si fameuse. Le cocher

a un fouet à la main et il porte un large feutre breton sur la tête. Il y a une quenouille dans un coin du brancard. Je suppose qu'une des filles s'en sert sur la route. Un gamin est assis sur le brancard. Ses cheveux sont en grand désordre et il est très sale. Le cheval est au galop et il a une cocarde à la tête. Le brancard est devant une auberge au toit de chaume. Le tricolor flotte au-dessus de sa porte. Un mendiant boiteux est à genoux à la côté de la rue, un grand sac sur le dos, son chapeau à la main. Sa béquille est à terre à côté de lui. Tous les paysans portent les sabots qui font de grand bruit. Dans le lointain est une flèche avec sa cloche et une croix au-dessus.

Ces paysans vont assister peut-être à un mariage après le pardon, et ils sont très gais. Ils rassembleront plus de paysans à chaque ville jusqu'à Auray.

DOROTHY HENDERSON, '31.

UNE PROMENADE

CE n'est qu'un rêve jusqu'ici impossible à atteindre, faire une promenade dans Paris. Cependant, j'aime beaucoup penser à Paris et comment je ferais ma première promenade dans la belle ville qui attire le jeune, le vieux, l'artiste, l'élève.

Il me semble que je serai en extase quand je verrai les belles scènes, les curiosités nouvelles en si grand nombre. Malgré cela j'aimerais mieux qu'il ferait le beau printemps, calme, tranquille, et chaud. Je flânerais dans les Champs Elysées, dans la Place de la Concorde, à côté de la Seine,

dont les noms seule't semblent cacher bien des secrets pour moi. Avec quelle émotion lirais — je l'inscription au tomb cau au soldat inconnu au dessous de l'Arc de Triomphe de d'Etoile!

Il y a les grands boulevards, les parcs, les opéras, les théâtres, les avenues, les châteaux, les monuments — et moi, que je desire voir le tout dans ma première promenade dans Paris.

Bien que je sache que je ne puis accomplir tout cela, je rêverai à voyager et à passer quelque temps dans la belle ville Paris.

S. KAPLAN, '31.

HYMNE A LA VICTOIRE UNIVERSITAIRE

Nous voici donc, nous voici donc.

Regardez-nous en train d'additioner un bon nombre de points

Nous allons laisser ces gas-là tellement en arrière Qu'ils ne voudront plus se combattre avec nous. Nous avons une ferme conviction dans l'avenir prospère d'Elie Yale;

Elle (sic) ne peut pas manquer de gagner la partie.

Bou-la bou-la! bou-la bou-la, bou-la bou-la, — Elie Yale.

HYMNE PATRIOTIQUE MERIDONAL

Je voudrais tant être au pays cotonnier,

Le bon vieux temps ne s'y oublie pas,

Détournez vos regards, détournez vos regards,
détournez vos regards, détournez vos regards,

Au pays de Dixie, où je suis né,

De bonne heure, un matin glacial;

Détournez vos regards, détournez vos regards,
détournez vos regards, Pays de Dixie.

Sprechen Sie Deutsch

Bitte, werden alle deutschen Studenten mit diesem Geschäftskreis mitwirken.

DIE VIERTE DEUTSCHE STUNDE

„Was fehlt Ihnen?“ fragen Sie —

ICH bin so traurig,
So müde scheine ich;
Ich denke, niemals
Werde ich wieder glücklich.

„Was fehlt Ihnen?“ fragen sie —

Das ist eine Frage.
Setzen Sie sich neben mich.
Und hören Sie was ich sage.

Sie wollen wissen,

„Was soll es bedeuten;
„Warum sind Sie so tot
„Beinahe alle Zeiten?“

Wenn Sie nur wüssten,
Wie hungrig werden wir sein;
Dann dächten Sie nicht,
Es kann uns nicht freuen!

By C. STERN, '32.

DAS SELBSTGESPRACH MACBETHS

DER Morgen, und der Morgenh, und der
Morgen,
Kriecht es vom Tag zum Tag in diesem kleinen
Schritt

Nach letzter Silbe der erzählter Zeit,
Und alle uns'ren gestern Tage haben Toren
Den Weg nach staub' gem Tod erleuchtet. Aus!
Aus! kurzes Licht!

Das Leben ist nur ein spabier'nder Schutz, ein
armer Täter,

Der seine Stunde auf Schaubühne strotz und
ärgert,

Und dann nicht mehr Nachricht erhielten ist;
es ist ein Märchen,

Erzählt von einem Dummkopf, voll vom lärm
und Wahnsinn,

Das nichts bedeutet.

VON SHAKESPEARE.

AUF DEUTSCH

O, eine edle Himmels gabe ist
Das Licht des Auges — alle Wesen leben
Vom Lichte, jedes glückliche Geschöpf —
Die Pflanze selbst kehrt freudig sich zum Lichte.
Und er muss sitzen, fühlend, in der Nacht,
In ewig Finstern — ihn erquickt nicht mehr
Der Matten warmes Grün, der Blumen Schmelz.
Die roten Firnen kann er nicht mehr schauen —
Sterben ist nichts — doch leben und nicht sehen,
Das ist ein Unglück — Warum seht ihr mich
So jammernd an? Ich hab' zwei frische Augen
Und kann dem blinden Vater keines geben,
Nicht einen Schimmer von dem Meer des Lichts,
Das Glanzvoll, blendend mir ins Auge dringt.

VON SCHILLER.

AUF ENGLISCH

Oh, what a noble gift of heaven is
The light of vision — all creation lives
By light — each happy creature.
The plants themselves turn, joyous, to the light.
And he must sit, still groping, in the night,
In everlasting darkness; never more
The warm green of the meadows, flowers' hues
Refresh his sight; no more,
The sunset glow of mountain peaks he sees.
To die is nothing, — but to live and not to see,
That is indeed misfortune.—Wherefore look you
So pityingly at me? — I have my sight,
And can give none unto my blinded father —
Not one faint glimmer from the sea of light
That radiant, blinding, presses on my sight.

SCHERZE

„Sag' mal, ist der Herr, der dir die Zigarre
geben hat, ein Freund von dir?“

„Das weiss ich nicht, ich habe die noch nicht
geraucht.“

* * * * *

„Ich brauche Ihren Kram¹ nicht!“ schmettert²
dem Hausierer³ die Tür mit Donnerhall vor der
Nase zu.

Nach zwei Minuetin klingelt's.

„Brauchen Sie vielleicht einen geräuschlosen⁴
Türschliesser, junge Frau?“

¹Stuff ²bang ³pedlar ⁴noiseless

K. B.



S newcomers to these pages, we greet you with fear, trepidation, and a due amount of modesty. We hope, as the year advances, that you readers of the *Review* will turn with pleasure to our humble efforts to record the club's activities. Under the excellent supervision of Miss McElroy and Miss Murray, our advisors, we anticipate a profitable and enjoyable winter.

Our officers for this year are Lynne Wyeth, president; Alice Moakler, secretary, and Noreen Leahy, treasurer.

The other members of the club include Post Graduates: Bradley Britt, Charlotte Cox, Ruth Dillon, Eleanor Gray, Mary Groden, Katherine Haugh, and Marguerite Miles; Seniors: Kathleen Cail, Virginia Dillon, Irene Grace, Florence Haley, Anastasia Kirby, Marion Mader, Catherine Pray, Ita McCarthy, and Florence Shaffer; Juniors: Frances Carr, Anne Conley, Barbara Farwell, Louise Magill and Martha Meade.

Our first social gathering this fall was a Poverty Party held at Charlotte Cox's home, on Brattle Street, Saturday, October eighteenth. It was certainly a memorable evening for all who attended! Attics and old trunks were ransacked for the oldest, shabbiest, most ridiculous costumes that could be found. We're still wondering what that gray plush-like material that Charlotte wore descended from. Those of us who had the unfortunate temerity to appear in ordinary clothes were promptly rushed upstairs to don something more "suitable for the occasion". The result may have been disastrous to our dignity, but it added to the fun and we pounced on the next victims with the same righteous indignation that had been shown toward us. If all informal parties could be like that one, we cast our vote for bigger and better informal parties. It was a great success!

"And we made ten dollars. Don't forget that item," chortles the treasurer, gleefully.

Ah, but now we shall speak of higher things, our sacred rites of initiation! It has long been

suspected, and it is now a certainty that the K. B. girls are direct descendants of Lucretia Borgia. We admitted twelve new members to the club in October, a victim for each one of the Old Guard. A new note was introduced into our usual methods of humiliating the "scums". Perhaps you noticed the none too clean pillow cases full of books which our prospective club members nonchalantly carried about the school for several days.

The eventful week ended with the final initiation at Charlotte Cox's. The "scums" endured the ordeal like soldiers. They showed themselves to be worthy metal for the strenuous activities of the K. B. Club. As a reward for valor, after the initiation was over, our president proclaimed the joyful news that the former "scums" were now full-pledged members of the club. Congratulations and refreshments followed, in the order named. We consider our new members as fine a group of girls as we could possibly have.

As this issue goes to the press, we are organizing our plans for Thanksgiving. We are going to give Thanksgiving baskets, everything for the dinner, from soup to nuts, to four families. Each girl is assigned an article to bring for the baskets, and is instructed to beg, borrow, or steal from the family larder two apples, two potatoes, and one onion. The question of the day is whether celery is a luxury or a necessity.

On the thirteenth of December, we are planning to hold a bridge-tea at the Hotel Commander, the proceeds of which ought to swell our Welfare Fund considerably. It breaks our hearts that this issue of the *Review* won't be out until the bridge party is just a pleasant (we hope) memory. All this good publicity gone to waste!

Ours seems to be a full program in the immediate future, for we intend to make this an outstanding year in the annals of the K. B. Club.

May we meet again in the next issue.

NOREEN LEAHY, '31.





MENTOR SAYS GAME GOOD TEACHER

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the seventh of a series by Bill Connell, Schoolboy Sports Editor of the Boston Evening American, on veteran school coaches and their views of football.

By BILL CONNELL



"I consider football a fine kind of training for a schoolboy," said Leander MacDonald, Cambridge Latin football coach and one of the foremost school sports authorities in the country.

"Football can teach a boy to take the bumps without crying, and that is the ideal thing for a youngster. There is a lot of good in every boy, and by bringing out the best that is in the lads a coach can do a great work.

"Here at Cambridge Latin we have a bunch which is without a doubt the best spirited group anyone could want. They take their reverses without a whimper, and are always ready to go in and fight against any club. These boys would tackle a strong college team with a laugh and battle against tough odds without ever losing heart."

That quality of courage and fight has been a noticeable thing about Cantab teams of the last dozen years. And though he doesn't claim the

credit, Coach MacDonald is the reason for this fine spirit.

MacDonald Gets Good Results

Leander is not a driving, a fiery type of a coach, either. He gets the results without any fuss, leading the boys and teaching them to play the game as should sportsmen and smart, well-trained athletes.

Leander MacDonald started his career at South Boston high. Then he spent four years at Bridgewater Normal School, followed this with special work at Harvard and took an extra degree from Tufts later on. While at Harvard he was a member of the second squad as he was ineligible to play varsity football. All through his school years he was an outstanding basketball, baseball and football player.

While at Tufts MacDonald was athletic director at Brighton High School. Later he was principal of a grammar school and next went to Milford, N. H., where he was submaster and coached. Sometimes he played with his teams, as was allowed in that stage of school sports.

Marlboro held Leander for two years and Peabody claimed his services for four years more. For the past 15 years MacDonald has been head coach at Cambridge Latin. Though lack of seasoned material has handicapped him for the past two years, he has always turned out capable, clean, hard-fighting teams.

Football Conditions Are Good Now

"Conditions are better now," he continued. "Years ago you never knew who would officiate in a game until the contest was almost ready to start and then they might have any kind of officials working.

"Now I could leave it up to any of the schools we play to pick the officials. I know we would get a square deal. Two of the teams I have especially enjoyed having as opponents are Salem and Lawrence. From these, as from the others, we have received wonderful treatment. Officials, especially those in the Suburban League, are good.

"Football is all right now. I can't see the advantage of making any more rules changes. For

the point after touchdown I would like to see the ball placed on the 10-yard line and give the team four rushes to get the ball over, whether by rushing, passing or kicking. Outside of that one change everything is fine," he concluded with a smile.

Haverhill 27 — Cambridge Latin 0

Playing on a rain-soaked field that in sections was covered with puddles, Haverhill High swamped Cambridge High 27 to 0, in a heavy drizzle, before a crowd of less than 300 fans.

The crowd was the smallest to attend a game in the Haverhill stadium for a period of 15 years. Haverhill gained almost at will through their lighter opponents. Haverhill scored in all three periods, twice in the third. Mitchell, with two touchdowns to his credit, and Bakanosky, starred for Haverhill.

Reardon and Conlon played well in the Cambridge line. The defensive work of Carchia and Barry, of Latin, was outstanding.

HAVERHILL

CAMBRIDGE

Carfio, Fiset, Busfield, le.....le, Palmer, Cosgrove
Allent, Frost, Chandonnette, lt.....lt, Kyrikos
Krikoriam, Hoyt, Lane, lg.....lg, Dimitro, Rogert
Hayes, Basso, Karamatsos, c.....c, Reardon
Archambault, Fossarelli, rg.....re, McKenna, Good
Belkus, Green, rt.....rt, Lekakos, Dzendolet
Marinard, Busfield, re.....re, Palmer, Conlon
Greenberg, Gelinis, qb.....qb, Barry
Bakanosky, Herric, lhb.....rhb, Carchia, McSweeney
Rampulla, Mitchell, rhb.....lhb, Swisher
Gobbi, Ladd, fb.....fb, Laronde

Score: Haverhill, 27. *Touchdowns:* Mitchell 2, Goddi, Sakanosky. *Points After Touchdown:* Chandonnette 2, Greenburg. *Referee:* Sanborn. *Umpire:* Ross. *Headlinesman:* Haggerty. *Time:* Four ten-minute periods.

Brookline High 9 — Cambridge Latin 0

Cambridge Latin was defeated by a strong Brookline High team by a score of 9 to 0. Cambridge fought desparately but was outclassed by the Wealthy Towners. Latin was aided by Brookline's penalties and fumbles, which kept the score down. Many times Brookline, led by Litman, their flashy quarterback, carried the ball to the shadow of the Latin goal, only to be frustrated by a powerful goal-line defense or a fumble.

In the third period, after two uneventful periods, Brookline marched to the Latin 1-yard line only to be held for downs by Latin's stone wall defense. On the next play, Goldin blocked O'Keefe's kick and recovered, after the ball rolled out of the end zone, for an automatic safety.

Brookline again put Latin on the defense in the

final stanza when Litman, after a series of short runs, scored for Brookline. Later in the game Brookline threatened, but could not score.

Rogert and McKenna stood out in the Latin line, while Conlon and Cohen played well on the ends. Capt. Reardon was forced to leave the game in the second period, when he fractured his rib, after playing a fine game.

BROOKLINE

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Wolek, le.....re, Conlon
Kelley, lt.....rt, Kyrikos
Lourie, Rosenburg, lg.....rg, McKenna
Nayor, c.....c, Reardon, Rogert
Goldin, rg.....lg, Rogert, Good
Sherrill, rt.....lt, Dzendolet
Cahill, Kerins, re.....le, Cohen, Hamilton
Litman, Daly, Lewis, qb.....qb, Barry
J. Kelly, Timmons, lhb.....rhb, O'Keefe
McGrail, rhb.....lhb, Carchia, McSweeney
Hootstein, fb.....fb, Laronde, Swisher

Score: Brookline 9. *Touchdowns:* Litman. *Point After Touchdown:* Goldin. *Safety:* Goldin. *Referee:* Redding. *Umpire:* O'Connell. *Linesman:* Burnett. *Time:* Four Twelve-Minute Periods.

Cambridge Latin 7 — Lawrence High 0

Cambridge Latin outplayed the Lawrence High aggregation, and defeated them by a score of 7 to 0. This annual clash was seen by over 6,000 fans.

Latin began to show their real power in the second period when they marched out of their own territory to the Lawrence 2-yard line, where they lost the ball on a fumble. Lawrence immediately punted, and O'Keefe ran back this kick to the 3-yard line where he stepped offside. Latin in four rushes lost 13 yards and could not score.

The Lawrence kick-off, at the opening of the second half, was short, and Latin ran it to there own 45-yard line. From this position O'Keefe got off a beautiful kick which rolled offside on the Lawrence 2-yard line. From there Linehan kicked out to his 32-yard line. Successive line plunges, by McSweeney and Laronde, gave Latin a first down on the Lawrence 20-yard line. Barry passed to O'Keefe who carried to the Lawrence 7-yard line. Then Barry flipped a short pass into the end zone to Conlon for Latin's first score of the season. Lekakos place-kicked the extra point.

Lawrence showed flashes of power in the final stanza, but good defensive work by the Latin line, and O'Keefe's kicking held them off. O'Keefe was the outstanding star of the day, repeatedly getting away for long runs. McKenna was the star of the Latin line, and his interference paved the way for many of Latin's long gains. Lekakos and Dimitro, also, played well in the Latin line.

CAMBRIDGE

Hamilton, Palmer, Cohen, le.....re, Clegg
 Lakakos, lt.....rt, Breen
 McKenna, Good, lg.....rg, D'Amico, Fingleton
 Reardon, c.....c, Maguire
 Rogert, Dimitro, rg.....lg, Hanley
 Dzendolet, Kyrikos, rt.....lt, Szczapa
 Conlon, re.....le, Wood, Casey, Gillen
 Barry, qb.....qb, McAuliffe
 O'Keefe, McSweeney, lhb

rhb, Christopher, Barlow, Hughes
 Carchia, Swisher, Hopkins, rhb.....lhb, Linehan
 Laronde, fb.....fb, Goney, Saliba

Score: Cambridge 7. *Touchdown:* Conlon.
Point After Touchdown: Lekakos. *Referee:*
 Herlihy. *Umpire:* Gilroy. *Linesman:* Donahue.
Time: Four twelve-minute periods.

Rogers High 12 — Cambridge Latin 0

Cambridge Latin was defeated by the champions of Rhode Island, Rogers High, by a score of 12 to 0. It was a wet day, and the game was played on a muddy field. Latin was far below the form they displayed in their previous game.

In the first period Latin passed up a golden opportunity to score. Rogers kicked off, and after one line play, Dave Swisher kicked to the Rogers 15-yard line. Rogers elected to kick on their first play, but Reardon broke through and blocked the punt. Dimitro recovered for Latin on the Rogers 10-yard line. After two unsuccessful line plunges, O'Keefe was rushed into the fray in an attempt for a score. His best effort was a 2-yard gain. On the next play Barry's pass to Conlon was knocked down, and the ball went to Rogers. From then on, Latin could do very little in the way of ground gaining, while Rogers gained almost at will through the Latin line.

Barry, of Rogers, was the star of the game, while his teammate, Lamond, did some fine plunging. Reardon and Conlon, who was carried from the field with a sprained ankle, were the outstanding members of the Latin line. O'Keefe stood out in the backfield with many sparkling runs. Barry's passing to O'Keefe gained a great part of the Latin yardage.

ROGERS

Martellano, Martin, le.....re, Conlon, Powers
 Andrew, lt.....rt, Dzendolet, Kyrikos
 Cutts, Rosenthal, Harpin, lg.....rg, Dimitro, Good
 Butler, c.....c, Reardon
 Carrelus, rg.....lg, Rogert
 Lyons, rt.....lt, Lekakos
 Flowers, Potter, re.....le, Cohen, Palmer, Hamilton
 Amoruss, qb.....qb, Barry
 Barry, lhb.....lhb, Carchia, O'Keefe
 Lamond, Gibson, rhb.....rhb, D. Swisher, W. Swisher
 Louhond, fb.....fb, Laronde

Score: Rogers 12. *Touchdowns:* Barry, Lamond. *Time:* Four ten-minute periods.

LAWRENCE

Everett High 7 — Cambridge High 0

Cambridge Latin's football season ended in defeat, when the Cambridge eleven went down before Everett High by a score of 7 to 0. Cambridge, except for a momentary lapse in the second stanza, outplayed the victors.

A punting duel took place in the first period between Foberg, of Everett, and Dave Swisher, of Latin. Swisher, averaging 45 yards to a kick, out-punted his opponent.

In the second period, with the ball in Everett's possession on their own 40-yard line, Foberg dropped back and threw a 40-yard pass to Rogers. Rogers took the pass, from between two Latin players, and ran the remaining distance for a touchdown. Latin's hopes rose in the third period when Barry caught a punt on the Latin 30-yard line and ran it back 45 yards to the Everett 25-yard line, but Latin was unable to gain from this position.

In the final period Latin made a final bid for a score. A short kick by Everett and a runback gave Latin the ball on the Everett 7-yard line. Laronde hit the center for 3 yards, and then came the play that ruined Latin's scoring chances. With a third down and 4 yards to go to the goal, Latin tried a lateral pass. The pass went wild and rolled to the 20-yard line, where it was recovered by Barry, and Latin's scoring chance went with this play. From then on Everett played conservative football and held Latin until the final whistle.

Captain Goldstein was the leading Everett lineman, while Foberg starred in the victor's backfield. Lekakos and Reardon were outstanding in the Latin line. Dimitro, McKenna and Hamilton, also played well. Barry, O'Keefe and Laronde starred in the Cambridge backfield. Dave Swisher kicked well for Latin. Ed Barry, the Latin quarterback, played every minute of every game during this season.

EVERETT

Brickley, le.....re, Conlon, Cohen
 Goldstein, lt.....rt, Dzendolet, Kyrikos
 Stein, lg.....rg, Dimitro, Good, Johnson
 Crane, c.....c, Reardon
 Miles, rg.....lg, McKenna, Rogert
 Davis, rt.....lt, Lekakos
 Jackson, re.....le, Hamilton, Palmer
 Foberg, qb.....qb, Barry
 Bueler, lhb.....rhb, D. Swisher, McSweeney, Hopkins
 McLain, rhb.....lhb, O'Keefe, W. Swisher
 Rogers, fb.....fb, Laronde, Carchia

CAMBRIDGE

Score: Everett 7. *Touchdown:* Rogers. *Point After Touchdown:* Brickley. *Time:* Four twelve-minute periods.



"A mutual acquaintance, grilled, deviled, and served with cayenne, excites the appetite. But a slice of cold friend, served with jelly, is a sickly, unrelishing meal."

Thackeray

"The Eyrie", Chicago, Ill. —

Quite good! I do like the cuts, all suited to Armistice Day. We learn with pleasure that this is a brand new magazine. Keep up the good work, but send the stories, jokes, and poems in "The Editor's Scrap-Basket" back to where the title suggests they came. They almost ruin the good impression which the magazine as a whole gives.

The first story, "The Quest For Water", is fine, vivid and clear-cut, without any superfluous words; the two essays, "I'll Never Forget It" and "Milady's Bandbox", are excellent, graphically expressed. "The Jade Jack" is very good — for melo-drama; but the melo-drama in "In the Days of Witchcraft" is more than a trifle overdone. The poetry is good in ideas and phrasing, but pays hardly any attention to such an unimportant matter as metre. The notable exception is "Honor Those Men", a singularly beautiful poem for Armistice Day.

The only additions we could suggest would be an Editorial and an Exchange Department. We should like to hear what "The Eyrie" thinks of "The Review". It's their only chance to "get back at" us for the invidious remarks made in this column.

"The Aegis", Beverly, Mass. —

A very scientific magazine! The jokes are poor; the stories are worse, with the exception of "Flowers For Mother", a very beautiful and pathetic story about a motherless child. Almost all the smaller school magazines seem to be having an epidemic of Sir Roger de Coverlitis; whenever they want to point a moral, they drag in poor old Sir Roger, and in none too good English, either.

The Scientific part of the magazine, however, is very good; it contains two interesting and instructive articles on "Modern Painting" and "Rayon and the Rag Man".

The Athletics and Alumni columns are good, and the Exchange Department is superlative. There are two pages of interesting criticism on at least a score of school magazines. We should like to hear their opinion of us.

"The Jabberwock" Girls' Latin School, Boston—

At last, a vindication of our sex! The cover is a representation of a most fearful monster, almost all tail; but it should not frighten away the reader, for this magazine is better than all the others we have read for the Exchange, with the possible exception of "The St. Joseph's Prep School Chronicle". The stories are every whit as good as the cover; and one poem in particular, "To Artemis" is the most exquisitely beautiful thing I have ever read in a school magazine.

Also Received

"The Mirror," Dedham High School.

"The Argus," Worcester Classical High School.

"The St. Joseph's Prep School Chronicle."

"The Hi-Newsette," Vandergrift, Pa.

"The Northeastern News."

"The Rindge Register," Cambridge.

"The Orange and Black," Hinton, W. Va.

"Boston University News."

"The Bowdoin Orient."

"The Exponent," Greenfield, Mass.

"The Ore-Digger," Col. School of Mines.

"The Acropolis," Montana School of Mines.

"The Brown and Gold," Haverhill, Mass.

"The Mass. Collegian," Amherst, Mass.

"Oxon Life," Cambridge.

"Hamtramck Public School Bulletin."

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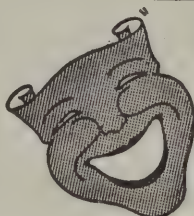
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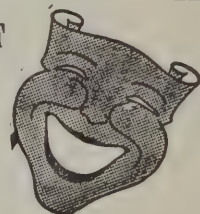
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February Number
1931

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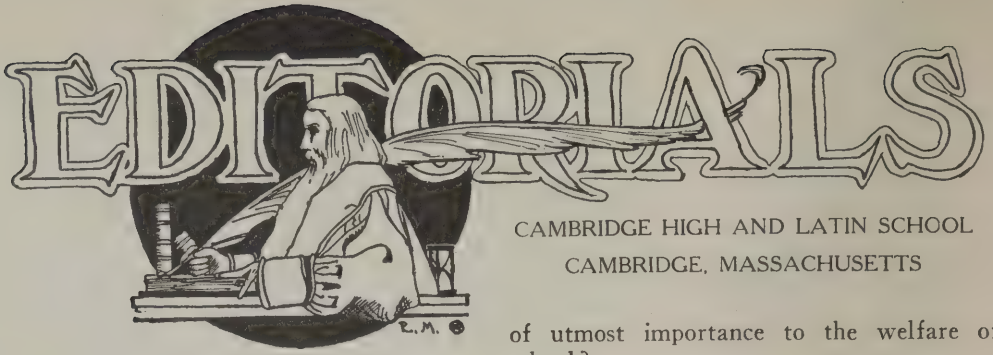
Vita sine litteris morsest.

VOLUME 45

NUMBER 3

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

(Reprinted from *The Review*, May, 1894).

WITHIN the past ten years, life at the High Schools, and especially at the Latin School, has greatly changed. Several years ago there was little at the school but the study — the school itself. Lately an entirely new order of things has appeared. School life is made much more than it used to be. There has grown up with the school something beside the course itself — something that makes the work at school pleasanter and more profitable. The scholars have been bound closer together and the school itself has acquired a new interest. Perhaps one great factor in uniting the scholars has been the recent — comparatively recent — impetus given to all sorts of athletics. This was one of the first developments of school life.

Another early factor in the progress of the school was the Debating Society. Its meetings were attended by most of the scholars, and a great interest centered around it. Later on, as the scholars came to know each other better, and to take an interest in the athletic contests of the school, there came a desire for class organization. From the organizing of the classes came the idea of giving sociables and entertainments.

Perhaps one of the greatest advancements, however, which the school made, was the founding of the *Review* in 1887. From that time, the steady growth of school institutions and the increasing interest in the school itself have gone on. The latest step was the introduction of singing into the course, and this brought about the formation of an orchestra, in which the school takes great pride.

Now all this addition to the enjoyment of the scholars and to the meaning of school life has not hurt the scholarship of the school one whit. It has, in fact, increased good scholarship, since it has increased the pride which scholars feel in the school. Like the college, the school has developed a social life of its own, and every encouragement should be given to the maintenance of this and the various institutions of the school.

SCHOOL SPIRIT!

My dear Editor:

May I use your columns to take up a matter

of utmost importance to the welfare of our school?

In our many steps to arouse "School Spirit" we have found that many Cambridge High and Latin students are in sympathy with our endeavor. On the other hand, to quote Mr. Cleveland, "There are many who sit on the fence, waiting for the other fellow to do the work."

Did you ever notice how people may be separated into two classes? There is the man who does the heavy work, piano moving for instance, and there is the one who carries the cover for the piano stool. And after some little dinner party you will find some of the girls out in the kitchen washing dishes. You know where to look for the others; in cozy corners, playing bridge.

Now then, our school, unfortunately, has a great number of the latter, the lazy type. It is primarily for them that this letter is written. I sincerely hope that it will remind them how terribly lax they have been in their duties to the school.

We have been severely criticized because of our lack of "School Spirit". It hurts me deeply to say that this criticism is justified. Out of an enrollment of nearly twenty-eight hundred pupils, an average of about one hundred attend the athletic contests.

Football draws the greatest number of pupils, about four hundred. Hockey, basketball, and baseball attract a very small quota. These statistics clearly indicate exactly how we stand. In fact, we rate last in the Suburban League. All the other schools are by far ahead of us, in so far as school spirit is concerned.

Here is a solution that will cure our ailment: if all the members of the home-room committees would get together and commonly agree to sell every student in their respective rooms a ticket to an athletic contest, we could accomplish the much desired result. I appeal to the executives of every home-room, and to others who are interested in this work to see Mr. Foley, Faculty Athletic Manager, or the writer of this letter, and volunteer their services to assist us.

Also, there has been much talk about over-emphasis and commercialism on athletics in this school. If athletics in this school were dependent upon the receipts received at the gate I am certain that within a very short time we should

have no athletic teams. For every game our hockey team plays at the Boston Garden the school receives ten per cent on every ticket, which we sell at twenty-five cents. If we sold five hundred tickets, (we sell hardly half that number) for example, our percentage of the gate receipts would be only twelve dollars and fifty cents, hardly enough to supply one player with a pair of skates. Think that over! Hockey, basketball, and baseball are great financial deficits each season. The profit which is made from football does not offset the losses caused by these sports, as many believe. And as for over-emphasis, it is ridiculous to mention it. That is what we lack. More of it would do no harm!

Yet, another matter! We need new cheers. *As an incentive to arouse "School Spirit" Mr. Foley has proposed to give a five dollar gold piece to any student who composes a cheer that is acceptable.*

I want very much to stress the fact that it remains entirely with the student body whether or not the incessant gossip about our lack of "School Spirit" continues. Let's get organized and support our teams!

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH A. OLIVO
President, Class 1931

PHI BETA KAPPA

ON the 12th of December the Radcliffe Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society received as members fifteen seniors of high scholarship and character. The initiation was most impressive and emphasized anew the importance of lofty standards and ideals in the academic world. The president of the Chapter delivered an address and then gave the Phi Beta Kappa key, the emblem of the organization, to each candidate. We are very proud to have had one of our former students in this group — Miss Miriam Berkman of the class of 1927. At seven o'clock a dinner was served to the members and guests and there were present twenty-five freshmen and sophomores, whose standing is now so high that they seem likely to be candidates for Phi Beta Kappa in their senior year. We are again proud that among this number were Elizabeth Tracy of the class of 1929 and Elinor Rowe of the class of 1930 who are thus far, we see, continuing to do the same honor grade of work which they did in this school. We extend congratulations and best wishes to these three girls.

M. C. H.

ALUMNI DANCE

A REUNION of High and Latin School Alumni took the form of a dance in the ballroom of the Hotel Commander on December 31. One hundred and fifty couples were present and all seemed to enjoy the evening. The distinguished guests were: Mayor and Mrs. Richard M. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie L. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Bramhall. Dancing continued until one o'clock and refreshments were served in the Tavern. The chairman of the general committee was Lester Hynes and the secretary was William M. Hogan Jr.

M. C. H.

ATTENTION! SHORT STORY CONTEST

AGAIN this year the Literary Department of the "Review" announces a short story contest. This year we are giving two prizes; one to the writer of the best short story submitted by a freshman or a sophomore; the other, to the writer of the best short story submitted by a junior, senior, or a post-graduate. We are giving a separate prize to the younger classes in an effort to encourage them to submit material to the "Review". We hope that they will co-operate with us in our effort to make the "Review" more truly representative of the school by including in it subjects written by the younger classmates as well as by juniors and seniors.

Entries must be handed in at the Review Office on or before March 20, 1931. The winning stories will be printed in the April Number of the Review.

E. G. C.

E. H. R.

LUNCH ROOM

PERHAPS you have noticed a change in the lunch room menus. We notice with much satisfaction that it is what we consider a change for the better. The menu has been remodelled to provide a greater range in choice of foods of the same high quality we have always enjoyed at the same price.

Moreover, an opportunity is being given the pupils to enjoy the 25c plate offered the teachers, if they place their orders with Miss Harrington in Room 93 early in the morning.

The only thing that now remains is for the pupils who have steadily demanded this change to support it.

LITERARY

THE MYSTERIOUS MYSTERY OR WHO DID IT?



HE door of the interior office opened softly and a blond youth glided smoothly into the room.

"Holmes," he whispered, after peering covertly into the corners of the office. "A murder —."

"Stop!" ordered the detective. "A murder has been committed."

The youth gulped and tottered back. "How — how did you know?"

"Ah, by the tone in which your voice was pitched. In some part of this county, was it not?"

"You startle me with your insight, sir," exclaimed the youth. "It was at Dorsetshire, in the next county."

"And accomplished by the means of some blunt instrument, a cudgel, paper knife, axe, hammer, or sashweight?"

"Your sagacity astounds me!" cried the secretary, falling back. "As a matter of fact, he was shot."

"Just as I thought; just as I thought," murmured Watson Holmes. "And the murdered man wore a light coat and dark trousers."

The youth was thunderstruck.

"Exactly; he had on pink pajamas and a black satin smoking jacket."

"Ah, this is becoming interesting; let us view the scene of the crime."

The secretary glided out quietly. As soon as the door was closed, Watson Holmes, removing his pipe and jacket, assumed a set of white whiskers, smoked glasses, a long, black frock coat, and a gold mounted cane. He limped slowly out of his office into an adjacent room where his secretary was putting on his hat and coat.

"A perfect disguise, Mr. Holmes; I wouldn't even know you," he asserted.

They soon reached the house at Dorsetshire. The dwelling was being guarded by police officers, two at the door and several others at various points about the yard. As the detective and his companion advanced toward the door, a stout, redfaced constable appeared, and walked to meet them.

"How do you do, Holmes. Glad to see you out. We need an intellect like yours on this case."

Detective Holmes was nonpulsed. "May I see the murdered man?" he asked.

They entered the library where a man lay on the floor with a bullet protruding from his heart and a pistol lying beside his hand.

"Aha, Mister Constable!" cried Holmes in a tone of discovery. "That man was shot!"

"Why Holmes! — how — when — where — but then, I must surrender to your instinctive power of deduction," said the constable with a gasp of amazement and a sigh of the vanquished.

"I should like to question the suspects," said Watson Holmes, his nose fairly twittering as he scented the trail of the murderer; then again, it may have been the false whiskers which caused the probocious of this famous man-hunter to quiver.

While the constable left the room to gather the suspects, Holmes pattered about the room, now on the floor on his hands and knees, now dropping an article or two which he particularly fancied into his pocket; when the pockets of his black robe were full, he called his secretary to his side and proceeded to encumber that youth with several articles of extrinsic value which might develop into interesting cues. The abrupt entrances of the constable and a police officer with several other people cut short the notations of the great detective.

"This," said the constable motioning toward a young girl evidently on the edge of a nervous breakdown, "this is the second cook's sub assistant."

Watson Holmes gazed intently into the face of the girl for about sixteen minutes; suddenly he shot a question.

"Where were you on the night of November twelfth, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven?"

The girl uttered a wild shriek and slumped to the floor. Holmes advanced quickly to her side and picked up a limp hand.

"She is not guilty," he whispered to his secretary. "She bites her fingernails."

The postrate form of the innocent maid was removed from the room.

"This man Jones has served the house as butler for nineteen years," the constable led forth a trembling man.

"Your name is Jones," murmured Holmes as he absently fingered the tassel of the window shade. The constable gasped; the terrified butler shrank back.

"Ow — 'ow did you guess, sir?" he ventured. Holmes eyed his suspect vaguely.

"Jones, do you wear pink or white undershirts?" he queried.

The butler blanched; his lip quivered obviously.

"I-er-h'as a matter of fact-ah-" he gulped for breath, "they're blue Mister 'olmes."

"Oh," comprehended Watson Holmes easily. "And I suppose, Jones, you do not like carrots?"

Jones' jaw dropped; his pupils dilated, and he passed a trembling hand over a perspiring brow. He attempted to reply, but his voice was waylaid in his larynx.

"Let me see your hands," demanded the superhuman stalker. "Check off his name," Holmes whispered to his young companion. "The little finger of the left hand was bitten. Now, Constable, may I see the next suspect?"

"This young gentleman is a relative of ——" "Stop!" cried detective Holmes. "This man is the brother, nephew, wife, uncle or second cousin of the deceased."

The constable and all those present were amazed into complete silence at the swift and accurate deduction of the detective's brain.

"How did you know, Mister Holmes!" gasped the young gentleman. "For, I am the stepson of his first wife."

Holmes smiled quietly at his success.

"Young man," he asked, "how long have you been working for 'Michael and Michael'?"

The muscles of the young stepson's face twitched. "I decline to answer," he said tersely.

As Holmes repeated nonchalantly the question for the eighty ninth time, the stepson burst into tears. "I never worked for 'Michael and Michael'," he confessed between sobs.

"That's quite all right, you know," said Holmes. "I knew it all the time."

"Sir," blustered the constable, "I am forced to believe you are exerting yourself to no extreme to extricate the facts from this case. Your forte seems to exist mainly in the examination of the hands of the suspects."

"Ah, thank you; that reminds me. May I?" he took the hands of the stepson into his own. After some moments of nervewracking tension,

he whispered covertly to his secretary, "Allow this man to leave the premises; he bites his fingernails."

The housekeeper was now the only suspect remaining.

"I like butter on my spinach, don't you?" chattered Holmes in a friendly manner.

"I don't eat spinach," testified the housekeeper loftily.

"Aha," cried Holmes pointing toward her. Immediately she realized her mistake and looked wildly toward the windows and doors.

"And there is a broken shoelace on your left boot!" cried the great manhunter. The woman tore her hair until it fell in heaps about her feet.

"And she eats peppermint!" cried Holmes finally, and, at a leap, was examining her hands. His face dropped; he picked it up and confessed mournfully, "But she bites her fingernails."

The housekeeper swooned; the police officer carried her out.

Watson Holmes sank into a chair and thought violently for several hours while his secretary and the constable stood by for the ultimate decision. At last it came.

"The murder ——" he said.

"Yes?" chimed his two companions.

"I am firmly convinced the murder was a ——" "

"Yes?" chimed his two venerators.

"— was a suicide."

The two men were astonished.

"Explain" cried they.

"In the first place," enumerated Holmes, "in the first place, the murdering pistol was found at the left hand of the dead man. Therefore, the crime must have been committed by a left handed person."

The super brain stopped for a moment until the weighty deduction could be comprehended by the constable and the secretary.

"We understand," they replied after several moments of deliberation, "perfectly."

"Assuming that," continued Holmes, "I quite exhausted myself in searching for a left handed suspect; but I was bitterly disappointed to find that every suspect we examined bit his fingernails; of course, it is a generally conceded fact that no left handed person ever bites his fingernails."

"Of course," chorused the two men.

"Then, I am firmly convinced that the only left handed person in the establishment is the deceased, whose fingernails are perfectly manicured; it is a clear case of suicide!"

"Marvelous!" sighed the secretary.

"Magnificent!" sighed the constable.

EVELYN CUMMINGS, '31

AMATEUR PLAY PRODUCTION

THE art of play production is not simple; besides the obvious questions of choice of play and selection of the cast, other matters, pertaining to the setting of the play, the lighting for the various scenes, and the motivation for the minor actions, must be considered. In amateur productions — and I shall deal entirely with amateur theatricals — all these questions must be satisfied by the director.

In selecting the play, the director must consider the audience before which it is to be played and also the people from whom he must select his cast. For instance, if the audience will consist mainly of young people, the play should not deal with problems and difficulties of old age. And if the cast is to be chosen from a group of middle aged people, it is obvious that such a play as "Peter Pan", which calls for a cast of young players, should not be attempted.

However, such questions as these are usually decided before the difficult task of the director begins. It is his task to take a group of people untrained in acting, dependent upon their books for lines, and totally unconscious of any necessity for cooperation, and make with them a production that will be perfect in its teamwork, artistic in the setting and planning, and satisfactory in the acting.

From the first rehearsal, the stage settings should be planned. Few playwrights give the director much specific help along these lines. Perhaps the stage setting is given as "a comfortable sitting room, inexpensively furnished; fire-place at stage right". From this meager help and the action of the play, the director must construct his set. Windows, tables, chairs, and other properties, some necessary to the action of the play, and others to complete the scenery, must be provided and placed with care. In many cases, unless he is lucky enough to have a capable stage and property manager, the director must also see that suitable properties are obtained. I remember one play for which we desired to have a Russian samovar to lend atmosphere to the scene. The day before the play was to be given we realized that no one had yet found one that we could beg, borrow, or rent. Then the wild hunt began. Second hand shops, pawn brokers, friends' and relatives' houses were diligently searched. The unusual part of that episode was that at the last moment we realized that, by some unknown coincidence, we had actually found two! But such luck is rare, and often such important properties as swords, columns, thrones, and other necessary objects must be made by the cast. In one play that took place in a museum, we made a most realistic

moment we realized that, by some unknown coin-rags, and pinned into shape.

The director must also decide on his mode of setting, whether it be realistic, symbolical, or stylistic. Even realism may be simplified or not, and for symbolism, the director must plan just how he will create his effect without the actual properties. Perhaps the action takes place in a wood, such as the magic wood in Barrie's play "Dear Brutus". If realism is attempted, the stage manager hires or makes several tree trunks of cloth, cardboard, glue, and wood which are set around the stage. Some green gauze of different shades of green, cut on the edges to resemble leaves, he hangs one behind another from the top as teasers or borders. With imagination and ingenuity, quite a wood may be produced from just these simple objects. Symbolism is used effectively in many scenes. For instance, one tree will symbolize a wood; a bench, a museum.

Another major consideration is illumination. Stage lighting is in itself an art, and many people give much time to studying it. However, the average amateur producer cannot hire anyone to do this part of the work for him, and so it is necessary for him to understand at least the fundamentals of the various effects that may be produced by lighting. One of the first rules for stage illumination is to have some visible source of light. It is absurd — and yet it is often done — to have on the stage a scene of the interior of a house, brightly lighted, yet with no logical excuse of light. A small lamp, with a bulb of very low voltage, will not detract from the general lighting plan, yet will give the audience the satisfaction of seeing at least a possible source from which the light might come.

Besides having an excuse for the lighting, the illumination itself must be good and suited to the atmosphere of the play. It is surprising what different effects may be obtained with different lighting on the same set. Certain tones have definite powers: the colors toward the red end of the spectrum, red and orange, give a warm, kind light to a scene, whereas the blues lend a cold, unfriendly atmosphere. Even moonlight, through the proportions of the warm and cold colors blended together, may be made friendly and cheerful, or chill and unsympathetic. A knowledge of the effects of the colored lights on each other is also necessary. For instance, when red and blue pigments are mixed together, purple is produced, but when a red light is thrown on a blue, the result is black.

There is also a question of the focusing of the lights, whether the whole stage be lit equally or

whether it would be better to throw the spot lights mainly on one section where the most important action takes place. Changing of lighting during a scene is also a procedure requiring skill. By gradually cutting down on the amount of blue and feeding more red into the spot lights, while softening the entire light, the gradual change in daylight at the end of the day when the sun is setting is produced so gradually that the audience scarcely realizes that any change is taking place.

The movements of the actors during the play must be fairly well established early in the rehearsal. Some people — those who have had no experience — will say that if a player knows exactly when and how and where he must speak a certain line, his actions will lose all spontaneity. But this is not so. If an actor has no very definite idea as to where he should be at a certain speech, he spends so much energy wondering and worrying that he usually misses his cue for that speech. Besides for the "pointing up" of certain important lines — that is, focusing the attention of the audience on the actor who is making an important speech — the players must work together to give that speaker the center of the stage at that moment. However, to get players at certain points on the stage during the course of the

play is not simple. For every action made by an actor on the stage, there must be some motivation. That is, if, for the action of the play it is best for a certain player to enter the stage from the right, cross it, and remain down stage at left, the director must plan some stage business that will make this seem natural. Perhaps, if there is a fireplace on the set, the player may walk toward it with the intention of warming his hands, if he has just come in from the outside, or of throwing cigarette ashes in the fire. Other motives that are frequently employed are lighting cigarettes, looking in mirrors, opening windows, and straightening up the room, and like motions that furnish an excuse for a player to move.

All these questions, and many more that arise during the preparation of the play, as well as the obvious duty of supervising the actual rehearsals, must be attended to by the director.

If we all understood the fundamentals of play production, we would be better able to enter into any attempt of that sort more intelligently and to help the director in many ways; also, the more we know of the many difficulties, the more sympathetic we will be with any group whom we have the pleasure to see perform such a play.

ELIZABETH H. ROORBACH, '31

THE SMYTHE-THOMPSONS IN SOUTHERN ITALY

"THIS large structure before us is the Flavian Amphitheater. It received the name of Colosseum, by which it is better known, because of the colossal statue of Nero which it originally contained. It was constructed in 72 A. D. and——." The guide continued his explanation; but Belle heard no more for, as she gazed at the stupendous ruin, she dreamt of the strange events which had occurred within its walls. As she stood spellbound, she seemed to see the vast arena thronged with excited people eagerly awaiting the outcome of a fierce gladiatorial combat; next, the cheers and cries changed to the shouts of soldiers and Belle saw the Colosseum as a fortress in the middle ages; then, this picture also vanished and left in its place a scene of destruction in which Belle could discern that the immense stadium was being used as a quarry for building material.

"Now, come this way to see the Roman Forum, ——." Belle heard the voice of the guide through her dreams and she quickly followed him, eager to reach the famous meeting-place of the ancients. For almost three hours the Smythe-Thompsons wandered about the Palatine hill and the Forum, viewing such famous ruins as the temple of the Vestal Virgins, the temple of Castor and Pollux, Nero's Golden House, the castle of the Caesars,

and the rostrum. As Belle gazed upon this last-named ruin, her reverie returned and she imagined Cicero delivering his famous orations against Cataline, and Mark Antony lamenting the death of Caesar from that very platform.

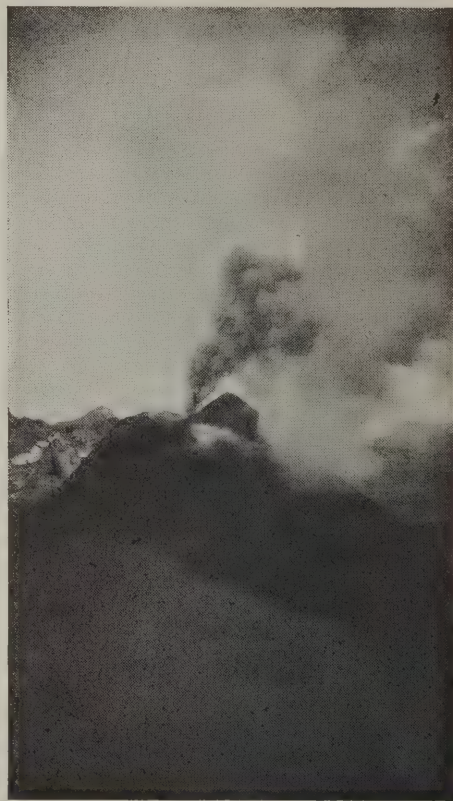
Leaving this historic ground, the group ate lunch and then proceeded over the New Appian Way, built in 50 B. C. at the command of Caesar, to the Old Appian Way which was constructed in 312-296 B. C. as a military road and is still in perfect condition. Passing through the Porta Saint Sebastian, the bus stopped before Saint Sebastian church where the passengers alighted to see the famous statue of this martyr and to visit the catacombs. These well-known passageways, which were used as sanctuary for Christians during the time of persecution, are eight miles long, winding back and forth and meeting others to form innumerable intersections. Each member of the group was provided with a thin wax candle which he lighted from a torch carried by the monk who acted as guide while in the church. The dim light given forth by these small tapers produced a grotesque but peculiarly beautiful picture and caused wierd chills to run along Junior's spine as a stray beam of light was occasionally reflected from a gleaming white bone partially hidden in a niche in the wall.

After the welcome coolness of the subterranean passages, the heat of the Italian sun seemed greatly intensified, but the tourists eagerly drove away again — this time for the Baths of Caracalla, the largest of the nine famous Roman public baths. They were built in 212-216 A. D. by the Emperor Caracalla. In their original condition they were extremely beautiful: the floors were of costly inlaid mosaics in exquisite patterns; the walls were of marble and near the ceiling were adorned by colorful frescoes; in every room of the immense building were wonderful marble statues; and in the faucets alone were used over eight tons of silver. Although this bath was free to the entire public, nothing was lacking to the completeness of its equipment. It contained two huge gymnasiums and could accommodate sixteen hundred bathers at one time with either hot or cold baths. Since the tubs had no holes through which the water could escape, the process of emptying them consisted merely of pulling a lever which would automatically tip over the huge marble basins and throw out the water upon the floor, from which it would flow by means of narrow runways. Under this building have been excavated two miles of passageways and galleries which were occupied by the five hundred slaves who were in constant attendance upon the bathers. Proof of the capability of the Romans to construct practical buildings may be had from the fact that the Pennsylvania Railway station in New York received its design and dimensions from these same interesting Baths of Caracalla.

After leaving the Baths, the Smythe-Thompsons returned to their hotel. The following morning, they visited the Vatican Museum and saw the many priceless gifts which have been presented to the Popes. In the library, which contains about sixty-five thousand precious books, many of them manuscripts, were, among other similar things, a book of natural history (1460) illustrated by Raphael; Martin Luther's pledge of fidelity to the church (1535); the oldest existing copy of Dante's "Inferno"; the love letters of Henry VIII to Anna Bolano; and the original map of America made in 1528 by Verrazzano after the discoveries of Columbus and Vespucci, showing the Pope's "Line of Demarcation". Here, there was also the most precious book in the world — a Bible written in 1209 after which all other authentic Bibles are copied. On this same paper at different times had been written Augustine's Homilies and the original of Cicero's Palimpsesto. After viewing the equally valuable things in the other rooms, among which were a solid twenty-four karat gold statue of "The Good Shepherd" weighing seventy-two pounds,

and a Venetian clock built in 1725 which gives twenty-seven astronomical calculations, they continued to Sistine Chapel, wonderful for the famous painting, "The Last Judgment", and the frescoes on the ceiling especially "The Creation of Man", done by Michael Angelo.

That afternoon the family left for Naples. As it was still quite early when they arrived there, they visited the aquarium, noted for its wonderful collection of seaweeds and seaflowers. Early the next morning, they set forth with a private guide for a three days' tour, including Pompeii, Mt. Vesuvius, the Amalfi drive, and the Blue Grotto of Capri.



As they were scheduled to ascend Mt. Vesuvius that morning, they immediately proceeded to the Circumvesuviana Station where they boarded a train for Pugeiano, the starting-point of the Vesuvius Railway. The first section of the actual Vesuvius Railway is what is known as an "adhesion" line and the incline on this section is only eight per cent. The line runs through an attractively cultivated zone of orchards and gardens and the vineyards where grow the grapes from which the famous "Lachryma Christi", or "Tears of Christ", wine is produced. As the gentle ascent continues, the houses along the route gradually disappear and wonderful views are obtained of



the beautiful blue Bay of Naples. The second section of the railway is similar in construction to the rack-and-pinion railway used on Mt. Jungfrau and its incline does not exceed twenty-five per cent. After changing trains again at Eremo Station, the Symthe-Thompsons and their guide proceeded by a second "adhesion" line, traversing enormous fields of lava, to the very foot of the gigantic volcanic cone. Here, the family again changed, this time for a funicular railway having an inclination of about fifty-five degrees. After a ten minute's ride, they reached the Upper Station, 3698 feet above sea level, whence a gently rising footpath leads to the edge of the crater. As the tourists grew nearer to the rim, the long-drawn, hollow rolling in the depths of the mountain increased to a deafening roar which grimly reminded them of the instant destruction which lay dormant beneath their feet. After about five minute's of careful walking over finely powdered lava, Junior, who was in the lead, turned excitedly and shouted, "Hurry! It's wonderful! Its roaring and spitting fire and stones and — and everything! Hurry up!"

Surely enough, when the remainder of the family arrived, they found an amazing spectacle. In the center of an enormous crater was a small cone, from invisible fissures in the sides of which were pouring forth large quantities of white steam. From the center of it a continuous stream of thick black smoke curled vigorously upwards, accompanied at times by great spurts of fire and small particles of rock and dirt. After watching this unceasing eruption for a short time, Mr. and Mrs. Smythe-Thompson decided to return to the station, but the children lagged behind at the crater, fascinated by its grandeur. Tony scrambled over precarious mounds of loosened dirt in order to obtain suitable positions from which to take pictures; Junior wanted to descend into the crater and walk on the hard-

ened lava, but could not because of lack of time. As the young people made their way back along the pathway, they saw far below in the distance the city of Naples contentedly settled by the celestial waters of the Mediterranean.

The Smythe-Thompsons ate lunch at the Eremo Hotel, half way down the mountainside, and then continued the descent as far as Pugliano where they took a train for Pompeii. In the burning heat of the afternoon sun, none of the family appreciated fully the wonders of this ancient, long-deserted city. However, since they were ardent travellers, they visited all the most famous ruins, such as the Pompeian forum with the Temple of Jupiter, the little Theater, and the restored House of the Vettii. Among the ruins they saw the remains of many bakeries and wine shops. Just before leaving the desolate place, the Smythe-Thompsons visited the small museum and saw the petrified bodies of people with the expressions of the agony of their last moments still vividly imprinted upon their faces. Also, they found here bread, cake, fruits, olives, and many other varieties of foodstuffs petrified by the heat and pressure of the falling ashes. Much pottery and many kinds of implements, such as instruments of medicine, dentistry, and chemistry were also shown here. After leaving the museum, the family continued their journey by train to La Cava, quiet summer resort of the Italian people, where they spent the night.

About 9:30 the next morning the Symthe-Thompsons, in two private autos, set out for Sorrento. In the first car were the father, the mother, and the guide, and in the second were the young people. For several hours, the autos proceeded slowly over a narrow road perched along the sides of the hills following the coastline. Sometimes it would be jutting far out into the sea and at other times it would be at the tip of an inlet of water between two peninsulas.

Several times when the young folks glanced down into some of these inlets, they noticed how beautifully the waters blended together, changing hues from a pale turquoise along the sandy shore to a deep azure in the distance. The drive from La Cava to Amalfi is celebrated the world over for its extremely sharp curves, and the Smythe-Thompsons were certainly convinced that it well deserved its fame, for even the thrill-searching members of the younger generation were enthusiastic in their praise of its merits. After stopping in Amalfi to eat lunch at the Cappuccini Convent Hotel, a delightful place situated on a hillside, the only means of access to which being the climbing of two hundred cement stairs, the family continued their drive, following a road line with century plants and bordered by hillsides terraced with grapevines and lemon trees.

The following morning, after having passed a delightful night in Sorrento, across the bay from Naples and Mt. Vesuvius, the travellers embarked upon a boat for the trip to Blue Grotto on the island of Capri. Luckily, the day was a calm one, so they were assured of access to the cavern. However, since it was small and rather top-heavy, the boat rolled heavily; and, of course, Mother immediately became seasick. The remainder of the family felt the effects of the constant tossing in varying degrees; and even the sturdy Junior did not feel much like getting into mischief.

Since the entrance to the grotto is very small, it is necessary that visitors go in rowboats in order to enter it successfully. Only two people, besides the native oarsman, can go in each boat, and as they near the opening in the rocks, they are required to lie down in the bottom of it. The rower then lays his oars in his boat and, leaning over backwards, with a skill born of long experience carefully pulls it through the narrow mouth by means of a very large iron chain while the water is receding and leaving the opening quite large. When they reached the interior of the aqueous cave, the tourists gasped in astonishment at the indescribable beauty of the water which varied from an exceptionally exquisite tone of pale blue where the light from the outer world struck it to a dark, rich blue in the deeper recesses of the cavern. The travellers remained in the cave for about twenty minutes and then left it in the same manner as before and returned to the larger boat for the trip back to Naples.

Late that night, when the Symthe-Thompsons were aboard a sleeper bound for Milan, the last thing Belle saw as she peered sleepily out of her window was the fiery head of Vesuvius rising above the twinkling lights of Naples.

FLORENCE M. JONES, '31

JOURNEYS I SHALL MAKE

I SHALL, some day, be free. I'll do my best
To free remain; and when I'm free, then
shall

I journey far and wide. I'll sail away
For Africa, and land upon the Cape
Good Hope, and thence along to Kimberley
To see the deep-dug diamond mining pits
And watch the natives dig the colored clay.
I'll travel then up Niger River to
Congo's blackest jungles, up as far
As Afghan land; and soon I'll view the might
Of Egypt's ruins, reconstructing in
My thoughts the tales of Carthage, city of
The gallant Hannibal. Next, I'll sail across
The Mediterranean's sky-blue waters, cross
Once more the angry, rough Atlantic waves.
To South America next I'll sail; and down
To its farthest point; I'll go to land upon
Tierra del Fuego. The Pampas's grassy wastes
I'll ride, and see the herds of cattle feed.
I'll climb the Andes' highest peaks among
The strong-lunged Indians. And the far-flung
breadth

Of mighty River Amazon I'll cross
And press ahead the death-filled jungles through.
I'll go through Central America, up across
Old Mexico, and to my native home.
To India east I'll go; and at Bombay,
I'll land and travel through the inland parts;
Of Kipling and his stories I will think.
I'll climb among the Himalayas. Then,
I'll visit Ankhor Vat and Ankhor Thom,
Once cities of a million souls. About
Their long forgotten glory, will I think.
Then back across the Indian Ocean will
I sail and see in fancy Hong-Kong, east
The mist enshrouded seas across.

RICHARD FORD, '32

LIFE

A sparkling stream that flows o'er shining
agates —

A perfumed flow'r that lies amid the dust;
A snow-topped mountain breathing pure, clear
air —

A lonesome robin winging toward the South;
A moonlit ray upon a snow-clothed road —
A sturdy oak supporting green-leafed boughs;
An over-passioned soul lost in remorse —
A happy face that shows an honest eye; —

— — — — —
This is alluring Life; and Life is God.

HELEN HARRIS, '31

CHESS

CHESS is a game of pure skill, which surpasses, beyond any comparison, all games, as it allows the greatest scope of art and stratagem, and gives the most entertainment, and most various and extensive employment to the powers of understanding. For this reason the Egyptians ranked it among the number of the sciences; and for many ages vast multitudes of men of the highest conditions and abilities have considered it a favorite pastime.

This ancient amusement is played on a chess board, a board similar to the checker board, with sixteen pieces on one side and sixteen pieces on the opposite side. Almost every piece has a different move and differs widely in its importance; for example, the pawns may move only one space at a time whereas a queen may cross the entire board with one move in any direction, providing there is no other man in her way. Each player moves alternately until the king of one is so cornered that he cannot escape. This king is then in check mate, which means in Persia the king is dead, and loses the game.

In southern India during the fifth century, while the great Indian kings and princes were at war with one another, a jealous subject of King Halita, wishing to turn the people against their king invented this game to show everybody how weak the king was without his subjects. The story goes that the King was so pleased with the game that he spared the inventor's life and compelled all his subjects to take up the sport. It wasn't long before this game of the king, as it was then called in the east, began to spread over the world. It was taken to China, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Spain, England, and finally across the Atlantic to America.

Its importance in ages past may be fully realized by the fact that many a prisoner of war was given his freedom because of his expert ability at playing chess. It used to be just as much a part of the Chinese girl's education as dancing is to the American girl. Even as late as the fifteenth century young men wishing the hand of some fair young maiden were suitors in chess before they received their reward, whereas many people convicted of murder or some such crime were freed because they proved to be experts in this line. If

disputes arose between two people as to the ownership of money or land, they were settled in a similar way.

Another interesting feature of chess is that it can be played by correspondence. But due to the poor methods of sending letters in those days, some games exceeded the lifetime of certain players and it was passed down to their sons so that it might be finished.

Here are a few pointers for the amateur chess player:

- (1) He should play an open game by bringing his men out into play.
- (2) He should castle his king as soon as possible.
- (3) He should take care to be cautious of setting his queen before his king lest he have chance to lose it.
- (4) He should attack his enemy's weakest side.
- (5) He should be upon his guard when his rival offers him a piece for nothing.
- (6) He should beware of a "fork" or "a check by discovery".

This game is one in which there is nothing material to gain, and yet it warms the heart and the brain as much as if the players were contending for big stakes. And in closing I shall give you a fine little poem that I found in an old, dusty, yellow-paged book without a name:

At chess to play a useless move
Of hurtful consequence will prove
A skilful player without design
Shifts not a single soldier from his line.
Your time is short, try to foresee
With speed what event may be
Of every move. But first attend,
Where you can best your king defend;
Place him in a well guarded square,
The most remote from hostile snare.
And above all, this a rule make,
Be not in too much haste to take;
With heedless eye your men survey,
And with slow hand part out their way.
Your head suggests a scheme; look round,
Perhaps a better move may be found.

AUSTIN WEST, '31.



THE WISE SULTAN

COUNTLESS stories of different kinds have been told about the Turkish Sultans, the majority of which relate either their cruelty or their life in the harem. This tale however gives a different part of their experiences. It is told that years ago when Mohammedan fanaticism was at its height and the power of the prophet at its zenith under the leadership of the Turkish Sultan, a seemingly downhearted man in ragged clothes approached the Sultan, who was in his royal gardens. After bowing deeply before the prophet's kin, the poor man said: "Do you, too, great Sultan, believe in what the prophet says?"

The Sultan, who was a kind man, observed this visitor closely and then replied: "Certainly, I believe what the prophet says."

This pleased the poor man, who continued with a brightened countenance, "The great prophet says that all Mohammedans are brothers. Therefore, brother, be so kind as to give me my share of all you have."

The Sultan was amazed at the peasant's cleverness, and for a moment he seemed troubled. Presently his face cleared and, taking a gold lire from his pocket, he handed it to the man.

The old Turk examined the coin for a long time from side to side with the curiosity of a child. Finally, he raised his head and said with disappointment, "Brother, how could you give me such a small amount for my share, when your wealth in gold and silver, not including the vast mines, territories, and palaces, is more than one hundred camels can carry, while I have nothing, and have to suffer from starvation and lack of clothing? I think my share should be somewhat larger."

The wise Sultan raised his finger and warningly said: "Dear brother, be satisfied and tell no one how much I have given you, for our family is large. If all our brothers, too, came and asked me for their share, and if I tried to give everyone as much as I have given you, my gold would be far from sufficient. Therefore, you would have to return some of the money that I gave you, for it is more than your share."

This the poor man understood well and, after thanking the Sultan, he bowed again and left, outwitted.

CONSTANTINE G. CULOLIAS '32

ODE TO A CLOCK

One the way to Cambridge High
Is a clock that I go by
Every morning, with a sigh.

I don't like its dismal face
Timer of my daily race
Urging me to faster pace.

O how happy I would be
Only once its hand to see
Pointing to eight twenty-three!

Gilded hands at half past eight
Indicate my wretched fate;
To my horror — I am late!

Cool despite the scorching rays,
Just the same on rainy days,
Visible it always stays.

O proud clock upon the hall,
Pride precedes a nasty fall,
So some day I hope you'll be
As wretched as you've oft made me.

ITA MCCARTHY, '31



Tiffany — "What do you make shoes from?"

Shoemaker — "Hide."

Tiffany — "Why should I hide?"

Shoemaker — "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside."

Tiffany — "Let the ol' cow come; I'm not afraid."

Someone says it's foolish to try to stop Sugarman talking. It's not foolish; it's impossible.

Class Notes Reporter — "You sit down on every joke I send in."

Class Notes Editor — "Well, I wouldn't if there were any point to them."

Pity the Poor Teacher

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A circle is a round, straight line with a hole in the middle.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

Achilles was dipped in the river of Styx to make him normal.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from Vesuvius.

Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination.

Sixty gallons made one hedgehog.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

Egg — "Did you make the debating team?"

Nogg — "N-n-o, they s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall enough."

Mike — "I had a fall last night that rendered me unconscious for eight hours."

Hopkins — "Really! Where did you fall?"

Mike — "I fell asleep."

Policeman — "Now, then, what's your name?"

Speedster — "Demitrius Aloysius Fortescue."

Policeman — "I said your name, not the family motto."

Did you ever stop to think that a fish might go home and lie about the size of the bait he hooked!

A lady much above the normal size was trying to enter a street car.

A passenger, who was waiting to get off, began to laugh at her futile efforts.

"If you were half a man, you'd help me on this street car," snapped the fat lady.

The passenger retorted, "Madam, if you were half a lady, you wouldn't need any help."

Steve — "Can you tell me what a waffle is?"

Fabian — "Yes, it's a pancake with a non-skid tread."

He (with hands over her eyes) — "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

She — "Jack Frost; Davy Jones; Santa Claus."

Mahoney — "How's business with you, old man?"

Baloney — "Oh, lookin' up."

Mahoney — "What do you mean, lookin' up?"

Baloney — "Well, it's flat on its back, isn't it?"

Young Angus had been out for the evening with his best girl. When he arrived home he found his father still sitting up. The old man looked up and shook his head.

"Hae ye been oot wi' yon lassie again?" he asked.

"Aye, dad," replied young Angus. "Why do ye look sae worried?"

"I was just wonderin' how much the evening cost."

"Not more than half a croon, dad."

"Aye? That was no sae much."

"It was a' she had," said Angus.

Flo — "Captain, would you please help me find my state-room?"

Capt. — "Have you forgotten what number it is, miss?"

Flo — "Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again. There was a lighthouse just outside the window."

Mr. — "Haven't I always given you my salary check the first of every month?"

Mrs. — "Yes, but you never told me you got paid on the first and fifteenth, you embezzler!"

Teacher — "Leander swam the Hellespont every night to see Hero. That is the strongest proof of love we have."

Pupil — "I know a better."

T. — "What's that?"

P. — "Our maid loves the postman, so she writes a letter to herself every night to make sure he will come the next day."

Child (after shopping expedition) — "Did you get me in a bargain basement, mummy?"

Mother — "Whatever do you mean darling?"

Child — "Well — my fingers is all different sizes."

In many States a hunting license entitles you to one deer and no more. Just like a marriage license.

We wonder why it is that fat men are always good-natured? Probably because it takes them so long to get mad clear through.

Sam — "What am you doing now?"

Bo — "I'se an exporter."

Sam — "An exporter!"

Bo — "Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me."

"What part of a cow do the chops come from?"

"Don't you know?"

"Do you?"

"Haven't you ever heard of a cow licking its chops?"

Usher — "I shall have to ask you to leave if you persist in hissing the performers, sir."

Indignant patron — "Hissing! I w-w-wass-s-simply s-s-saying that the s-s-singing was s-s-superb."

Mrs. — "Anybody would think I was nothing but the charwoman!"

Mr. — "Especially if they saw this toast!"

All Sizes

Billy had been told that a tradition is something handed down from parents to children. So next day at school he explained to his teacher that he was late because, "Mother had to mend my traditions."

Now for a Hot Comeback

Mrs. Newlywed — "I'm sorry, dear, but dinner is a little burnt tonight."

Mr. Newlywed — "What? Did they have a fire at the delicatessen today?"

Act Your Age

"John, take that ink away from the baby."

"Eh?"

"He's too young to write a novel."

Economy Plus

"Here comes the parade, and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

When a freshman asked a member of the Review Staff why they called it writing "copy" she was told that was exactly what it was.

Good on Subways

Inventor — "This idea will save thousands of pounds of tin in one day."

Can Manufacturer — "Ah, something to take the place of tin?"

The nut — "Oh, no. Merely provide room for one more sardine in a can."

Jimmy — "It's to be a battle of wits."

Claire — "How brave of you, Jimmy, to go unarmed!"

One Advantage

"It must be a great thing to be a musical prodigy."

"Yes — you can start your farewell tours so early in life."

"Ah, the pause that refreshes!" said the English teacher when she saw the comma in the freshman's theme.

Modern Art

The best thing about modern furniture is that you can give the children a chest of tools and the furniture doesn't look a bit different.

Philadelphian — "Are you a white-collar man?"

Pittsburgher — "For the first half of the morning."

"Just last week I bought a harmonica, and now I can play harmony."

"-S' nothing — three years ago I bought a violin, and now I play vilely."

Definition of a dimple — A dimple is a lump inside out.

Lives of great men
Oft remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime.
Asking foolish
Questions, taking
All the recitation time.

Mr. Meeker was pacing the floor in one of his tantrums.

"Henrietta," he finally squeaked, "I'm tired of carrying all those groceries home every day."

"Yes?" inquired Mrs Meeker coldly.

"Yes," he concluded firmly, "and I'm going to buy a little express wagon tomorrow."

How to Crash the Gate

Inform ticket taker that you are President Hoover. Gateman will be overwhelmed. Will let you in free.

Tell gateman he is wanted at the box office. Gateman will believe you. Take advantage of his absence.

Play blind man's buff with gateman. Let him be "it" Blindfold his eyes. Advance under full sail.

Tell gateman a funny story. Gateman will die laughing. Proceed.

Inform gateman that his house is on fire. Will dash off. Dash in.

Procure a football. Tell gateman it was kicked over the fence and you are returning it. Will let you in.

Snobs Take Notice

"Yes, we are planning to send little Egbert to M. I. T. He has such a cute tip-tilted nose!"

Two Retired Ad Writers Converse

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"What say?"

"I say, do you believe in dreams?"

"I don't catch you."

"I say, have you ever known what it is to sink into the downy depths of a Spring-O-Mattress and drift away into the land of fairies and elves?"

"Of course! Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

Another way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to her girl friends.

Father — "What did you and Joe talk about last night, dear?"

Daughter — "Oh, we talked about our kith and kin."

Small brother — "Yeth, pop, I heard 'em. He seth, "Kin I have a kith?" and she seth, "Yeth, you kin."

Mary Sheridan — "I had a terrible dream last night."

Ann Conley — "What was it about?"

Mary Sheridan — "I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat, and woke up in the middle of the night and half the mattress was gone."

Static (opening his eyes) — "I had the right of way, didn't I?"

Bystander — "You sure did, old timer, but the other fellow had a moving van."

Grandma — "Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"

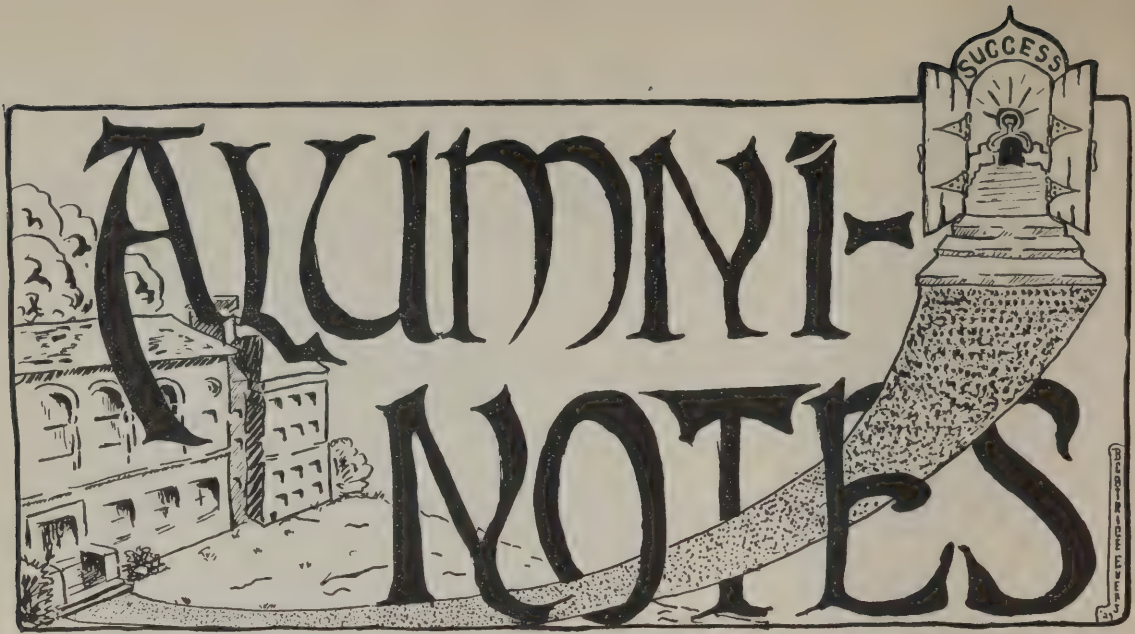
Grandson — "Yes'm, he sure does. He don't put no expression in it at all."

A man entered a restaurant in Canada.

Clerk — "Will you drink Canada Dry, sir?"

Customer — "I'd like to, but I'm only going to be here one week."

"And they call America the land of free speech," grumbled the Scotchman as the operator told him to drop a nickel in the slot.



1930

"Johnnie" Cogavin is a Freshman at Boston College.

"Abe" Cohen is attending the Devit Preparatory School in Washington, D. C. He starred in football and basketball.

"Bud" Green is working in the Allen Stationery Store in Boston.

Maryrita Phelan has entered the Worcester Normal School.

Hilda Mathews is at Burdett's.

Morey Wantman has entered Harvard with honors.

Barbara Houghton and Rebecca Ruggles have been enrolled as freshmen at Radcliffe.

Elizabeth Burns is a freshman at Simmons.

Joseph Gould is attending Boston College.

William Mahan is at the Boston University College of Business Administration.

Harold Rubin is attending the City College of New York.

Harold Cail has entered St. John's Preparatory School, Maine.

John McKenney has enrolled at Vesper George Art School in Boston.

Wilson Lewis has entered Bentley's.

1929

Evelyn Pofcher is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Arthur Hoyt is attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

John McKillop is a freshman at Tufts.

Milton McDonald has entered Technology.

Anne Dempsey is a sophomore at Emmanuel.

John Dore is a sophomore at Holy Cross.

John Landrigan is a sophomore at Boston College.

Beatrice Evers is studying at Massachusetts Art School.

1928

Elizabeth Ann Murphy, a graduate of Burdett College, is now permanently employed at the State House, in the Department of Public Works, Traffic Division.

Anna Kaplan, now married, is attending College at Cleveland, Ohio.

1927

"Hi" Buller, a senior at Harvard, has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity. Incidentally, "Hi" is a former associate editor of the Review and Editor-in-Chief of the Cambridge High and Latin Year Book of 1927.

David "Breeze" Cohen, a freshman at Syracuse, played football during the past season.

Fannie McLean is a senior at Radcliffe.

1926

"Hank" Barber, a junior at Dartmouth, is one of the few three letter men in the college. He received letters in football, baseball, and water polo.

Stanley Navarro is in business with his father.

1925

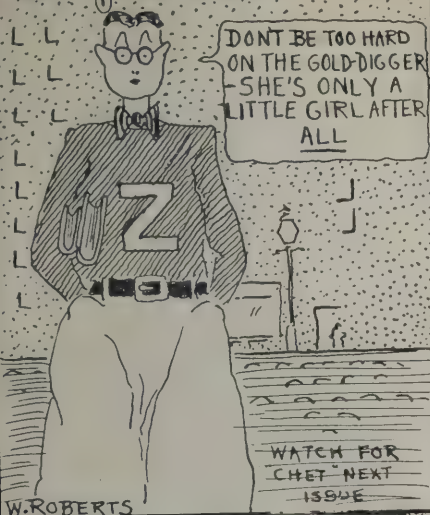
Sadye Epstein is doing stenography work for Jason Wexler Company of Boston.

Edward O'Brien is teaching at the Merrill School in Cambridge.

"Hutchy" Freedman is a sophomore at the Harvard Law School.

"Lou" Cohen, after graduating from the University of North Dakota in February 1931, will take a position as assistant instructor of Zoölogy at the University of Minnesota.

Campus Chet says:

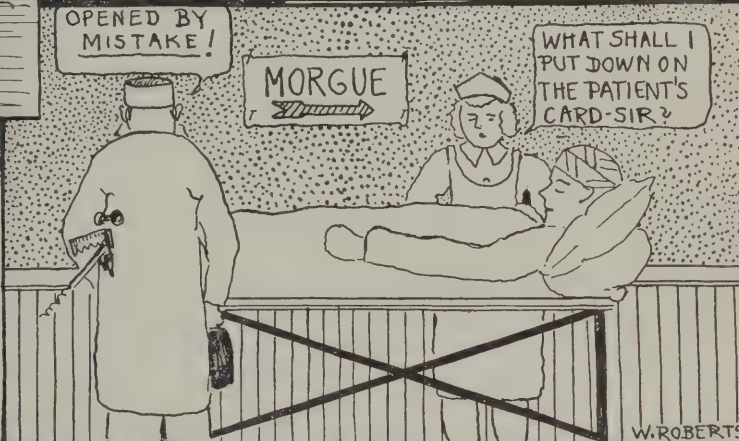


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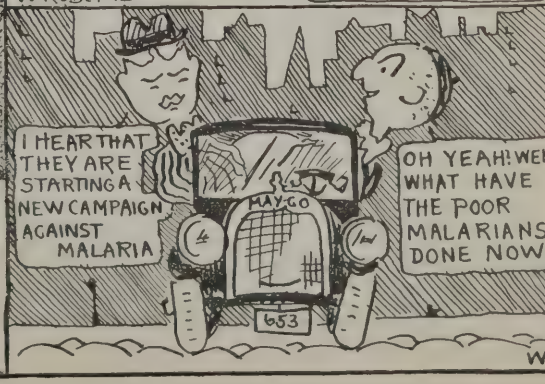
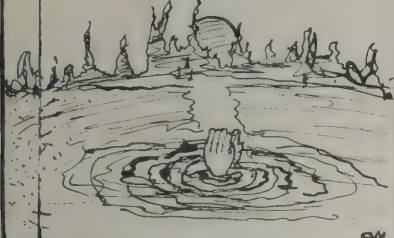
OPENED BY MISTAKE!

MORGUE

WHAT SHALL I PUT DOWN ON THE PATIENT'S CARD-SIR?



HE FLUNKED THE ENGLISH DEPT. TEST





THE Christmas vacation seems so far in the background, and the stretch to the next vacation so interminable, that it is hardly possible to be content. But to the aid of some of the C. H. L. S. students comes the Girl's Athletic Association. Basketball games, interclass and outside, boy dances and girl dances, masquerades and parties, seem to us to be enough to buoy up any poor mind overbalanced with "petty" lessons.

Interclass basketball is already at an end, leaving the Juniors champions of the school. That gallant team beat the Seniors two out of three games, and also beat the Freshmen who, after a hard and bitter struggle finally, in fair play, took victory from the hands of the Sophs after the fourth game. The first game on December 5, 1930, ended in a tie score of 18 - 18; the second, December 11 was won by the Freshmen with a score of 17 - 13; the third, December 17, the Sophomores won 28 - 14; and in the fourth game, played after vacation on January 17, 1931, the Freshmen beat the Sophomores by the close score of 24 - 20.

SOPHOMORES

FRESHMEN

Marjorie O'Dell, Capt., rf lg, Leila Larsen
Mildred McNally, lf rg, Marion Leary
Rose Guarino, Mary Elizabeth Beaver, jc,
jc, Alice Tibbets, Barbara Sheridan

Edna Taylor, jc,
Helen Klauer, Peg Hudson, sc,
sc, Virginia Ulvin, Georgia Gore
Rose Jacobson, Virginia Adams, Josephine Reardon, rg
lf, Jean Branscombe, Capt., Doris Long
Helen Summers, Alice Kenneally, lg rf, Edith Gellis

All four games were remarkably well played; both teams put up strong fronts and played accordingly.

The victorious Freshmen team played the Juniors on January 14 with the rather unexpected score of 32 - 4; and on January 21 with a score of 31 - 9; both games in favor of the Juniors.

We all congratulate the Juniors for their clean, fine playing, for becoming the 1931 champions of the school. To the Freshmen, too, do we wish to extend our good wishes. We sincerely hope they will continue the good work they started in their Freshman year.

For several years, Arlington has had the upper

hand over us; but we Cantabrigians seem never to get discouraged. On January 9, with a large, well-equipped body of supporters as well as players, we boarded the cars and arrived at Arlington in the best of spirits. Nor were our spirits very low at the end of the three games of which not one was a victory for us. Nevertheless, we were very much pleased at the way our Freshmen turned out to support us. Our sidelines were packed to the limit, while Arlington's looked empty in comparison. The games were surprisingly short and snappy, filled with enthusiasm and cheer.

Seniors

ARLINGTON—41

CAMBRIDGE—3

Eames, rf lg, Conant
Donnelly, lf rg, Hibbard
Nichols, jc jc, Moran
Crampton, Lezaska, sc sc, Zappala
Carr, Hart, rg lf, M. MacDonald, Whitman
Hart, lg rf, Cummings
Tenney, lg,
rf, Cummings, L. MacDonald, Y. LaBastie

Juniors

ARLINGTON—30

CAMBRIDGE—19

Kenovitch, O'Sullivan, rf lg, Falvey
O'Sullivan, Cran, lf rg, White, Hodge
Bailey, Basker, jc jc, Cormier
Cartullo, Corcoran, sc sc, Lancaster
Anderson, lg rf, Kenney
Toye, rg lf, Burns

Sophomores

ARLINGTON—17

CAMBRIDGE—13

Keane, Carroll, rf lg, Gately, Summers
Rice, Alexander, lf rg, Kenneally
Richardson, jc jc, Taylor, Beaver
Boyle, sc sc, Beaver, Klauer
Davieau, Waterman, rg lf, O'Dell, McNally
Crampton, lg rf, Guarino

Here's hoping that next year and in the years to come we will always show as much spirit as we did in Arlington that day.

We have games already booked with Wellesley, Waltham, and Newton High Schools — games which may be played by the time you read this page. Nevertheless, we know that you will have enjoyed them; in fact we are sure of it.

Thanks to our seemingly never-tired president, we all enjoyed a Christmas party on December 15 before vacation, and also the Boy Dance which came, this year, as early as January 16.

(Continued on page 28)

K. B.



THE K. B. events of the past two months have been so many and varied that it is with difficulty that your humble scribe calms down to the state where she can write coherently and in a manner befitting a member of the staff of this dignified paper. However, let us proceed in chronological order.

First came the K. B. Bridge and Tea, held at the Hotel Commander, on December thirteenth. It was an even greater success than we had hoped for. The mothers of many of the club members attended and, all in all, it was a very grownup, proper party. We were impressed by ourselves. Refreshments, consisting of tea and sandwiches, were served by the girls, who were well repaid for their labor by consuming an unbelievable number of sandwiches. The bridge was a great financial as well as social success.

Next, on December twenty-third, a Christmas party was held at Kay Haugh's house. Stasia Kirby very cleverly rendered a mirth-provoking monologue of a colored washwoman's description of a wedding. Kay Pray, as Santa Claus, was the hit of the evening. Indeed, some of the members remained ignorant of her identity until she removed the bright red costume (and the sofa pillows). Santa Claus distributed the gifts among the guests, and, in making a survey, we noticed that compacts seemed to be in the lead for favor. Dancing followed, and then an informal business meeting. Very informal! It seemed that everyone had something to say, and they all said it at once. Is there any better way of enjoying oneself? We think not.

At Christmas the club gave twenty-five dollars, that is, five dollars apiece, to five families who had been suggested to us by Miss Kenney. The four of us who delivered the money on Christmas Eve admitted that we felt a better Christmas spirit than we ever had before.

Inspired by the Christmas snow, we had planned a toboggan party for the evening of the twenty-sixth of December. But rain put us off until the following Monday when not so many of the club members as we would liked could attend. However, those of us who did go had a marvelous time. Ski suits seemed to be the order of the day, or perhaps I should say, of the evening.

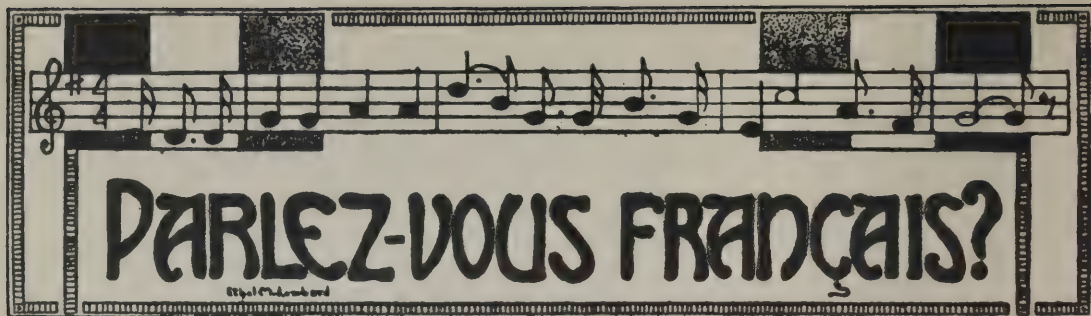
After some exciting rides and "hair-breadth escapes from the jaws of death", we retired, cold and hungry, to the home of our honored president, where steaming cups of hot soup awaited us. Stray members of the party came in in groups, and dancing followed. Dancing is guaranteed to revive the spirits of any wilting K. B. within five minutes.

At the Senior Drama, the members of the K. B. Club, assisted by the Drama Committee, sold candy between the acts. The candy had been solicited by the members from various large firms and the proceeds went to swell the Welfare Fund. As two of our number were in the Drama Cast, needless to say we enjoyed ourselves as well as worked on those two nights.

On the evening of Friday, the thirteenth of February, was held the big event of the year, one which we had been looking forward to for months. The K. B. Dance! The Cantabrigia Club was the scene of this gala party, and the music by Joe Ecker and his orchestra was excellent. The decorations, appropriate to the feast of St. Valentine, were admired by all present. We consider that the dance committee, Kay Haugh, Kay Pray, Kathleen Cail, and Bradley Britt, did themselves justice.

That's all. It isn't really, for I could go on endlessly if time and space permitted, but it's just one way of saying goodby.

NOREEN LEAHY, '31



LETTRE D'UN NOUVELLE AMIE

Janvier 1931.

Paris 18^e France

Chère Evelyn:

Moi aussi, je suis très contente et très émue de correspondre avec une jeune fille étrangère.

Je vois que vous devez être plus âgée que moi, j'ai 13½ et je ne terminerai mes études dans 5 ans, après, je crois que je ferais que ma pharmacie.

Votre longue lettre m'a beaucoup intéressée, et je vois d'après ce que vous me dites que nous n'avons pas du tout les mêmes manières de vivre.

Au Lycée Jules Ferry nous ne faisons pas de sport, nous n'avons que des heures de cours: latin, anglais, solfège, français, gymnastique, dessin, histoire de France, géologie, géographie.

J'étudie le piano, je joue des valse de Grieg, de Brahms, etc.

En France nous sommes beaucoup moins sportives que vous: la vieille Europe ne peut rivaliser avec la jeune Amérique. Mais cependant nous commençons à suivre votre exemple de plus en plus.

L'été je vais avec mes parents au bord de la mer ou en Suisse, à la mer je nage beaucoup, je canote, je joue au tennis, je fais de la bicyclette, et j'aime comme vous rester étendue au soleil. A la montagne, je fais beaucoup d'excursions et je joue aussi au tennis.

Comme vous savez Paris est une très grande ville très agréable, très très vieille qui avant s'appelait Lutèce comme vous devez savoir. Il y a beaucoup de grandes avenues, de belles places, de nombreux magasins, des théâtres, de cinémas des monuments historiques. On appelle Paris "La ville Lumière". Les maisons sont hautes, mais petites à comparer avec vos hauts gratte-ciel. Le charme de Paris n'est pas dans ses constructions modernes mais au contraire par son passe artistique, à ce point de vue, peu de villes peuvent l'égaliser.

Nous n'apprenons pas encore beaucoup de lit-

terature anglaise, n'étant pas encore assez fortes, voilà 3 ans seulement que nous faisons de l'Anglais, qui est ma matière préférée, nous avons appris quelques poèmes de Longfellow, de Wordsworth et de Whittier, en ce moment nous traduisons: *Elephant's Child* de R. Kipling.

En latin nous traduisons César et Cicéron. Notre professeur de latin est très intéressant.

Les fêtes de Noël se sont très bien passées; les magasins déployaient leurs plus jolis objets et rivalisaient de gout et d'adresse.

En ce moment, la France est en grand deuil, le Maréchal Joffre est mort.

Il avait des obsèques superbes, presque toute la population de Paris était venue saluer a glorieuse dépouille, déposée aux Invalides. La cérémonie était très émouvante.

Ici nous n'avons jamais de neige ou presque pas, mais si l'on veut pratiquer les sports d'hiver, nos hautes montagnes, sont couvertes de neige éternelle et les fervents du ski s'y donnent à coeur joie, et vous? Pouvez-vous patiner à Cambridge?

Notre professeur d'anglais voudrait que nous correspondions, moitié français moitié anglais, si vous voulez bien dans votre prochaine lettre vous voudrez bien écrire comme cela, puis je vous corrigerai mes fautes et moi les vôtres.

Je vous remercie beaucoup pour votre carte, et veuillez accepter un peu tardivement mes meilleurs vœux pour l'année 1931.

Ecrivez moi vite, s'il vous plaît.

Meilleures amitiés

Votre nouvelle amie

SIMONE EDOUARD.

ECHO DE L'EXAMEN FRANCAIS

Ah, les nuances des cheveux blonds, comme on les trouve dans nos examens! Lesquels de nos jeunes gens préférez-vous, ceux aux cheveux légers, justes, blancs, jaunes, d'or, dorés, ou à barbe belle?



DEBATING



INTER-HIGH school debating was once again revived after an interim of a few years when the C. H. L. S. orators clashed with the members of the Lynn Classical High School debating team before a capacity audience of six hundred people in the auditorium of the Latin building. The home team, although making an excellent showing, lost the decision.

The boys did try hard to win and deserve to be congratulated on their clear thinking and their mental alertness throughout the entire debate. May this same enthusiasm and school spirit shown continue, and become a leading factor in all our school activities!

The question debated was: Resolved: That the Installment Plan is Detrimental to the Welfare of the American People. The affirmative side was upheld by the Lynn Classical team composed of Donald Wood, Leonard Raun, Howard Niblock with Bertram Jacobs, as the alternate. The negative side was upheld by C. H. L. S. composed of Harold Rubin, John Moran and Edward Crane with Raymond McCaffrey as alternate. The question was indeed timely and interesting, as was evidenced by the large and interested audience.

Donald Wood, star debator of Lynn Classical opened the debate with a scathing denunciation of the Installment Plan. Harold Rubin, first speaker for C. H. L. S. retaliated with a fiery defense and the fireworks were started. The loss of Harold Rubin will be keenly felt as he is going to resume his studies at New York City College in January. We wish him hearty success in everything he may undertake.

The interest of the audience was attracted at the opening and held at a high pitch of excitement throughout the entire debate. Edward Crane, of the C. H. L. S. team opened the rebuttal and proved his mettle as a fine debator. On the Lynn Classical side, Donald Wood upheld his arguments nobly, with the versatility of a highly skilled debator. The decision of the judges was given in favor of Lynn Classical High by a two to one vote.

The persons who so generously gave of their services were Mr. Cleveland who acted as Chairman, and the judges — Mr. John Burns, Professor at the Harvard Law School, Mr. Edgar Copeland, Principal of the Lynn Eastern Junior High School and Mr. George Cole, Superintendent of the Harvard Co-operative Society.

The timekeepers were Austin West and George Curtin.

Miss Clare Wait should be congratulated on the very fine rendition of musical numbers by the C. H. L. S. orchestra.

At a recent debate given at the junior assembly, the question debated was: — Resolved — That a Restrictive Form of Student Government should be adopted in Cambridge High and Latin School. The affirmative side was upheld by Martin Tagerman, John McDonough, with Morris Rabinovitz as alternate. The negative side was upheld by Austin West, Arthur King, with Lawrence Mullin as alternate. The affirmative rebuttal was given by John McDonough and the negative by Austin West. The debate was a lively and interesting one. Joseph Ricker presided and James Flynn acted as timekeeper. The debators and the officials were from the debating class of C. H. L. S. under the direction of Miss Breau. This subject proved to be so interesting that the debators were asked to argue the same question before the Senior Assembly.

JOHN F. MORAN '32

DEBATING CLASS NOTES

Through this column we take great pleasure in submitting to you reports of the progress of the debating class so far this year. Unbeknown perhaps to you this class has held a number of private debates in the hall during school hours. These debates are elementary, it is true, but nevertheless they lay the background or foundation for the success of our debating team, as future members will in all probability be chosen from those who take part in them.

On November 12th the class held its first debate. The subject was Resolved: That Capital Punishment be Abolished in Massachusetts. The affirmative side brought forth more convincing evidence and more definite proof than the negative. As a result of their work they were victorious. Those participating were: Chairman George Curtin, Time-keeper Morris Rabinovitz. Affirmative John McDonough, Lawrence Mullin, Arthur King. Negative John Moran, William Donovan, James Conlan.

Just one week later on November 19, the second debate took place. This debate proved better organized and somewhat more spirited than the previous one. As in the past the affirma-

(Continued on page 28)



TALENT NIGHT

ON the evening of Friday, December 12, 1930, the pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School presented a Talent Night in the school auditorium. The program was especially well arranged, and follows in detail:

ORCHESTRA SELECTIONS

C. H. L. S. ORCHESTRA

A PRESENTATION IN ONE ACT

THE LOST SILK HAT

LORD DUNSANY

THE CALLER.....	George Curtin
THE LABORER.....	Kendall Chase
THE CLERK.....	Fred Donald
THE POET.....	Edward Dillon
THE POLICEMAN.....	Jeremiah Reagan

The Doorsteps of a London Home

STRING TRIO "Gypsy Love Song" Herbert

MARY WAROBEY ALAN RANKIN

PALMYRA DeCAMARA

A BOOK OF NOVELTIES

VOCAL SOLO "Break O' Day" Sanderson

ANNA SEDORCHUK

READING "In a Trolley" Anonymous

VIOLIN SOLO "Variations" Danela

"Serenade" Toselli

JOHN CORSINO

SOUTHERN MELODIES

W. STEWART D. MUTI

D. WEDDLETON J. EISNER

MUSICAL READINGS

"A Little Dutch Garden" Hawks

"By the Zuyder Zee" Gottschauk

EVELYN CUMMINGS

HARMONICA TRIO

ALEX HAMANTAS MICHAEL HAMANTAS

CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

PRESENTATION OF LEGERDEMAIN

ROBERT WALKER

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

THE WEDDING PRESENT

WILLIAM CARSON

BOB GORDON.....Joseph Boucher

CARRIE GORDON.....Mildred Haigh

JIM DIXON.....Edward Barry

The Living Room of the Gordon's Apartment

PIANO "Nocturne" Chopin

PALMYRA DeCAMARA

MEMORIES Frances Homer

Revolutionary Man and Maid

FABIAN MARKSON ROSEMARY BROOKS

Civil War Man, Maid and Father

KENNETH DALY LYNN WYETH

WILLIAM MAHONEY

World War Man and Maid

JAMES DUGAN VIRGINIA REED

READER — ELEANOR CAMPBELL

YULETIDE GREETINGS

"The Night Before Christmas" Clement C. Moore

ELEANOR GRAY

ORCHESTRA SELECTIONS

C. H. L. S. ORCHESTRA

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The officers of the Home Economics Club for the coming year are:

President..... Frances Hayes

Vice-President..... Eleanor Navarro

Secretary..... Elizabeth Shine

Treasurer..... Helen Anzalone

We feel sure that under these efficient leaders, the Home Economics Club will enjoy this year another of its successful seasons.

THEY SAY . . .

The sincere application of one's best efforts placed in one's work is not in vain. — JOSEPH A. OLIVO.

In all the history of the world was there ever a man honored whose life was not a tale of effort? — EVELYN CUMMINGS.

Brains, intelligence, and understanding, without energy, effort, and ambition, are as useful as gold pieces on a desert island. — DANIEL DOHERTY.

A life without a smile is like a machine without power, for neither has any use in the world. — MARION MADER.

Athletics are conducive to a sound body, as well as to a sound mind. "TWEET" REARDON.

Cheerfulness in everything that one does is invaluable. — ANASTASIA J. KIRBY.

A man can never be true to himself, unless he is true to those who are his superiors. — EDWARD BARRY.

True worth is ascertained by one's usefulness in the community. — EDWARD DILLON.

Put your ideal before you in your youth, and follow it through life. — ANNE PRESSER.

Sprechen Sie Deutsch

SCHERZE

“Sahen Sie das reizende Fräulein mir zulächeln?”
“Ja, das erste Mal, dass ich Sie sah, musste ich auch lächeln.”

* * * * *

Einigermassen Glänzend, Mein Herr!
Fräulein—“Ich habe gern der Anzug eines
Mannes ihm das Haar zusammenzu-passen
— braunes Haar — brauner Anzug. —
Scharzes Haar — scharzer Anzug.—”
Mann mit kahlem Kopf—“Und welcher Anzug
für mich?”

ÜBERSETZUNGEN MAIENGLÖCKCHEN

von Schutz
Auf Deutsch

Maienlilie, kannst du sagen,
Warum du musst Glöcklein tragen?—
König Mai wird kommen heute,
Und ich muss es mit Geläute
Allen Blumen eilig künden,
In den Wäldern, in den Gründen,
Dass sie mögen blühend stehn,
Wenn er wird vorübergehn!

LITTLE BELL OF MAY

by Schutz

Oh lily of May, now canst thou say
Why thou must bear this tiny bell?—
“The king of May will come today,
And I must tell all the flowers with my knell,
With joyful song,
In the wood, in the field,
That rev'rence they may yield,
Whene'er he goes along!”

* * * * *

DER DREI UND ZWANZIGSTE PSALM

Der Herr ist mein Hirte; es wird mir nicht
fehlen.

²Er lässt mich in grünen Weiden ruhen: er
führt mich neben den ruhigen Wassern.

³Er erquickt meine Seele: er führt mich in den
Wegen der Rechtschaffenheit um seines Namens
willen.

⁴Wahrhaftig, obgleich ich durch das Tal des
Schattens von Tod spaziere, werde ich mich vor
keinem Ubel fürchten: denn du bist mit mir;
dein Stab und dein Stock, sie trösten mich.

⁵Du richtest einen Tisch vor mich in der
Gegenwart meiner Feinde zu; du salbest mir das
Haupt mit Öl; der Becher läuft mir über.

“Gewiss, Frömmigkeit und Barmherzigkeit
werden mir alle Tage meines Lebens folgen; und
ich werde immer in der Wohnung des Herrn ver-
weilen.

FRÜHLINGSBOTSCHAFT

von Heine
Auf Deutsch

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied.
Kling hinaus ins Weite.
Kling hinaus bis an das Haus,
Wo die Blumen spriessen;
Wenn du eine Rose schaut,
Sag', ich lass' sie grüssen.

SPRING'S MESSAGE

by Heine

Lightly through my heart
Goes the lovely, ringing lay.
Ring, thou little song of Spring,
Ring out, far away.

To the rose in yonder house,
Shouldst thou chance to meet it,
Chime my loving message clear —
Say I bid thee greet it.

MITWIRKUNGEN

“Grossvater, ich liebe dich sehr, und ich
wünsche dir ein fröhliches Jahr.”

“Aber, das hast du mir vor einer Woche
gewünscht.”

“Ja, aber jetzt ist mein Schaukelpferd zer-
brochen.”

* * * * *

Die Mutter—“Jacob, bitte, sei ein guter
Knabe.”

Jacob—“Ich werde gut sein, wenn du mir
defür bezahlen wirst.”

Die Mutter—“Warum bist du nicht wie dein
Vater? Gut für gar nichts.”

* * * * *

“Wie alt ist dein Grossvater?”

“Er muss sehr alt sein, weil wir ihm lange
gehabt haben.”

* * * * *

Morgen und nicht heute,
So sagen alle faule Leute!

Tomorrow and not today,
So all the lazy people say!

HELEN KATZEN, '31.



BASKETBALL

No. Attleboro 25 — Cambridge 15

In its opening game, Cambridge was defeated by the strong North Attleboro High team by a score of 45 to 15.

Cambridge opened the scoring on Maguire's basket, but No. Attleboro soon took the lead and was never again headed. Cambridge showed a great improvement in the second half, especially in the latter part. No. Attleboro's veteran team was too big and strong for the Latin quintet, which showed a lack of experience.

Plaussy, with six points, and Rogert, with five, led the scoring for Latin. Captain Lekakos was outstanding on the defense.

CAMBRIDGE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Plaussy, rf	2	2	6
Steward, rf	0	0	0
Maguire, lf	1	1	3
Witham, lf	0	0	0
Rogert, c	2	1	5
Klevis, rg	0	1	1
Katz, rg	0	0	0
Lekakos, lg	0	0	0
Mahoney, lg	0	0	0
Total	5	5	15

NORTH ATTLEBORO

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
N. Henshaw, lg	0	3	3
Simpson, lg	0	0	0
Calcagni, rg	2	0	4
Marshall, rg	1	1	3
Wilde, c	5	0	10
K. Henshaw, c	0	0	0
Batchelder, lf	5	1	11
Reardon, lf	0	1	1
Joslin, rf	3	1	7
Shaughnessey, rf	3	0	6
Total	19	7	45

Referee: Telford.

Salem 21 — Cambridge 17

Cambridge Latin lost a close game to Salem High by a score of 21 to 17. The score at the end of the first quarter was only 4 to 3 in favor of Salem.

Salem scored, first, on a shot by Cullen, the Salem captain. Latin evened up the score on Witham's basket, but two foul shots put Salem in the lead. In the next two periods Salem

amassed a seemingly safe lead, but Latin tied the game at 17-all with one minute to play. At this time, Rogert was put out of the game for committing his fourth personal foul. After this, two quick Salem baskets gave them the winning margin.

Both teams guarded closely, and the result was a low scoring game. Witham played a great game at forward, caging seven points. Rogert, also, stood out for Latin.

CAMBRIDGE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Plaussy, rf	1	0	2
Maguire, rf	0	0	0
Whitham, lf	3	1	7
Rogert, c	2	1	5
Lekakos, rg	0	2	2
Mahoney, rg	0	0	0
Klevis, lg	0	1	1
Total	6	5	17

SALEM

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Voyer, rg	4	2	10
Axelrod, lg	0	0	0
Cullen, c	2	0	4
Olbrych, rf	0	1	1
Morse, rf	0	0	0
Pellitier, lf	3	0	6
Peckham, lf	0	0	0
Kelley, lf	0	0	0
Total	9	3	21

Cambridge 31 — Revere 28

Cambridge Latin won from Revere High in an overtime game by a score of 31 to 28. Throughout the first half, Revere appeared to be the better team and at half time led 16 to 6.

Latin came back strong at the start of the second half. Rogert began the scoring, and three other Cambridge baskets followed in quick succession, bringing the score to 16 to 14 in favor of Revere.

Cambridge's hopes faded as two rapid baskets and a foul, to Latin's one basket, put Revere five points to the good. The Cantabs, fighting hard, went into a two point lead with ten seconds to play. At this time, Revere scored on a long shot from the center of the floor to tie the game.

During the three minute overtime period, Witham scored a basket, and Klevis netted a foul

to give Latin their three point winning margin.

Clark stood out for Revere, while Klevis and Lekakos were good defensively for Cambridge. Rogert, Plaussy, and Witham played great games.

CAMBRIDGE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Plaussy, rf	3	3	9
Witham, lf	3	0	6
Rogert, c	4	2	10
Lekakos, rg	1	0	2
Klevis, lg	1	2	4
Total	12	7	31

REVERE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Pallato, lf	2	0	4
Small, lf	1	0	2
Sochatt, rf	3	0	6
Felt, rf	0	0	0
Clark, c	3	1	7
Anderson, c	1	1	3
Schwab, lg	0	0	0
Armstrong, rg	2	0	4
Sach, rg	1	0	2
Total	13	2	28

Cambridge 46 — Lawrence 36

Cambridge Latin went on a scoring spree to down Lawrence High by a score of 46 to 36. Latin was the superior team and had little trouble holding Lawrence at bay.

The Cambridge quintet took the lead at the very outset of the game and was never headed. Latin's fast passing baffled the Lawrence five from beginning to end.

Plaussy led the scoring for Latin with thirteen points. Barlow, the Lawrence center, was the star of the game, netting nineteen points. Rogert and Captain Lekakos scored twelve and ten points respectively, while Witham netted seven. Klevis and Mahoney looked good defensively.

CAMBRIDGE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Plaussy, rf	6	1	13
Witham, lf	2	3	7
Rogert, c	6	0	12
Klevis, lg	0	2	2
Mahoney, lg	1	0	2
Lekakos, rg	5	0	10
Total	20	6	46

LAWRENCE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Scyzcapa, lg	1	0	2
D'Amico, lg	0	0	0
Gonet, rg	1	1	3
Barlow, c	7	5	19
Blaivire, lf	3	2	8
Katch, lf	1	0	2
Wilt, rf	1	0	2
Morse, rf	0	0	0
Total	14	8	36

HOCKEY

Belmont 2 — Cambridge 1

Cambridge Latin lost their opening hockey game to Belmont High by a score of 2 to 1. The game was fast and well played throughout.

The opening score came in the second period on a face-off in front of the Cambridge net, when Ford flipped in the first counter. A few minutes before the end of this session, Cosgrove scored to even up the game at 1 - all.

In the third period, with both teams fighting to score. Murphy's long angle shot slipped past Swisher to put Belmont ahead. Murphy and Ford of Belmont were the stars of the game. Cosgrove and Reardon played well for Cambridge.

BELMONT

CAMBRIDGE

Alexander, Mulorhill, lw,	rw, Cosgrove, Blaze, Croden
Ford, c	c, Horgan, Murphy, Rooney
Murphy, Rizzo, rw	lw, Hovenanian, Simpson
DeSteffano, ld	ld, Reardon
Johnson, Ecker, rd	rd, Dzendolet, McSweeney
Pounder, g	g, Swisher

Score: Cambridge 1, Belmont 2. Goals by — Ford, Cosgrove, Murphy. Referee: Mooney.

Rindge 1 — Cambridge 0

After battling hard through three periods, Cambridge Latin lost to Rindge Tech by a score of 1 to 0.

Through the first period they battled with the puck usually in the center zone. Soon after the start, McSweeney was put off for board checking, and Hovenanian was sent off on the anti-defense rule. With Latin two men short Rindge could not score largely because of good checking by Horgan. Later Saurausky rounded the defense, came in for a close-up shot and was robbed by a beautiful stop by Hopkins.

In the second period, Latin began forcing the game and kept the puck in Rindge territory most of the time. Johnson took a pass-out and scored the only goal of the game. Later, Reardon netted the puck but the goal was disallowed because he carried with his skate. Hopkins played a great game in the Latin nets.

RINDGE

CAMBRIDGE

Houle, lw	lw, Hovenanian, Simpson
Johnson, c	c, Horgan, Murphy
Guiney, rw	rw, Cosgrove
Saurausky, ld	ld, Reardon
Burgess, Scericca, rd	rd, McSweeney, Dzendolet
Webber, g	g, Hopkins

Goals by — Johnson. Referees: Mooney and Ayer.

Cambridge 1 — Stoneham 1

Cambridge Latin tied the fast Stoneham High team by the score of 1 to 1. Latin showed an improvement over their previous form, and the result was a far better passing attack.

Capt. Reardon of Latin scored first when he took a pass-out to shoot a close-up shot by the Stoneham goalie. Stoneham's score was made when McDonald took a pass from Kelley at the blue-line and shot hard from outside the Latin defense.

In the last period, Latin passed up many chances to score, especially on pass-outs from in back of the goal. Reardon stood out on the defense, while Hopkins shone in the nets.

CAMBRIDGE	STONEHAM
Hovenanian, Simpson, Mahoney, lw,	rw, McDonald, Avery
Horgan, Murphy, c	c, Roche, Kelley
Cosgrove, Groden, Blaze, rw	lw, Doherty, McDonough
McSweeney, Burke, ld	rd, Cremins
Reardon, Dzendolet, rd	ld, Wallace
Hopkins, g	g, Davis

Score: Stoneham 1, Cambridge 1. Goals by — Reardon, McDonald. Referee: Cleary.

Newton 3 — Cambridge 1

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Newton High by a score of 3 to 1. Most of the scoring was done in the first period, and the rest of the game was fast and hard fought.

Reardon scored a few seconds after the opening whistle on a shot that bounced past the Newton goalie. A few minutes later Sostillo scored from a scrimmage in front of the Latin net. Colby put Newton ahead by scoring after a pretty solo.

Midway in the third period, Newton scored again. Butler took a long shot, and Hopkins saved. Chase skated in, and shot in the rebound to put Newton two points in the lead.

The Cambridge team was not up to its usual standard, and a lack of position play was evident. Hovenanian stood out in the forward line. McSweeney was good on the defense.

NEWTON	CAMBRIDGE
Kelley, Champagne, lw	rw, Cosgrove, Blaze, Groden
Chase, Blacker, Guild, c	c, Horgan
Colby, Hildreth, rw	lw, Hovenanian
Sostillo, Mason, ld	rd, McSweeney, Simpson
Butler, rd	ld, Reardon
Skillings, g	g, Hopkins

Score: Newton 3, Cambridge 1. Goals by — Reardon, Colby, Sostillo, Chase. Referees: Kelly, Mooney.

Cambridge 3 — Boston Trade 0

Cambridge Latin downed the Boston Trade team by the score of 3 to 0. It was Latin's first victory of the season. Cambridge was easily the faster and better team; and through most of the game substitutes were used by Latin.

The game was scoreless through the first period, but in the second period Latin began to attack. Hovenanian scored, and then Reardon put Latin two ahead at the end of the second.

In the final session, Hovenanian scored his second goal of the afternoon. Latin's frequent substitutions aided Trade in keeping the score

down. Hovenanian was the star of the game while Reardon also looked good.

CAMBRIDGE	BOSTON TRADE
Hovenanian, Simpson, Mahoney, lw,	rw, McGrail, Greco
Horgan, Murphy, c	c, Hill, Demain
Cosgrove, Groden, rw	lw, Warnock, Hopkins
Reardon, Dzendolet, ld	rd, Bigelow
McSweeney, Burke, rd	ld, Anderson
Hopkins, g	g, Paciorkowski

Score: Cambridge 3, Boston Trade 0. Goals by — Hovenanian, Reardon. Referee: Murphy.

Cambridge 3 — Waltham 2

Cambridge Latin nosed out Waltham High by a score of 3 to 2. It was Latin's second consecutive win, their second in two days.

The Latin sextet went into the lead in the first period by virtue of Hovenanian's goal. In the same period, McSweeney scored to give Latin a two point lead.

In the second period, Hovenanian scored again, and this goal proved to be the winning marker. Latin went into the final period with a seemingly safe lead. With about five minutes to play Began, of Waltham, scored two fast goals to make the game interesting. Latin, however, was able to hold their advantage to the final whistle.

Hovenanian and McSweeney starred for Cambridge, and Began played well for Waltham.

CAMBRIDGE	WALTHAM
Hovenanian, Simpson, lw	rw, Flynn, Mahoney
Horgan, Murphy, Rooney, c	c, Began
Groden, Mahoney, Skinner, rw	lw, Larson
Reardon, ld	rd, Woodside
McSweeney, Burke, McArthur, rd	ld, McIvar
Hopkins, g	g, Kelley

Score: Cambridge 3, Waltham 2. Goals by — Hovenanian 2, McSweeney, Began, 2. Referee: Smith.

Melrose 3 — Cambridge 1

Cambridge Latin went down before the great Melrose High six by a score of 3 to 1. Cambridge put up a great game against a team that was an overwhelming favorite.

In the first period, Keough passed the defense and drew Hopkins to him. He then passed to Bourneuf who scored the first tally. Not long after that, Kidd picked up his own rebound and scored. Before the first period ended, Cosgrove scored on a long shot from the right lane; and the score at the end of the first period was Melrose 2, Cambridge 1.

MELROSE	CAMBRIDGE
Bourneuf, Guibord, Connolly, lw,	rw, Cosgrove, Groden, Burke
Keough, O'Neil, Spadafora, c,	c, Horgan, Murphy, Rooney
Donavan, Hannigan, rw	lw, Hovenanian, Simpson
Foley, Carpenter, ld	rd, McSweeney
Kidd, Spadafora, rd	ld, Reardon
Marcoux, Norris, g	g, Hopkins

Score: Melrose 3, Cambridge 1. Goals by — Bourneuf, Kidd, Cosgrove, Keough. Referees: Cleary and Ayer.



"Yet show some pity. —
I show it most of all when I show justice."
Shakespeare

"The Western Hills Maroon", Cincinnati, Ohio.

A new arrival, and a most interesting one! Three issues of this fine magazine came together in the mail, and it was distinctly difficult to decide which one to use for the Exchange. Finally, the November issue was chosen, mainly because of the fine editorials and stories about football which it contains. There are no less than three good essays upon sports in general, and football in particular, and three corking good football stories, one of which, "Jack Bosworth — Full-back", is a fine tale of a plucky boy who won a football game after his arm had been broken.

The most outstanding narrative, however, is a fascinating and unusual story, based on the old German legend about the enchanted Emperor, Friedrich Barbarossa; in this modern story, a German archaeologist during the World War discovers the castle where the Emperor lies in a magic slumber.

The jokes, also, are fine; for example:

A girl met an old flame and decided to high-tail him. "Sorry," she said, when the hostess introduced him to her. "I didn't get your name."
"I know you didn't," replied the old flame, "but that is not your fault. You tried hard enough."

"The Red and Black", Dorchester, Mass.

This magazine is in spots one of the best we have read for a long time; and, in spots, one of the worst. The jokes are interesting, funny, and — believe it or not — many of them are original.

First Star: "I can't get my shoes on!"

Second Star: "What? Feet swelled too?"

But, on the contrary, one or two of the stories are unadulterated trash. "No Witness", however, has a strong, well-developed plot, based on a well-founded psychological statement. The "School Review" is good; apparently, Dorchester High has many interesting school activities.

The outstanding feature of the whole magazine, however, is the Christmas poem, "The Shepherd Who Stayed", which begins with the musical quatrain:

"There are in Paradise
Souls neither great nor wise,
But souls who wear no less
The Crowns of Faithfulness."

and which ends with the triumphant pæan:

"Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went,
I only know that watching here alone,
I know a strange content.
I have not failed the trust upon me laid —
I ask no more — I stayed."

"The Mirror", Waltham, Mass.

In this magazine are contained *some* very fine essays, especially "Has It Happened to You?"; it has too one delightful story, "Just Boys", in the "Penrod" vein, some good book reviews, and some uproarious jokes such as,

"Jackie, didn't your conscience tell you not to do that?"

"Yes, mummy, but you said I must not believe all I hear."

Passenger: "Hey, the ship is sinking!"

Sailor: "I should worry; it doesn't belong to me."

The poem "Autumn Dreams" is noteworthy because of the fine cuts which accompany it; the less said about the poem itself, the better.

"Latin School Register", Boston, Mass.

Such a sensible magazine! No "wild and woolly" melodramas, no comic essays, not even a ridiculous poem over which we may wax sarcastic! There are several good essays, especially "Faneuil Hall — Its History", and some side-splitting jokes.

Professor's Wife: "Goodness, John! Where did you get that lighted red lantern?"

Professor: "I picked it up. Some careless person left it out there by that hole in the road."

There is likewise a poem, "The Real Convention", which makes up in spirit and ideals for what it lacks in polish and metre. One verse is especially beautiful.

"From the battle fields now sacred
Where one talks with hushed breath
Come the sleepers bravely seeking
One brief holiday from death."

Again, we hear from the "St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle", which is, as always, fine. The Christmas illustrations are works of art. We should really like to hear what it thinks of us.

Two other recent arrivals are "The Artisan" from the Mechanical Arts High School in Boston and "High Life" from Littleton, Mass. We only wish that we had space to give them the praise that they deserve, but there is only room enough to say that the lengthy mystery story, "The Iron Man", in "The Artisan" is well worth reading, and that "High Life", although there is a sad dearth of stories, contains several excellent essays and jokes.

A Terrible Ending

There had been a train wreck and one of two traveling teachers felt himself slipping from this life.

"Good-bye, Tom," he groaned to his friend. "I'm done for."

"Don't say that, old man!" sputtered the English professor. "For Heaven's sake, don't end your last sentence with a preposition."

Also Received

- "The Rindge Register", Cambridge.
- "The Harpoon", North Dartmouth, Mass.
- "The Hebronian", Hebron, Me.
- "The Hi-Newsette", Vandergrift, Pa.
- "The Mirror", Dedham, Mass.
- "The Brown and Gold", Haverhill, Mass.
- "The Exponent", Greenfield, Mass.
- "The Jeffersonian", Portland, Oregon.
- "The Boston University News", Boston.

DEBATING

(Continued from page 21)

tive side won. The subject this time was Resolved: That Immigration to the United States should be abolished for a period of ten years. Those upholding the affirmative were: Morris Rabinovitz, George Curtin, and John Britt. The negative consisted of Austin West, Paul Murphy and Felix Hitron. Acting as chairman was John Moran, and the time-keeper was Arthur McGoff.

The third debate on December 3rd, was taken part in by four boys and two girls, the first participation of girls in debating this year. The decision was eleven to seven in favor of the affirmative on the proposition Resolved: That a system of Compulsory Automobile Insurance should

be adopted in Massachusetts. Those of the affirmative were Mary Barcellas, James Flynn, and Daniel Donovan; on the negative were Charlotte Stern, Charles Bradley and Martin Tagerman. The chairman was Austin West; the time-keeper, Joseph Ricker.

A fourth debate on a plan of adopting student government in C. H. L. S. was also thrashed out between Morris Rabinovitz, Austin West, and James Conlan of the affirmative, and Arthur McGoff, Albert Wilson and Lillian Geisinger of the negative.

Many more debates are in the making. Some of the popular topics open for discussion are: Prohibition, World Peace, Present Jury System, Soviet Russia, Depression, Racketeering and Unemployment. This debating talent has long been dormant in the members of the student body as a whole. We are sure that this start cannot fail to awaken us to push on to greater achievements. Through this new channel of thought and study the students are being given opportunities to broaden their views on life, to develop the art of thinking logically, and to acquaint not only themselves but all who wish to listen, with conditions of universal interest and importance.

AUSTIN WEST, '31.

G. A. A.

(Continued from page 18)

To begin then, in chronological order, with the Christmas party, may I mention in the name of the whole association, that we all regretted very much that, after all her work, Hibby was unable to be there. We can assure her, though, that all her hard work was not in vain; for everyone had a marvellously good time. At first we all assembled in the gym and danced. Then one by one we went into the locker room where we found gypsies "hired" to tell us our fortunes. Indeed, our Freshmen left the gaudily decorated booths, with eyes as round as saucers, choking from the "genuine" gypsy incense. Some were almost hugging themselves with delight; others were silently brooding over their dull futures, predestined, as it were, by these palmsters. I honestly hate to disillusion you, children; but I guess it will be for the best. Our gypsies really were Dot Hooker, Kay Pray, and Peggy Hudson, all in the garb of fortune tellers. During the whole party, ice cream and cookies were sold in one corner of the gym by a committee consisting of Dorothy Falvey, Cecile Cote, Edith Gellis, Agnes Benkowski, Eunice Patten, and Helen

Klauer. All were dressed as Christmas heralds, bringing much cheer in our midst. Suddenly we heard the sound of bugles, played by Helen Klauer and Dorothy Falvey proclaiming the approach of — Santa Claus of all people! There was a quiet lull among all the girls who were straining every nerve to catch every word from this great personage. They even formed an orderly, unique, line to receive their share of candy from the hands of Santa. Ah, must we disillusion you once more, girls? Yet, could you have expected to see Santa Claus in broad daylight? Of course not! His substitute on this occasion was an old favorite of C. H. L. S., Catherine O'Hearn, known more by the name of Bunny, a former G. A. A. president. I hope the shock won't be too great! We danced a little more, bade good-bye to the officers, and happily made our way home.

Not such a long time after this party, there came as early as January 16, the Boy Dance, to which the Freshmen, unfortunately for them, could not come. But, the other classes seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The gym was decorated by volunteers who did the most remarkable piece of work ever done in that gym. Balloons, crepe paper of all colors transformed the homely gym into a lovely dance hall. Our patrons and

patronesses to whom each guest was introduced by an usher were: Miss Driscoll, Miss Murray, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Miles, Miss Hagerty, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and Mr. Wm. Foley. The ushers were: Clara Cormier, Clara Maloney, Mary Rankin, Marjorie O'Dell, Esther Wexler.

In the lunch room, during intermission, ice cream was sold by the refreshment committee consisting of Caribel Conant, chairman, Clara Maloney, Marjorie O'Dell, Constance Sales, Louise Takvorian, and Rose Jacobson. At the door was a committee consisting of Gert Lancaster, chairman, and Margaret McCaffrey. Then for the checking there was also a committee: Caribel Conant, chairman, Rose Jacobson, Mildred McNally, Louise Takvorian, Constance Sales, Martha Russell, and Marion Jarvis. The dancing lasted from 8:00 to 11:45 during which time I believe everyone, without an exception, enjoyed himself very much.

Rumor has it that for February we are having a masquerade for all G. A. A. members. Think of it! You will have probably attended this "ball", so enough said on my part.

This, however, will not be all before the close of the year. Keep your eyes and ears open for the coming events.

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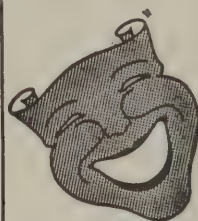
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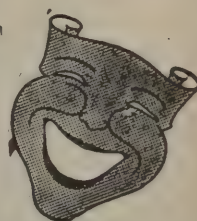
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APRIL 1931

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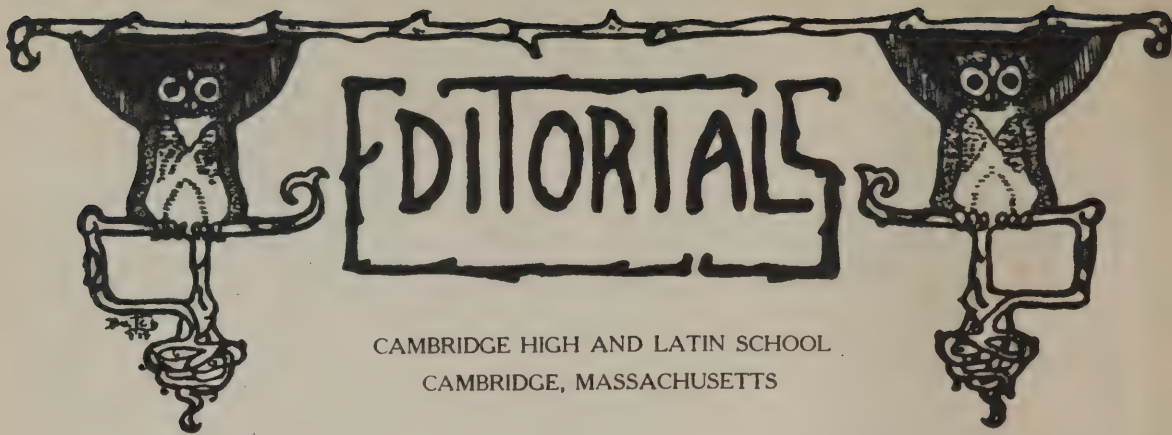
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VOLUME 45

NUMBER 4

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COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

"THE rapid rise of high school journalism in recent years has done more for the development of higher journalistic standards and a taste for newspaper literature than any other single force" according to Belmont Farley, assistant director of the division of publications of the National Education Association in his address to the delegates from high school papers of the United States at the 7th Annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association held March 12, 13, 14 at Columbia University. More than 1500 delegates from the student publications of forty-five states, including the Cambridge Review, attended.

William Haskell, of the New York Herald Tribune, opened the convention in the McMillen Theatre. In the course of his welcome to the delegates, Mr. Haskell urged faculty advisors to confine their function to mere guidance, and voiced the opinion, amid hearty applause, that students were not afforded sufficient freedom in running their papers. Inasmuch as we are concerned, Mr. Haskell is wrong, for only when it is absolutely necessary is strict censorship enforced on the material printed in the "Review". We feel very fortunate in being one high school publication that can boast of almost unrestrained freedom.

Problems of printing, make-up and organization, as well as more general discussions of news, values, and editorial policies were taken up at sectional meetings. Since your representative could attend but one of these, his information is of necessity limited. However, he was fortunate enough to attend the meeting at which Mr. Lewis Gannett, literary critic of the New York Herald Tribune discussed book reviewing for school publications. Mr. Gannett, said that the selection of a book for review purpose was the best criticism of that book, for "even if the book

is to be panned it must be worthy of a panning. A book selected for review," he added, "should be judged not so much for its permanent value as for its contemporary news value".

Mrs. William Brown Maloney, editor of the New York Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine, opened the second session of the convention on Friday morning. She told the delegates that the future of the nation and its newspapers depended upon their efforts, and, quoting Dr. Elliot, gave as one of the five reasons why the American Republic might survive, a free press controlled by men and women; and, she declared the American journalism must be kept "clean and free". She then described various ways in which aspirants for newspaper jobs might make an opening for themselves on metropolitan newspapers.

Other speakers included Louis Wiley, business manager of the "New York Times"; Porter Carruthers, assistant business manager of the "Herald Tribune"; John E. Aleen, editor of "Linotype News"; Arthur E. Patterson, school sports writer of the "Herald Tribune"; and Bob Connolley, editorial cartoonist of the "Bronx Home News".

At the business meeting of the day a committee to prepare rules and standards for a proposed international scholastic press federation was organized by the federation of the C. S. P. A.

At the closing session on Saturday morning the delegates were given the rare opportunity of hearing Russell Owen, New York Times Correspondent with Byrd at the South Pole, speak of his adventures with the polar expedition.

At the business meeting immediately following, prize winning papers were announced. Due to various reasons, the "Review" did not enter the contest. May we, however, take this opportunity of congratulating our near neighbor and contemporary, the "Botolphian" at the Boston Col-



IT is a sad duty, at this time of year when all of us are rejoicing in the spring and a good many of us making plans for graduation and for next year, to announce here that one of our school-mates will not graduate with us.

Louise Draper was a member of the Senior class. Although this was her first year at this school, she had already made many friends. She was a quiet girl, but those who knew her well loved her and realized her worth. She was interested particularly in chemistry, and planned to be a doctor. Her passing leaves an empty place in our numbers, which cannot easily be refilled.

experienced, impartial authorities. It may be said that these same benefits may be derived from an "Exchange Department". However, we feel that this condition is remedied only partly through that means. The convention, then, at once proves its value by providing authorities, and by affording editors an opportunity of having their papers constructively criticized.

Moreover, even though but a small percentage of the delegates to the convention enter the newspaper game as a vocation, the training which they receive through such meetings as the C. S. P. A. Convention cannot fail to help them in later life, whether they write as a duty or as a pleasure.

THE SHORT STORY CONTEST

We are very pleased to be able to announce in this issue of the "Review" the results of our short story contest. It may interest you to know that eighteen manuscripts were received, nine from the upper classes and nine from the two lower ones. From these, the judges have made the following awards. The prize winning stories are printed in this issue, and the authors are receiving book as prizes.

First Prize for Upper Classes

"The Reincarnation of Anne" by Emily Whitman, '32.

Honorable Mentions

"The Robber's Cache" by Thelma Arthur, '31.

"Winged Derelicts" by Philomena Di Lallo, '32.

"The Fate of Edmund Silver" by Anne Claflin, '32.

"The Monument in Lost Canyon" by Florence Jones, '31.

First Prize for Lower Classes

"I'll Git Him Yit" by Helen Langton, '33.

Honorable Mentions

"The Evening Star" by Ruth Freeman, '33.

"The Result of Her Sacrifice" by Rita Maloy, '33.

"Lizzie" by Margaret Hudson, '33.

"The Indian in White" by Barbara Lawley, '34.

"The Wilted Rose" by Alice Tibbetts, '34.

SPRING

SPRING is here, but, gentle reader you notice that we're not bursting forth into an editorial about the beauty and the danger of spring fever. Perhaps, it's because we have already felt a touch of that strange malady!

lege High School which took first place in the Class B, (1000 pupils or less) Senior High Schools, Magazine Contest!

Persia, China, Japan, and Albania are among the foreign countries whose entries were awarded prizes, while publications from the territories of Alaska and Hawaii likewise received awards.

At the sectional meeting attended Miss Ethel V. Ward, Adviser of the "Whisp", Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Delaware spoke on "Student Poetry". Is form in poetry the first consideration? Should poetry receive a special department in school publications? What is the good of reading or writing poetry? These, and similar questions were discussed by Miss Ward. She stressed the importance of considering the idea of a poem before the style, for she said, "Poetry must be built up line by line".

The Convention was adjourned on Saturday afternoon. After the luncheon for delegates was the Columbia "Varsity Show" entitled "Great Shakes" — a burlesque based on the works of our dear friend Mr. "Will" Shakespeare.

The value of the C. S. P. A. Convention is doubtlessly beyond question. In the first place it affords school editors an opportunity to improve certain features of their publications by comparison with others and by information derived from

LITERARY

THE REINCARNATION OF ANNE

First Prize Story

APPLE blossoms were falling slowly into the open buggy drawn up under the trees in a little unused lane. The carriage was empty save for a valise and a robe, but did not remain so.

Two laughing people came hurrying through the orchard. A very pretty young girl, holding up her hoop skirts with a dainty hand, was accompanied by a bearded young man, carrying her satchel. They climbed into the buggy, and spun away, evidently in quite a hurry.

Under the influence of a whip, wielded with more vehemence than seemed necessary, the mare stretched out her neck and picked up her feet. The girl clung to the man's arm and squealed as the buggy lunged from side to side in the uneven ruts.

"Sam, must we go quite this fast?" she said once.

"I'm afraid so, honey, if we want to get away before your pa discovers us. You wouldn't want him to take you away from me, would you? Are you sure you're willing to go such a long distance?"

"I'd go anywhere with you, Sam," Anne replied in a tone which showed that it was almost a vow. "Anywhere, Sam — Isn't this the parson's? Perhaps he isn't up yet," she giggled.

They drove up to the edge of the lawn, tied the horse, and ran up the steps. It seemed that Anne was right, for no one answered. However, repeated pounding brought a night-cap to the window.

"Yes, I'm awake. Don't break the door down. Anything the matter? Somebody dying? Dead? Who is it?"

"No, Parson Jones, nothing's the matter. It's only Anne Withington and Sam Clark. We want you to marry us right away, please," Sam replied.

"All right, you just hold your horses till I get my pants on. I must say I had an awful turn when I heard somebody pounding on my door. Thought mebbe old Mrs. Kemp had died after all these years." The window shut down and the two on the doorstep turned toward the door.

The sound made by slippered feet on the carpet was heard, and the door was opened by an elderly man with grey whiskers, who looked very kind and sympathetic.

"Well, well, so you're going to get married. All right. Mirandy and Jane will be right down to witness the ceremony. Won't you come in to the parlor?" Books filled the big room into which they went; they were even piled on the floor. Papers were strewn around; apparently the parson had been writing his next sermon.

The short ceremony was soon over, and they were on their way out when a sudden thought struck Anne. She turned to the parson: "You won't tell pa we've been here, will you? We don't want him to know yet a while. Thank you so much! Good-bye!"

They ran down the path, jumped into the carriage, and were off into the still-colorful east. Neither spoke for a few minutes. Sam was thinking hard while Anne was absently fingering the new ornament on her left hand. Sam sighed, as a man will who has finally come to a decision, and turned to his wife.

"Spos'n we were to stop for breakfast in the next town; how 'bout it?"

"All right, darling, I don't care, but I do know I'm sleepy." She stifled a yawn as she snuggled closer.

The years passed, as years will, some happily, others a little less joyously. There were two children now, a boy and a girl. The girl was a beauty, the image of her mother. The boy took after his father, but he was not so serious and deep. Mr. Clark was quite prosperous; crops had done well for the past few years, and he had managed to save quite a bit of money. Anne painted pictures now that she had some spare time, pictures of the farms in that vicinity. Perhaps her best work was one that showed an old apple tree from which blossoms were slowly dropping. She was at work one morning, looking out of the window from time to time to get ideas, when she was rudely interrupted by her son.

"Ma! oh ma! Come quickly! Pa fell off the hayrick and the horses stepped on him!"

"Tom, run down to Doctor Swenson's and tell him to come up as quickly as he can. Find Molly on your way, and send her to me. I shall be out in the barn."

Stopping for nothing, she ran to the barn, where she saw her husband lying still and white, on the floor. With a cry she sat down beside him, and gathered him into her arms.

"Sam, Sam!" she cried softly, "It's Anne. Don't you know me? Sammy!" Receiving no reply, she called a little louder and chafed his cold hands. When the doctor came up a few minutes later, he shook his head, after having felt his pulse, and said, "I'm afraid I'm too late."

At those words Anne gave a shriek, stiffened, and fell heavily to the floor. The doctor picked her up in his strong arms, carried her into the house, and administered a stimulant. Soon she returned to consciousness, but it was quite evident that she did not know where she was or what had happened. Several weeks passed before she noticed anything; weeks during which the children took turns watching at the bedside so that she would not be alone.

One day, while Molly whose turn it was to watch, was out of the room, Anne rose, went over to the wash stand, and picked up something that she tried to conceal in her hand. At this instant Molly returned, talking in the quiet reassuring tone one uses to a tiny child. "There's nothing the matter, mother darling, so go back to bed, and I'll have some tea made for you, if you'd like it." She took her mother's arm and led her back to the bed, managing at the same time to get the shining thing out of her grasp.

The doctor was very grave when he heard about this incident that was so nearly an accident, and thought a minute before he turned to Molly and asked a question, "Has she spoken yet?"

"Only a very few words this morning, sir. They were so low that I couldn't hear all of them. But there was something about 'not telling Ma' and 'Parson Jones'."

The doctor was serious for a minute. Presently he turned to Miss Withington, Anne's older sister who had come to stay when she heard the news, and asked if he might speak to her alone. Molly immediately went into her mother's room and shut the door.

"Miss Withington," said the doctor, shaking his head and tapping it significantly, "I should advise you to apply for her admission to the state Asylum. You can probably make some arrangements for the girl, and the boy is old enough to take care of himself now, don't you think?"

"Thank you, doctor, I think I will do some-

thing of that sort, for it is certain that she can't stay here. That would be out of the question, because I must be going home again."

It seemed to Miss Withington that she would never be through signing papers with red seals, but at last she went home feeling that she had done her duty in providing for her sister's family, for the Children's Aid had found a nice motherly woman who was willing to take care of Molly.

Anne, tractable most of the time, soon became quite popular with the inmates. She no longer painted, but her artistic nature showed itself in her intense hatred of the ugly hospital uniforms. This dislike got her into trouble once, but she suddenly capitulated, and agreed to wear one. She never spoke of her past life or asked about her family.

Soon after the fourth anniversary of her arrival there, it was noticed that Anne was slowly declining. One night in early spring she passed away very quietly. Her death was mourned alike by inmates, doctors and guards.

She was buried as she had wished, in the family plot, on a May day when pink and white petals were slowly dropping from the apple blossoms. There were few people there to witness the simple rites, but her daughter was among them.

One warm afternoon years later, nevertheless, a middle-aged woman approached the clerk of the United Steamship Line, and asked for the manager. When she found herself in his presence, she said as she sat down:

"My name is Anne Withington; you do not know me, however. I should like to buy from you the old ship 'Star of India', which is now lying useless here in the harbor. I have always loved the sea, coming from a long line of seafaring men, and I want to be on it again."

"Yes, I think that we shall be willing to sell it. However, the price may be prohibitive, for even an old boat costs money. What had you thought of paying for it, by the way?"

"I could not afford to spend more than fifty dollars, I'm afraid."

"That will be satisfactory to us." He rang for his secretary, and told him to draw up a bill of sale. When it came in, he turned to Anne and said, "Please sign your full name, madam, and give your husband's name if you are married."

Having taken the pen and written; "Anne Withington, Mrs. Samuel L. Clark", she extracted a bill-fold from her purse and took out a dingy fifty dollar bill. The manager noticed that there was no more money in this container.

After having obtained such a bargain, Anne

went off in great triumph to the nearest grocery store, where she bought a few cheap things and spent her last quarter. She then made her way down to her boat, climbed on board, and sat down at the table in the cabin.

"Well," she murmured, "It's a good thing he didn't decide to come to look at this place, for he would have discovered that I've been sleeping here for the past month, off and on. Now it's mine, however. Well, I've got to go out in the morning to get some more money.

She rose early the next day, put on her best clothes which were very shabby, and started out, heading for the Women's Amateur Arts Association. There, by some trick of fate, she made her way into the office of the president, where she poured out her tale.

"I should like to borrow five or six hundred dollars. You see, I have this boat that I can repair and take up to Queen's Point. I have a friend who has agreed to tow me up if I pay him in advance. Then, once I get up there, I can make a work shop for invalids on it, and sell the articles to the rich summer residents at great profit to myself and to you, if you would like to share in this enterprise."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Withington, but I'm afraid that this organization can not afford to tie itself up with such an unstable plan. Why don't you try some individual? He might have

the money to spare. Good-day."

She tried many rich men in the city, but she was able to interest no one in her plan. Every one agreed that it was too risky to waste his money on, especially in this time of business depression. Finally Anne was reduced practically to begging.

"Couldn't you even give me a little money now? I've not eaten for two days, and I'm so hungry!" She received ten or fifteen dollars that way, for what gentleman can resist a lady in distress?

One stormy morning several weeks later, she decided not to go out, but to stay at home. As anyone who lives alone, she talked to herself.

"I wonder what's become of Molly. She always was so pretty. And Tom! He resembled Sam a lot. Why did Sam have to die? He had always been so sweet to me. I remember the morning we eloped, and how mad pa was when he found out about it. I wonder if there's anybody left down there. I should like to go back and see those apple blossoms again!"

Next day, the papers told of the tragic death of a woman in Boston Harbor. She had been on board the "Star of India" and had been washed overboard by a huge comber. Papers in the cabin proved conclusively that she was Anne Withington. Was she?

EMILY WHITMAN, '32

"I'LL GIT HIM YIT"

First Prize Story

SHERIFF Brown sat on the bench outside the country railway station, musing over the paper in his hands. "Humph," he muttered. The rusty bayonet beside him fell to the ground. This object was his only proof of any historic ancestry. His uncle had used it in the war, and only the Lord knows how many Germans were killed by it. I would doubt the fact that it had ever been beyond American shores; Brown insisted that the larger part of the German dead were placed in their graves by its fatal sway. He published the report that it was a relic of the war all over town. He was consoled by the sympathetic villagers who told him that it looked it.

"WANTED AT ONCE," he read. "Wal, Cyrus Brown haint never failed yet. We won't be wanted long. I'll fetch in that five hundred dollars today or die." He rested his head snugly against the rough wooden wall of the rural station, dreaming of the prospects of a substantial reward. Mirandy and he would go to the city and buy some stylish clothes — providing a sale

was on in a reliable store. He was just about to build a fence in front of his rustic, weather-beaten cottage when the morning train pulled in. After grabbing the bayonet, which he always kept with him, Cy tried to assume an aspect that showed leisure, loyalty, and courage. In about five seconds he had acquired the habitual leisure, but the other two qualities remained absent. He gazed at the figure which had stepped from the train. Sure, it was only the manager of the general store. "Hi, Ezra," hailed Cy.

"Great day, Cy," said the manager just returning from the city. To judge by his appearance Cy decided that the inhabitants of the city were of a barbarous nature. Either that, or Ez had been to a bargain sale.

"Come here a sec, Ez," called Cy in a sheriff's commanding tone. "What do you think of this?" queried the sheriff showing him the paper.

"This couldn't mean that man-killer, Charming Charlie, is loose agin?"

"That's jest what it does mean."

"Wal, I don't think I'd buther him, Cy, ef I were you. It's a purty risky job."

"I'm not a-goin to let easy money slip out of my hands."

"Better think it over, Cy," and Ez hurried away.

Again the sheriff returned to his favorite haunt. He had not been there ten minutes when a stranger accosted him. His soft hat was pulled down over his swarthy brow.

"Pardon," said the man, "but could you tell me what time the next train leaves?"

"In 'bout half an hour stranger. Set down. Make yerself at ease."

The man sat down and thanked the sheriff. "It's quite a town you have here."

"Yes," replied Brown in an air of importance, "but Lord knows what it would a-been if I warn't here. Afore I was sheriff, it was a disgrace."

"Oh, are you the sheriff? queried the stranger smiling.

"That's jest what I am." Brown sat up and smiled upon the man. He thought that the stranger must have shrunken about a foot when he heard who he was. Endeavoring to change the subject, Brown picked up the paper he had been reading and started discussing the topic of interest with the charming stranger.

"Sure, the manager of the general store is a-scared to move. 'Specs he'll meet him some time. I'm not afraid though. I'm out to get that thar money. It sez here that he wore a soft hat, a dark suit when last seen, and has a scar between his eyebrows. Wal, he'll have a scar between his shoulder blades if this here bayonet strikes him." Cy was about to relate its history when the stranger interrupted him.

"I suppose that you have been concentrating on some plan or method to nab the culprit," said the stranger.

"Wal, no. I've jest been thinking," replied the sheriff.

"Surely, you have based your idea on some

principle," returned the stranger, coldly but curiously.

"Wal, no. We only got one principal up here-aways and he got a bad cold — That couldn't be the train," said Cy, straining his ears to listen.

"Yes, there it is pulling in," answered the stranger.

"Wal it's usually later than this. It must have known you wuz comin." Cy shook hands with the stranger. "Come agin soon."

"I shall Sheriff. I hope you have that reward when I return again."

"He wuz a nice chap," thought the sheriff.

The morning dawned brightly and cheerfully. Cy's cracked voice could be heard above the sound of the birds' melodious notes. He was on his way to the general store. "I'll ketch him today," muttered enthusiastic Cy as he trudged lazily in the door. He picked up the paper. There on the front page was the stranger's picture. "He was too dark to be the Prince of Wales. Maybe it was his brother," though Cy, inwardly hoping that if it was the courteous Prince, he would invite him to England. "Sure Mirandy will be delighted." He stretched the paper out full length to see what name was under the picture. The name, John Rentley alias Chaming Charlie, stood out in big, black letters.

"Kin I take a loan of your paper Ez? queried Cy anxiously.

"Certainly," replied Ez, honored by the request of the sheriff.

For the first time in the town's history, Cyrus Brown was hurrying down the road. Nevertheless his whole aspect was laziness. He reached the depot and reclined on the battered, wooden bench. Sorrowfully and eagerly he read the piercing words of the vivid story the press had written.

"Just to think," he mused, "I let that thar scound'el git away. Wal, thar's a chance left. He's still loose." The paper fell from his withered hands. Dazed from an oncoming slumber his weary head fell to one side as he muttered, "I'LL GIT HIM YIT."

HELEN LANGTON, '32

THE ROBBER'S CACHE

ANNE KILLROY sat and tore her flaming-red hair.

"Why, oh, why are some people so gifted that they can sit down for just a few minutes and dash off a perfectly grand theme, while I, oh—," she ended with a hopeless moan.

"Well, perhaps if you sat down and concentrated for a few minutes, you too would get a worth-while idea. But if you sit there groaning

and pulling your hair out, you'll succeed in getting only a headache and a perfect set of frown-lines." Mrs. Killroy chided Anne gently. Indeed, Mrs. Killroy did everything gently, and her gentleness was accentuated by the contrasting natures of her fiery-spirited daughter and irrepressibly gay son.

Calmed by her mother's mild reproof, Anne sat back in her chair and gazing out the window,

truly strived to concentrate. Soon, however, John Killroy popped into the room, and, after greeting his mother, proceeded to rumple his sister's curls and, therefore, her concentration.

"Oh! You awful creature! Here I've been trying for five minutes to grasp an idea by concentrating and you come in and in five seconds muss me and my concentration all up. What a life! What a family!"

Anne's dramatic disgust produced a gentle smile and a broad grin from the "family".

"You were a bit abrupt, son; Anne has been worrying about her English theme that is due Monday."

Looking vaguely penitent, John pursed his lips, then said, "Oh, that's all right. Oh! I mean Anne doesn't mind, do you, Anne?"

"No, Anne doesn't mind, no, of course not," she answered him with evident sarcasm, for his certainty of forgiveness and the carelessness of his apology provoked her.

"Oh, sis, you aren't cross, are you? I was just thinking that what happened to-day might make a good subject for your theme. Come on, you do forgive your big brother, don't you?" he teased her by his mocking.

"You don't mean to insinuate that I'd cheat, even to get a theme in on time do you? If you do, you can plaster your hair down with soap until you get bald and I'll still say your hair is kinky," she taunted him angrily, then vengefully.

"Aw, quit it. I'm using Jay's Sta-tite, guaranteed to remove the kinks from a ravelled hemp rope. But listen, you can hear my story, get an idea from it, and then write a them in your own words. That won't be poaching. I'll be merely the inspiration of your idea."

"You, an inspiration!" Anne burst into laughter.

"You aren't as ethereal as I have always imagined an inspiration might be, John." His mother gazed at his immense bulk as she mildly teased him for his unhappy choice of word.

"Well, you know what I mean anyway. Now listen and I'll tell you what happened today. It'll be an interesting story even if it doesn't help you, Red. Lay off, now. Sure, you're auburn-haired; my tongue slipped, that's all. Well, settle yourselves and I'll shoot." After they were composed on the divan, he sat on a stool in front of them, and "shot" thus:

"Down at Bill's room in Darrell Hall today, the gang were eating his mother's favorite recipe cake and talking about that pleasant little grove at the edge of the lake. You know, the one where the trees are so thick that the sun strikes it only

between ten and twelve in the morning. One of the fellows, Ted, I think, told us about seeing a couple of well-dressed men of middle-age seated on a log there. He said they seemed to be puzzling over something. They'd get up and pace off from one of the pine trees toward that group of oaks to the right of the glade, then sound the tree at which they stopped. Each time, so he reported, they seemed dissatisfied with the results.

"The gang decided to play detectives and find the reason for the strange actions of these men. We all grabbed one last bite of Bill's sweets and raced to "Dono", I mean Bill's car. You see, we "dono" if it'll go, when we get into it. We arrived at the grove in "Dono", strange to relate. Ted pointed out the pine tree from which the men had taken ten paces toward the oaks. To cut the work short, we all started, at different angles, from that tree toward the oak glade at the right. Each of us arrived at a different oak, and according to Ted's directions, proceeded to sound our respective trees.

"Gabby shrieked, 'Gee, this one sounds hollow! Perhaps it's a robber's cache.'

"That's what I thought all along,' we yelled almost simultaneously.

"Yah, but how did the robbers get the loot into the tree? By making a hole in the top and pouring the loot down into the trunk? Not so, that thar tree lives! Ted's sarcasm nearly caused him to lose his good looks, but it also brought us to reality.

"Well, they could have cut out a section of the trunk and removed some of the pulp from the section, cache "milady's jools" and replace the section so cleverly that even we, the shrewdest of the intelligentsia, could not detect the seams," thoughtfully Bud propounded this solution.

"Lacking suitable tools, we had to return and get some. I don't mean we, for I stayed behind to guard the hollow tree.

"A short while after 'Dono' had pulled out, a big limousine drew up at the entrance to the glade. Two snappy, yes, mother, I meant 'well-dressed', men stepped out of the car. (I hid, of course.) Walking toward the 'hollow-tree' they looked around, furtively, I thought. Then they looked up to the sky 'For spy planes', I supposed. After sounding the tree, they sat down on a fallen log and proceeded to talk in low tones. They seemed to be arguing, for each tried to say as much as possible before the other interrupted. This lasted until 'Dono's' cough broke through the silence of the woods. The men got in their car immediately and drove off in the opposite direction.

"When Dono arrived (you must understand that you can hear Dono a long while before she actually comes into sight), I told the gang about everything I had seen. All agreed that Bud's solution was correct, all, that is, except Bud.

"Blushing to a deep vermillion color, he blurted out: 'Say, you fellows are getting romantic or foolish; of course, if you're romantic, you are foolish, but, well — oh! dash it! My dad is one of those 'well-dressed men'. The other is the owner of this glade. Dad is going to build a house here so that we can live together. He liked this spot since we first drove past it on our way to the college, last September. Last month, he decided that we ought to be together more than we are able to be now; so he made up his mind to come to live in town. No place but this glade suited him. He is trying to buy it, but the owner, seeing Dad is crazy about the place, is planning to make a pile, but Dad isn't anybody's meat.

"I was going to spring the surprise when the house was all ready; but you saps were getting so nutty, I had to wake you up. Here, I'll explain, but don't hurry me.

"Dad and the owner paced off the land so that Dad could get a rough idea of how much

land he was buying. If they sounded the trees, if, I say, they probably did it unconsciously; and, as for their furtive glances, the men were, more likely, admiring the pleasant landscapes.' With sarcasm plus, he ended his speech abruptly and started toward 'Dono'. On his way, he stopped to look back, and after the glance, he was laughing so hard that he had to sit down.

"The way you were all gaping at me, you'd think I was the thief, who had hidden the cache, and I was now holding you all for ransom,' he explained after he had partly recovered.

"Aw! we were just disgusted with your grossness,' was a sample of our sheepish retorts.

"You see, mother, the truth is, we were all mightily disappointed at this sudden ending to such a romantic beginning. But, won't it be great to have Bud around town all the time?"

"Gee, that ought to make a swell theme, but, since spelling, punctuation and diction do not constitute my forte, I'll just get a passing mark. You're a peach of a brother, 'Kinky' Killroy." She gathered her writing materials together and, as she left the room, called back, "Thanks, old darling, for the idea. I'll have to write it up now, or I'll never get it done. Toodle-oo for the present, family."

THELMA ARTHUR, '31

THE EVENING STAR

IT was the night before Christmas in the little town of Riverdale, Massachusetts. The snow was falling softly, yet not silently, for each tiny flake seemed to murmur as it settled to its final resting place. The air was filled with murmurings which sounded like the distant voices of a thousand heavenly hosts, as they uttered the praises of the coming day.

Suddenly, their song was hushed, and the vibrant tones of Wagner's "Song to the Evening Star" came thrilling along through the lowering darkness. Softly, yet forcefully, they parted the curtains of the night, and disappeared, like some departing spirit, into the vast silence of the great beyond. Jim Blake, who was returning home from work, heard the last welling notes of the majestic piece, and stopped to listen. In a moment, however, the melody was lost to the ear, and Jim unconsciously felt a great wave of loneliness sweep over him.

Of course, he knew that the music came from the little church around the corner, which was holding a musical benefit to aid the poor, yet somehow he felt as if that song had not died, but had merely passed on to things still greater. He felt carried along by it, when suddenly the song

seemed to pass through a gate which he could not enter. These things, however, or perhaps, this vision, passed so quickly that it hardly impressed itself on his brain at all, and in a moment, he had forgotten all about it.

It was a case where his mind, projected into a dreamy, semi-conscious state by the music, had been acted upon by the spiritual rather than the mental side; by the divine soul rather than the earthly man, and as he suddenly descended from the high, spiritual plane to the more normal earthly one, naturally, neither the vision, nor the strange feeling the song had given him registered on his brain, but instead, registered on his soul. Therefore, he would never remember this so-called vision again, unless his soul should return to the heights it had just assumed. There are, however, very few moments such as this in life, moments when the soul, the divine right of man to immortality, manages to see through its prison walls of dust, to almost understand and glimpse the immortal city itself; almost, yet not quite, for once the soul does glimpse and understand the immortal, nothing can stay its freedom. It breaks the bonds of clay, and ascends to its just reward for suffering the torture and imprison-

ment called Life. Therefore, unless perhaps in death, the real gate to happiness, Jim would never have cause to remember this queer incident, for to remember it, he would have to understand it; to understand it, he would have to understand the immortal; to understand the immortal means —?

It was Christmas night, but Christmas was forgotten in a little white house on Main Street. Instead, two men were bending over a little white bed in which a tiny figure appeared to be struggling in the very throes of death itself. The two men, both intensely interested in the little figure, were of different characteristics entirely—one with the dignified mien of a doctor, the other with the strained look of a father when all he has in the world is slowly departing from him. The kindly doctor had drawn up a chair for himself, and another for the weary man with the strange look in his eyes.

"Better sit down, Jim," he said, sympathetically, "for it's liable to be a long siege."

The man whom he addressed sat down, mechanically, his eyes never losing sight of the tiny figure in the bed. He was thinking of a similar scene five years ago, similar except for the fact that his wife was the one departing, and the little girl now dying but a babe in arms. "You'll take care of her, won't you, Jim" his wife had asked with her last breath. Jim had promised, and had kept his promise; but one stronger than he had intervened, and now he was powerless except to sit by an iron bedside, and watch her slowly die. Pneumonia! The scourge which had taken his beautiful, but frail little wife, was now taking this gay little blue-eyed youngster who had made his life worth living.

He wondered, vaguely, why sickness did not strike people like him — strong, healthy men who can battle for themselves, rather than people like these, who, like delicate flowers, succumb with the first cold blast of winter. He did not realize that the strong can suffer more than the weak, therefore, are left to the colder blasts, while the first are picked off by the gentle hand of death, that they may not suffer the crueler pangs of life. Probably if you had mentioned the above statement to him, Jim would have stared at you in amazement, for he was a simple man, of simple tastes and desires, who thought no more about the mystery of life than a High School boy thinks of the Einstein theory. So he sat by the tiny bedside, pondering about things which he knew nothing of, and never hoped to discover.

Suddenly he was aroused from his thoughts by

the low voice of the doctor. Instantly, he knew what to expect, and leaned over the tiny face on the pillow in the hope of catching some last syllable, some quivering word of farewell. Oh, Jim Blake had seen death too many times not to recognize it again! As he watched, the little face on the pillow grew strangely angelic, the eyelids quivered, and opened, but the eyes — oh, the eyes! Past her father they stared, past the room, out into space, and into the very depths of eternity. The quivering cry of "Mother" filled the room. "Mother," uttered by the very lips of death itself — by a little girl on her death-bed who had never really known the meaning of the word. How strange, yet, under the circumstances, how natural! Then the little form, which had been slightly raised in the agony of that last, fearful moment, sank back in the bed, and Jeanne Blake was dead.

Jim stood up. He felt queer. Somehow, something was wrong. Jeanne wasn't dead, it—it couldn't be — suddenly, everything went black, and Jim felt surrounded by deep impenetrable darkness. Then, through the gathering mists, there came the haunting tones of some forgotten melody, spreading light and glory as they came. For a moment, Jim tried to think, like a blind man groping in the dark, yet there came no light to his weary brain. Then, suddenly, he remembered! He mumbled something about "going out to get the air," and walked out the rear door into the night.

His mind was confused, puzzled; he could not think, and strange enough, he did not want to. His main idea was to follow — follow something — somewhere. He looked up, and as he looked, there appeared, through a rift in the clouds, the Evening Star, shining in all its glory. He kept walking — following — the song was growing louder, the star was growing fainter — when suddenly he was stopped. Something was in his way. The song was disappearing in the distance, slowly fading away; he must follow. What was holding him back?

That gate! This time he was going to go through it! He beat against it, pounded it, hurled himself against it, until suddenly, it gave — a blinding flash, a deafening, reverberating crash — the lonely emptiness of space — and the soul of Jim Blake went free.

The doctor found his body a moment later. "Suicide" was his verdict, and the towns-people were startled by the news. For until that time, they had never heard of anyone's committing "suicide" by dashing himself against an iron fence.

THE SMYTHE-THOMPSONS VISIT MILAN AND PARIS

NO European traveller can return home and without regret admit that he neglected to visit Milan Cathedral which for centuries has been the wonder of all visitors and the inspiration of all artists and architects. Accordingly, the Smythe-Thompsons, always eager to see the extraordinary, spent an entire day in Milan. They arrived there quite early in the morning: so after refreshing themselves at their hotel they ventured forth to view its ancient treasures.

They first went to the famous old cemetery which is noted for its strange and unusually expressive memorials; here also, they saw a splendid marble bust of Giuseppe Verdi, the distinguished Italian composer; leaving the cemetery, they next visited the church of Santa Marie delle Grazie which was built about 1460 by the Dominican Monks. Adjoining this church is a convent which for some time was used as a barracks and a stable. Heading from the fine cloisters of this convent, is the former refectory on the wall of which Leonardo da Vinci painted his celebrated "Last Supper", a work which is unfortunately in a bad state of preservation. However, despite the fact that the colors have lost much of their original brilliance, the faces still remain full of expression and of true feeling.

The Smythe-Thompsons then returned to their hotel for lunch, but soon afterward journeyed towards the Piazza del Duomo, where the famous cathedral is located. Work on this magnificent church, which is the third largest in Europe, was begun in 1368, but was not finished until 1805, when Napoleon caused the construction to be resumed. It is Gothic in style and is very elaborately decorated; the three great stained-glass windows of the choir, reputed to be the largest in the world, depict the famous stories and parables of the old and new testaments. In a crypt under the choir lies the body of the cardinal saint Carlo Borromeo, who consecrated the cathedral in 1577. It is contained in a rock-crystal shrine, encased in silver, and is vested in full pontifical robes blazing with jewels. The entire family was awed by the solemn splendor and calm dignity of this mummy which has lain there for so many years. The exterior of the cathedral is ornamented with a profusion of turrets, pinnacles, and statues, of which last there are said to be no fewer than 4440, of various styles and periods. The guide told the Smythe-Thompsons that there were about a million spires on the building, and they were so overwhelmed by its grandeur, that not one of the family had any inclination to doubt his word.

Our friends spent the entire afternoon admiring this colossal edifice, and after dinner visited the Piazza del Scala, in the center of which stands a large statue of Leonardo da Vinci. Facing this monument is the celebrated Teatro della Scala, the second largest theatre in Europe. It is in this theatre that all new operas must be presented and judged before they are permitted to be shown at any other opera house. Opposite the Scala is an arcade where the family passed most of the evening listening to Italian orchestras failing miserably in their attempts to play American jazz. Late that night they departed for Paris, reaching their destination the following noon. Since the entire family was somewhat fatigued from the weeks of endless sight seeing in Italy, they unanimously agreed to spend their first afternoon in the gay metropolis regaining some of their lost rest and sleep.

The following morning they decided to spend the day sightseeing as they all considered that the best manner in which to become familiar with any city, especially Paris. Accordingly, at ten o'clock they were seated in a bus which was wending its way through the early morning traffic. The first point of interest which they viewed was La Madeleine Church. It is one of the statues which ornament the exterior of this church that was decapitated by a shell from a long-range German gun during the World War. They then continued their trip to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, passing en route La Place de la Concorde, the largest and most beautiful square in the world. It was laid out under Louis XV and is noted as the scene of the execution of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and many other victims of the Revolution. The central decoration consists of an obelisk from the great temple of Luxor in Upper Egypt, and is flanked by two monumental fountains.

At the Plate de l'Etoile the passengers descended from the bus to see the famous Unknown Soldier's Tomb. The Arc de Triomphe which rises above this memorial is the largest triumphal arch in the world and commemorates the military triumphs of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic troops. Into the stone floor beneath the arch are chiselled in French the words, "Here lies a French soldier who died for his country 1914-1918." Above this inscription there is a large bronze circular tablet in respect and reverence for the terrible sacrifice made by the World War heroes. The rectangle containing this inscription and flame is separated from the remainder of the floor by quantities of flowers and wreaths



L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE

which are constantly being brought as tribute and homage to the Unknown Soldier.

From the Arc de Triomphe the party proceeded to the Hotel des Invalides which dates from the reign of Louis XIV, by whom it was founded as a retreat for wounded and infirm soldiers. The building now serves as headquarters of the military governor of Paris. A garden and a spacious esplanade stretching to the Quai d'Arsay precede the north facade, the entrance to which opens into the Court d'Honneur, a courtyard enclosed by a moat above which is a battery of cannon used for salutes on important occasions. On either side of this courtyard lie the museums of military history and of artillery. The parish church of St. Louis, decorated with flags captured in the wars of the Second Empire, closes the other end of the Court d'Honneur, while behind all rises a magnificent, gilded dome sheltering another church, the Eglise Royale. The central crypt of this church contains a fine sarcophagus of red porphyry in which lie the remains of Napoleon I brought from St. Helena in 1840. Close by here are the tombs of his friends Duroc and Berbrand as well as numerous other more recent noted military leaders.

After lunch the Smythe-Thompsons continued their trip, this time visiting the wonders on L'Ile de la Cité. They stopped first at the Palais de Justice (law courts), a huge assemblage of buildings covering a large portion of the island west of the Boulevard du Palais. In 1776 the build-

ing was ravaged by fire and in its present state is in great part the outcome of a systematic reconstruction begun in 1840. In the interior the only medieval remains are the Sainte-Chapelle, the Conciergerie, and old prison where Marie Antoinette and other illustrious victims of the Revolution were confined, and some halls and kitchens of the thirteenth century. The Sainte-Chapelle, one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic art, was erected in 1245-1248 by St. Louis as a shrine for the Crown of Thorns and other relics now at Notre Dame. It comprises a lower portion for the use of the servants and retainers, and the upper portion or royal chapel, the latter richly decorated and lighted by lofty windows set close together and filled with exquisitely colored stained glass.

The party of tourists next visited Notre Dame, which is one of the finest examples of pure Gothic architecture and is perhaps the most famous cathedral in the world. Its three doors are decorated by fine early Gothic carving; above the central door is a very beautiful rose window, above which is a third story consisting of a graceful gallery of painted arches supported on slender columns. The Smythe-Thompsons spent considerable time wandering through this inspiring edifice, and the young folks were not contented to leave before they had climbed innumerable stairs and viewed the city from the top of one of the two massive square towers which crown the principal facade. Junior was greatly amused by the

grotesque gargoyles which ornament the exterior of the building and which were originally placed there to protect the church and its congregation from evil spirits.

Leaving the cathedral, the bus returned to the mainland from the island and terminated its trip near the Place de L'Opera. As it was nearly dinner time, Tony suggested that they eat at the Cafe de la Paix, one of the most famous restaurants and sidewalk cafes in the world. The entire family heartily agreed and soon they were enjoying a delightful meal while watching Paris come to life for its round of night-time activities. Since Mrs. Smythe-Thompson was rather tired from the day's journey, they all decided to spend the evening in some restful diversion. Therefore they visited Paramount's large moving picture palace where they saw Maurice Chevalier in the French version of "The Big Pond".

The family decided that they could not afford to miss visiting the Louvre and for fear of some intervention in the future, they planned to go there the following morning. The Louvre, although now a museum, was originally a royal palace. Two wings were constructed by Francis I, while the remaining portion of the quadrangle dates from the reigns of Louis XIII and XIV. Enclosed within the western wings of the Louvre is the Place du Carrousel, so named from a revel given there by Louis XIV. A triumphal arch on its west side commemorates the victories of 1805 and forms the main entrance to the gardens of the Tuileries. The Smythe-Thompsons realized that they would not have time to examine thoroughly the contents of this extraordinary museum, so they merely looked for the most celebrated of the art objects. In the collection of ancient sculptures they found such treasures as the Winged Victory of Samothrace and the Venus de Milo. In the picture gallery everyone of the family saw many familiar paintings, among which were such world-famed ones as Jean Francois Millet's "The Angelus", Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa", Esteban Murillo's "Immaculate Conception", Greuze's "The Broken Pitcher", and Whistler's "Mother".

In the afternoon, the Smythe-Thompsons ascended to the top of the Eiffel Tower. This lofty monument which is 984 feet high was erected

by Mr. Gustave Eiffel, famed bridge constructor, for the Exhibition of 1889. Fortunately, the tediousness of climbing stairs is unnecessary for a series of elevators connect the ground with a platform very near the top of the tower. There are three platforms in all — two quite near the base and the third almost at the top. In order to reach the third platform, it is necessary to change elevators at each of the other two stopping-points. The older folks considered that the view from the second landing was quite good enough to suit them, so they waited in the restaurant located on this level until the young folks returned from the lofty heights. As for Tony, Belle, and Junior, no words could express the satisfaction and keen excitement they felt while gazing down upon the insect-like people far below. Quite a strong breeze was blowing and not without some palpitations of the heart did they feel the tower swaying steadily to and fro. After some time had passed, they returned to the lower level and inspected the penny arcades and other such amusements which they found there. When they rejoined their parents, Junior clamored to be allowed to walk down the remainder of the way. Tony and Belle also wished to do so, so their mother agreed to permit them to walk the distance between the second and first landings if they would ride the rest of the way. This seemed to please them, for they immediately started swiftly towards the stairway, calling back as they went, "We'll meet you on the street below. See you later." It was truly a thrilling experience to descend through the maze of iron girders, at every turn obtaining new views of the city stretching far below. Although Junior had at first been rather disappointed because he could not walk all the way down, by the time he reached the lowest platform he was glad that his mother had ruled otherwise for his legs had become considerably weaker than they had formerly been.

The Smythe-Thompsons spent over a week in Paris, visiting some of the lesser known buildings and gaining very interesting information about this intriguing city. However, as even the best things must always come to an end, their stay on the Continent was finally completed and they set out for London and other places of interest in England.

FLORENCE M. JONES, '31



MODERN LITERATURE *vs.* THE CLASSICS

"GOOD EVENING, ladies and gentlemen. Here we are in the Epic Arena, broadcasting to you the most amazing and unusual boxing bout the world has ever seen. The match, sponsored by all lovers of literature, is almost over. So far, the opponents, Pious Aeneas and Pugnacious John Brown, are equal. The decisive round is about to start.

"The arena is crowded; all the best known critics and writers of the world are here, also various friends of the contestants. In the first row, I see Anchises, the leading figure of the financial world and father of Pious the Powerful; he is talking to Palinurus, his son's manager and trainer.

"Over there, surrounded as usual with an admiring crowd, is Dido, leading lady of the World Theatre, well-known Queen of Hearts, and popular Movie Star.

"Here, too, is Sally Dupré, popular belle of the South, one of our best known charity workers, reported as engaged to her companion, the popular war hero and *matinée* idol, Wingate. Here near us is Jack Ellyat, the famous New England quarterback and near him, Abraham Lincoln talking over affairs with Robert Lee. Practically everyone from the casts of the two dramas, "John Brown's Body" and "The Aeneid" have turned out to watch this battle of the centuries.

"I guess they'll begin soon. The fighters are being given last instructions by their seconds. Virgil and Aeneas are in one corner; Steve Benét is counseling Johnny Brown in the other.

"I'll transfer you down to the ring so you can hear what they are saying. Here's Steve Benét: "Come on, Johnny, we've got it sure. Keep feeding him with fast action, clear characterization, colorful descriptions, complete pictures of the times, adaption of the meter to the sense, and we can't lose!

"And here's Virgil: 'Buck up, Pious, we've got this match all right. Remember the perfect

similes, the figures of speech, the perfect meter adapted to the meaning, and above all, our desiring ability, that we together have lasted for centuries, and he won't have a chance. Go at 'im. Remember, Dido's watching.'

"There goes the bell! They approach; they begin; the final round is on!

"They are fighting about equally. No! Johnny has the advantage. Armed with swift and colorful description changing rhythm, he's got the edge on Pious.

"He's knocked Pious down. — The referee's counting. — Long, long, long by position, short, short. — There, he's up. Now they're at it again.

"They seem equal again. Now Pious seems ahead, — now Johnny.

"But Johnny seems to be weakening. They are fighting a close game now; the referee separates them. Oh — Pious meets Johnny with a mean blow with his right, — lasting popularity and beauty of expression — and knocks him down.

"Here's the count — one, two —. Will he get up — five, six — yes, there he comes, weak but still game to go on.

"Now they are at it again. But Johnny seems to be weakening a little. Pious Aereas, too, seems tired, but his age and experience are giving him a slight advantage. Johnny's still there though. He's fighting well.

"The stands are wild; they expect something to happen soon. They're still fighting. — One's down! I can't tell which, wait! They are counting: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! He's still down! The crowd is going mad! The winner is, — Wait, I can't see his face yet. Oh, yes, the winner is —"

"This is station WABC at New York. Our program continues with "On with the Dance" played for you by our studio string ensemble."

ELIZABETH H. ROORBACH, '31

NOSTALGIA

MY heart has gone to the mountains,
To the cliffs and trees and sky,
To the sunsets bright and the cold moonlight,
And the white clouds swirling by.

I long to climb the little trails
That wind to the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds blow, and my heart is free,
And life is full of zest.

I'd leave this grimy, smoky town,
And all its dim, dull strife,
And fare to the mountains, grim and dark,
And the wild, sweet, gypsy life.

To the gloomy clefts in the rocks, I'd go,
Where cascades leap to the sod,
And down in the Gulch lie fallen trees
Like the ruined shrine of a slighted god.

O'er the weary miles between, I'd go
Up to the mountains tall,
To the cool green pines, and the wind's gay kiss
And the Wild River's lonely call.

THEODORA LOUISE HUBBARD, '31

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND

FOR countless centuries man has watched the gulls soaring above the water, now almost touching the waves and now, without moving a wing, sailing aloft. When the air was at last conquered by the immortal Wright brothers, man, in the excitement of being able to fly, forgot this heavenly faze of flight; nor was it remembered until after the war, when the Germans restricted by the Allies in the use of powered machines, turned to it in the hope of developing aerodynamic theories to be used when the ban was lifted. Little did they realize that the ban was a blessing in disguise! What countless improvements in aviation would still be undiscovered but for their endeavors in this line!

Although gliding was one of the earliest forms of flight it was not a great success. The early pioneers, Lilienthal, Chanute, Montgomery, and the Wright brothers, all used it as a means of testing new theories, but their machines were not properly constructed to obtain results. They used short stubby wings of heavy construction and paid no attention whatsoever to streamlining. The Germans, however, lengthened the wings, lessened the chord, used airfoils suitable to slow flight but which gave great lift, and last of all finely streamlined even the smallest details.

What is the result of all this refinement? If you could have visited the National gliding contest of Elmira this past fall you would have witnessed the answer. Gathered there were types of machines from all parts of the country, from the most delicate soaring planes to the strong and rugged primary glider. It was here that the American pilots showed that America was ready to take her place in the gliding world.

Gliding, as a sport and science, was first introduced into this country but a few years ago, when a glider school was opened at Provincetown. Since then it has rapidly spread all over the country and there are now glider clubs in every city from coast to coast.

The glider club is the medium of the spread of gliding enthusiasm. Air-minded people in the community see the advantages of having a glider club in their little city or town. This thought is the birth of a new organization, and thousands of them are being formed monthly.

The ordinary glider is far beyond the limits of the every day man's pocketbook, but in a club the expense is shared among probably twenty-five members. It also offers the chance of getting the glider at a greatly reduced price because where there are so many members they can buy it in "knock-down" form and construct it them-

selves. In this way they not only get the benefit of flying the glider but they also acquire a knowledge of aeroplane construction and design.

If we should visit W. Hawley Bowlus, the outstanding figure in American soaring circles, at Point Loma, we would get some idea of what gliding is like. There we would, undoubtedly, see the three outstanding types of gliders: the primary or training glider, the secondary or semi-soaring plane, and that delicate and sensitive machine, the soaring plane. The first, the primary type, is ruggedly constructed, without an enclosed fuselage, and with a little seat where the pilot sits exposed to the elements. The secondary and soaring machines, however, are quite different. They have not only a fuselage but also a much greater wing span and much more sensitive controls.

The takeoff is one of the most thrilling sights that you will ever witness. Here comes Mr. Bowlus and he is going to take up his famous "Albatross". With calm precision he gives orders for the laying and stretching of the shock cord and now, after testing the controls, gives the order to let go. The men holding on to the tail of the machine release it and with a whiz it is catapulted into the air. The shock cord drops off, and now the plane is soaring above the heads of the spectators rising ever higher until it becomes but a speck in the sky.

Let us imagine ourselves with the pilot soaring high above the earth. It is a wonderful sensation to sail along with the blue sky above and the earth dropping away below. The peaceful quietness, with only the singing of the wind in the rigging, makes one feel drowsy but the constant upward and downward motion as we pass through various air currents keep the pilot busy and wide awake.

Is there any future for this remarkable type of plane? In my opinion there is. I believe the glider will become the parts of long air trains. Towed by an aeroplane, long trains of these gliders each carrying passengers for a certain destination, will take off and as the train arrives over cities, sections designated for them will cut loose and sail gently to earth while the rest will go streaking across the skies enroute for the next city.

Thus, sailing across the skies, will go Young America carving a place for itself in the hall of fame, performing new feats and winning new glories, but always giving due recognition to the Germans, the first to fly on the wings of the wind.

BERNARD WHITMAN, '31



DURRELL DEBATE



THE annual Durrell Prize Debate took place, as customary, in the auditorium of the Latin building, Friday evening, February 20, 1931. The proceedings were begun at 8:30 p. m. after the rendition of several selections by the C. H. L. S. orchestra under the direction of Miss Clara Wait. Mr. Cleveland acted as chairman, and after a brief address, in which he outlined the history of the Durrell Debates, he introduced Raymond McCaffrey "31", the first speaker of the affirmative side, who entered into the history and explanation of the question which was: Resolved, that the Chain Store System is detrimental to the Welfare of the American People." He argued that the Chain Stores were not fair to their competitors, the independent dealers; that the independent dealer had more interest in his community; and that he paid 60 percent more taxes than his all powerful opponent, the Chain Store. He also stated that despite the fact that goods may be bought for a few cents cheaper in chain stores, there was in reality no saving because the articles purchased were of inferior quality. He argued well in his usual calm and confident manner.

Next, the first negative speaker, John McDonough was introduced. He contended that the Chain Store was a benefit to the community and to the people economically.

The second affirmative speaker, Arthur King "33" expressed his opinion that the Chain Store systems tended to create a monopoly by planning the control of such companies in the hands of a few. His arguments were persuasive and created a favorable impression on the audience.

Edward Crane "31" challenged the arguments of the affirmative and greatly strengthened the cause of the negative by his logical contentions.

Martin Tagerman, "32", the last affirmative speaker, argued eloquently in the support of his colleague. Mr. Tagerman's cool and masterly mode of address proved very effective.

Then Morris Rabinovitz, "33", with a fiery invective, denounced the argument of the affirmative, that these systems cause many failures among independent dealers, arguing that by far the greater majority of them were caused by poor management, lack of capital, and lack of sound business ability. His spirited address was enthusiastically received.

After a ten minute recess, the debate was resumed by the rebuttal which was opened by "Ed" Crane. He ruthlessly commenced to tear apart the arguments of the affirmative. He riddled their contentions with his customarily well presented arguments.

Raymond McCaffrey then made a valiant but vain attempt to combat his opponent's arguments. The unanimous decision of the judges was rendered in favor of the negative side. The judges were: Mr. Harold Durrell, Mr. Paul Corcoran, and Mr. George McGlaughlin. The timekeepers were Albert Wilson and Felix Hitron.

The members of the winning team received, besides individual cups, a large team trophy. An enthusiastic throng thoroughly enjoyed the debate as evinced by their cordial reception of the various speakers. The excellent debating, the convincing argument, the public interest in the question, and the warm reception combined to make this Durrell Prize Debate one of the most successful in the history of C. H. L. S.

JOHN F. MORAN, '32

DEBATING CLASS NOTES

With the commencement of a new debating class under the expert tutelage of Miss Conlon, keen competition is expected between the two classes. There will undoubtedly be inter-class debates that will be interesting. The first debate in the new class was held on April 1st with Francis Stone as chairman; timekeeper, Frank Behan; and the Debaters were: Francis Doneski, Paul Edmonds, Edward Shannon and Jerome Jellison.

The debates in Miss Breau's class are getting more interesting and more spirited as each week goes by. One man debates were introduced, Thursday, March 19. The debaters were Martin Tagerman and Austin West. Martin Tagerman upheld the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved — that the Phillipine Islands should be granted their complete and immediate independence." His arguments were amply combatted by his opponent, Austin West. The debate was featured by a fiery rebuttal on both sides. This debate was a no decision one.

JOHN F. MORAN, '32

SENIOR DRAMA

"The Rear Car" made a brief stop at Brattle Hall Station this February, furnished us with two evenings of pleasure, and then pulled out for parts unknown. Although it has gone, those of us who saw the mysteries of "The Rear Car" unfolded, will not soon forget the train and its passengers. By the aid of a gorilla, much shrieking, two murders, and the weird train whistles, Brattle Hall was transformed from a peaceful auditorium to a scene of mystery and horror.

The story of the play centers around Ruth Carson. She has just been found by a millionaire father and is on her way from Los Angeles to the East in a private car, the last one on the train. Alden Murray, an old friend of her father, has found her and is acting as her guardian, until she reaches her father, while Nora O'Neil, a young friend of Ruth, accompanies them. On the train, too, is John Blake, a cowboy in love with Ruth, but suspected as a thief by Kirk Allen, the district-attorney, who is trying to win Ruth for himself. The one character who does not, at first, seem vitally connected with Ruth and her affairs is Sheridan Godfrey Scott. He wanders around with a magnifying glass looking for clues to a murder which he says is about to be committed, and expounding his theories as a "deflector" of crime. However, the rest of the passengers do not seem convinced by his logic. Another occupant of the car is Roxy, a poor girl who has hidden on the train to warn Ruth of her danger. Despite her warnings and Scott's magnifying glass and attempts at "deflecting", two men are killed in the course of the play, and the rest are imprisoned in the rear car by steel shutters, and cut off from communication with rest of the train. There is much suspense as the lights go out one by one. A ghastly voice has warned the passengers to say their prayers, for when the last light goes out they will all die. Scott lures the villain into the car and kills him, thus saving the lives of all the others. The author of all the mystery and crime turns out to be the brother of Luke Carson, Ruth's father. Incited by jealousy, he has taken this cruel way of revenge. Other members of the cast are Titus Brown, an amus-

ing, terrified colored porter, who turns out to be Scott's aide; Oliver Hanks and Luther Barnes, members of the train crew in the capacity of conductors.

The acting throughout was excellent. Miss Hartigan, the director, and Miss Mildred Ford and Miss Breau, her assistants, well deserve to be proud of their production. The cast, chosen with the help of Miss Sampson, Mrs. Dunn and Mr. Foley, was very well selected. The school orchestra under the direction of Miss Waite furnished music between the acts which added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

William Royce, as Sheridan Scott, furnished the most finished acting in the play. His listless, nonchalant manner, and his frequent ramblings into long philosophical soliloquies were delightful. He played the part as it should be played, with a nice balance between seriousness and humor.

Of course Anastasia Kirby, as Norah O'Neil, was charming. We have been fortunate enough to see her act before, so we expected to be highly pleased. Nor were we disappointed, for Miss Kirby surpassed her previous appearances by her well acted, sympathetic portrayal of Norah. How we envy the ease with which she makes herself at home on the stage!

Virginia Reed played the part of Ruth Carson exceptionally well. She won our sympathy and interest by her sincerity and ability.

As John Blake, Ken Daly quite satisfied our ideas of what an ideal boy should be.

It took us some time to realize that Stephen McCormick as the district attorney was not the villain, but after our fears were allayed we were whole-heartedly with him.

George Curtin and Fred Donald as the two older men in the cast played their parts with conviction. Alden Murray's kind consideration for his ward, Ruth, and Luke Carson's brusque business manner were excellent.

Frank Tansey and Fabian Markson were the two conductors. They seemed perfectly familiar with the roles, and so created the atmosphere of the train very well.

As we have said before, the character of Titus,

portrayed by Bernard Whitman, was most amusing. His walk, accent, superstition, and manners were all in keeping with each other, and helped make Titus a real character.

We want especially to mention Lynne Wyeth's characterization of Roxy. Although the part was small and the lines difficult, she made what may be termed a minor part one of the best in the play.

So complete was the illusion produced, that

most of us were surprised to find, when the light came on, that we were still in Brattle Hall, and not, as we had supposed, still speeding over the Great Divide, in "The Rear Car".

On the whole, we are all immensely proud of our class that it could produce so much histrionic ability. And, of course, our pride in our school increases every year as we come to appreciate what a splendid leader and friend we have in Miss Hartigan.

E. H. R.

IN ANTICIPATION OF HEALTH DAY

BY no means has the Review staff assumed the responsibilities of a Health Bureau, but one conscientious member has suggested mentioning a condition which she feels to be quite distressing. Recent statistics reveal that an appalling number of children are either slightly or totally deficient in sight. Our sympathetic staff member wonders if the carelessness of mothers about exposing babies' eyes to the strong sunlight in the afternoon perambulation and shopping expedition has anything to do with the afore mentioned condition of a great percentage of American children. It is difficult to record the sentiments of the infant in this case as the series of gurgles, chuckles, and grumbles constituting the average baby's vocabulary is quite unintelligible. However, with a little imagination we can construct a soliloquy which we believe may illustrate the thoughts of the baby and may serve to make emphatic the point our staff member wishes to stress.

It is two thirty o'clock. "Ya-a-a! Oh I wish I could sleep a little longer; but no, I must wake up and be shoved down the street in the sun all day. Now she's telling me I shouldn't cry after sleeping for two long hours. Shouldn't cry! Who

wouldn't cry when he sees ahead the prospect of a long afternoon of hard jounces and, worst of all, a dazzling sun shining right into his blue eyes! Mothers are impossible; they don't seem to realize that babies' eyes will be hurt so that they may cause constant suffering later in life.

"Well, here we are perambulating. It wouldn't take her two seconds to fix that hood so that it would shade my eyes; but no, she's so engrossed in talking to Mrs. Doodle that she doesn't even think of her own son. This'll fix her. Yaa-aa-aa! For heaven's sake can't you see what I want? No, not more puff; I'm baking now. Will you, please put that hood down!

"There she goes dashing into the store, leaving me with my face right into the sun; something has to be done about this. Ya-aa-a---! That lady over there looks as if she might know something. Ya-aa-aa! Good; she'll be over in a minute. Ya-a-a-! Here's my mother coming out of the store now. The lady's speaking to her. My mother, very surprised, thanks her heartily. What — well, she's turned me around. Did you ever! She didn't even know the sun was shining in my eyes!"

E. G. CUMMINGS, '31

TO THE NIGHT-BLOOMING JASMINE

THE perfume of the ancients never held such mystic spell

As when the beauty of your fragrance upon the soft night fell.

The voices of the night were hushed; everything was stilled;

While Angels' wings seemed hovering near, the myrrh of heaven was spilled!

Oh, you brought heaven to earth that night, then ruthlessly took it away

And left me lonely and sorrowful with the coming of the day;

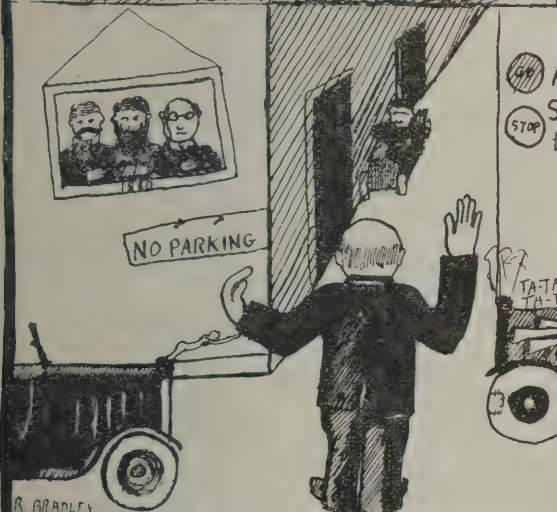
For I dreamed a dream of peace last night. Alas, it went with you;

'Tis sad such things aren't of this earth; they are veiled by heaven's blue.

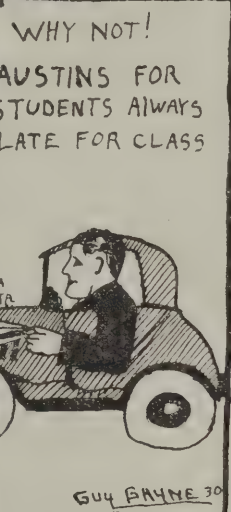
RUTH M. FREEMAN, '33



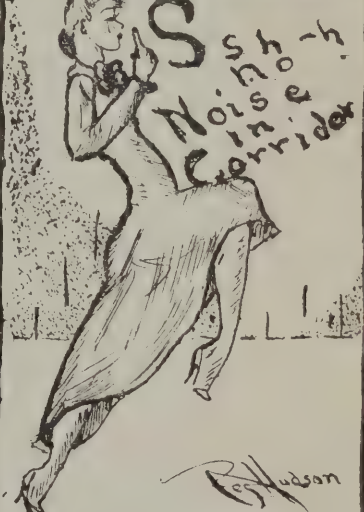
KEN DALY JR.



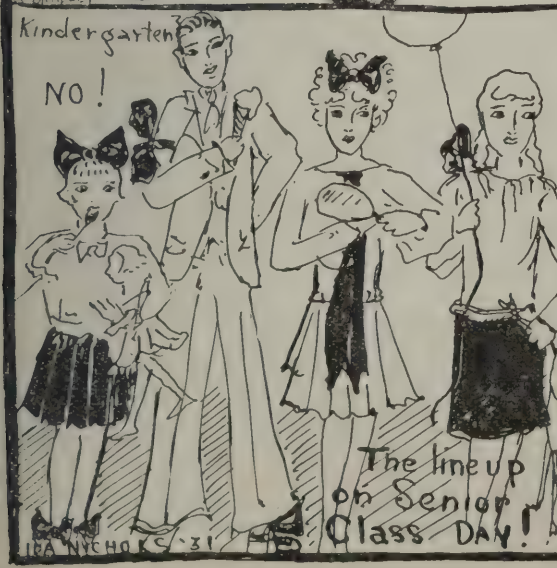
R. BRADLEY



GUY FAYNE 30



Reynolds



IDA NICHOLS '31



IDA NICHOLS

The lineup on Senior Class Day!



REVIEW OF SONG HITS

1. Freshman song "Happy Daze"
2. The Rent-a-Car-song
 "My Phaeton's in your Hands".
3. Theme song for Bride's first home-cooked meal..... "What is this thing called, Love?"
4. The mouse trap song "My Sin".
5. Bankrupt song..... "I owe everybody, I owe".
6. Song of the three tramps
 "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching".
7. Ghost song..... "I ain't go no body".
8. Song of the dog who scratches
 "The pest things in life are flea".

Wife: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear, a truck ran over your new hat."

Absent-minded Prof: "Was I wearing it?"

Dentist: "Do you use tooth-paste?"

Haverty: "No sir, my teeth aren't loose."

THEY SAY . . .

"Don't you dare make a scene here!" yelled the angry farmer as he ordered the film actors off his farm.

Life is one fool thing after another; Love is two fool things after each other.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with a direct object."

Pupil: "You are pretty."

Teacher: "What's the object?"

Pupil: "A good mark."

News Item

English law prohibits a man from marrying his mother-in-law.

Editors note: This is our idea of the ultra in useless legislation.

Last year gas killed 4,952 persons. 30 inhaled it, 922 lit matches over it, and 4,000 stepped on it.

Believe It Or Not

Mary D.: "What nation produces more marriages than any other nation?"

Kay C.: "You've got me, what nation?"

Mary D.: "Fascination."

The Brute!

Emily: "Oh, John, that candy makes my mouth water."

John: "Here's a blotter."

This Younger Generation

Senior: "Why, I get twice as much sleep as you do."

Frosh: "You ought to. You've got twice as many classes as I have."

Sign in Restaurant

We don't cash checks. Banks don't serve soup, so don't ask us to cash checks.

Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense

"Please!"

"NO."

"Oh, please do."

"Please, just this time."

"I said no."

"Aw ma, all the boys go barefooted now."

Popular Advertisement

In the game it's grit.

In spinach it's terrible.

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him, and so he flunked the exam.

They tittered when I sat down to the piano. Darn those tight trousers!

Mr. S.: "If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the difference?"

Lohnes: "Yeah, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

"H-h-h-how f-f-f-far is it t-t-to B-b-bar-haven?" the gentleman asked a traveler in the smoker. The man stood without a word and went back to his chair-car. Another passenger answered the question; then sought out the unfriendly one. "Why didn't you answer his question just then?" he asked.

"D-d-did you want m-m-me to g-g-get my f-f-fool head k-k-knocked off?" was the reply.

Bravo ! !

Jones had occasion to reprimand his wife. "I think, dear," he said soothingly, "that you fib a little occasionally."

"Well, I think it's a wife's duty," was her response, "to speak well of her husband occasionally."

More Truth Than Poetry

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Nit: "My father came clean from Pittsburg."

Wit: "That's nothing; my father came straight from Leavenworth."

This Machine Age

Flo: "How did you happen to lose your last job?"

Dot H.: "Through hard luck. For ten years, I was second assistant toast scraper at the Biltmore, and then they had to go and install those darned automatic toasting machines."

More Definitions

Mountain range.....A large cook stove.
Oxygen.....An eight sided figure.
Dispel.....To spell incorrectly.
Frontispiece.....A headlight on a Ford.
Furlough.....A furbearing animal.
Monomaniac.....A man with only one wife.

"Yes," said the mother, "my daughter is a great comfort to me."

"Well, personally, I prefer a daughter who is good looking enough to be a worry," retorted the catty one.

"But, Madame, you have no claim. Your husband did not insure his life; he took out a policy against fire." "That's what I claim. He has been cremated."

Innocence is Bliss

First Englishman: "Charlie, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed tourists two skulls of Cleopatra — one as a girl and one as a woman?"

Second Englishman: "No, let's hear it."

Diner (after glancing at check): "There is a beauty parlor next door, isn't there?"

Waiter: "A lady runs a place for reducing figures, sir."

Diner: "Then I'd be obliged to you if you'd have her work on this dinner check before I pay it."

A child of any American pair.
Should show regard to their gray hair.
And should in manner kind and meek
Let 'em use the car one night a week.

One advantage a bachelor has over a married man: he can put his socks on from either end.

Topsy-Turvy

One begins to see a certain resemblance about that passport photograph after twelve hours at sea.

Boss: "Well, Titus, how did you like that cigar I gave you?"

Titus: "It was jus' right, Boss — jus' right."

Boss: "What do you mean by just right?"

Titus: "Well, if 'twas any better, you all wouldn't have given it to me, an' if 'twas any wuss, Ah wouldn't have smoked it."

Nor Any Other Town

Old Lady: "Sonny, can you direct me to the Commercial National Bank?"

Sonny: "I kin for a nickel, Bank directors don't work for nawthing in this town."

Teacher: "Ken, give me an example of wasted energy."

Ken: "Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

Lady: (to a gentleman filling a pipe) "Pipe smoking always makes me sick."

Gentleman: "Then I advise you to give it up."

Absent-minded Professor's Wife: "Wait, John. Are you sure you've forgotten everything?"

Conny: "All my life I have heard the phrase 'from Dan to Beersheba.' Do you know how far it is in actual miles?"

Don Clay: "Do you mean that Dan and Beersheba are the names of places?"

Conny: "Yes."

Don: "That's one on me. I always thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."

Little Willie had gone to bring the kittens in. His father, hearing a shrill meowing, called out: "Don't hurt the kittens, Willie."

"Oh, no," said Willie, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

For the Unemployed

Mistress: "I don't like to have to keep complaining, Mary, but I do wish you would realize that when master leaves his shoes outside the bedroom door, it means that he wants them cleaned."

Maid: "Oh, does it? And what does it mean when he leaves them outside the front door?"

Uncle: "And what's your ambition, Bobby?"

Bobby: "I ain't got any. I just want to be a Vice-President."

Popular Movies

"Dance, Fools, Dance".....	<i>Junior Prom</i>
"Girls Demand Excitement".....	<i>K. B.</i>
"The Last Parade".....	<i>Graduation</i>
"Scandal Sheet".....	<i>Class Notes</i>
"The Man Who Came Back".....	<i>Jimmy Brine</i>
"Stolen Heaven".....	<i>7th Period</i>
"Men On Call".....	{ <i>Jimmy Dugan</i>
	<i>Ken Daly</i>
"Reducing".....	<i>Noreen Leahy</i>
"Going Wild".....	<i>Hildah</i>
"Inspiration".....	<i>G. H. L. S. Orchestra</i>
"Laughter".....	<i>Joe Olivo</i>
"The Life of the Party".....	<i>Kay Pray</i>

Up Again, Down Again

Bernadette: "I took eight sittings."

Louise: "What? Have you been having your portrait painted?"

Bernadette: "No, learning to skate."

Did You Know That —

1. Irene Grace is really taller than "Icky" Crane but seems short because of her low I. Q.?

2. Since his last haircut, Ken Chase has been signed up by Paramount to play the German spy in all their World War pictures?

3. Hank Groden, if coaxed, will play fourteen different kinds of instruments, including the Scandinavian?

4. Harold Lyche does up his hair and doubles for Ann Harding in the movies on those days when he doesn't honor us with his presence?

5. Marion Mader and Evelyn Cummings are the Duncan sisters in disguise, and that they are collecting material for their new show, "Tempora et Mores?"

6. Ita McCarthy is really a brunette but produces the blonde effect by miniature floodlights attached to her shoulders and focused on her hair?

7. Martha Meade's freckles are artificial? She punches them out of brown wrapping paper with a ticket puncher and pastes them on every morning, thus achieving that piquante look.

8. Lynne Wyeth is really the Archbishop of Canterbury in disguise, and is in this country studying the degeneration of modern youth?

9. All the Broadway show producers are trying to copy our C. H. L. S. assemblies.

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OUR G. A. A., for the past two months, has given us so much that we doubt that there is anyone who is dissatisfied. To read about all these events, I guess, is fine, but to have attended them, and then read about them is, I believe, the more satisfying, and, I hope, not at all boring.

On Friday, the thirteenth of February, we had a masquerade. To begin with, the decorations were charming and appropriate — appropriate not for Friday the thirteenth, but for St. Valentine's Eve. Hearts, palpitating under costume, as well as fluttering in the hall, gave a very desirable effect. Ribbons, crepe paper, horns, balloons, and noise makers, gypsies, pirates, cowboys, milkmaids, and senoritas, — all duly supplied mirth and excitement.

As in all our social affairs, when we like to bring in a bit of formality, we had our honored patronesses, seated in a semi-circle at the end of the hall: Miss Ford, Miss Looney, Miss Russell, Miss Waite, Miss Ward, Miss MacLaughlin, and Miss Brown. The ushers were Ruth Burns, Helen Kenney, Lillian MacDonald, Martha Russell, Barbara Sheridan, Alice Tibbets, and Virginia Ulvin. Of course, we would never leave out a refreshment committee: Clara Maloney, chairman, Elizabeth Boehnke, Mary Hooker, Mary Kellegher, Frances Navien, and Myrtle White. Those to whom the pleasing lot of decorating fell were Mildred McNally, chairman, Blanche Berger, Jean Branscombe, Clara Cormier, Rita Doneski, Yvonne LeBastie, Lillian Lawrence, and Barbara Sheridan. Then last but not least was our door committee consisting of Gertrude Lancaster, chairman, Elizabeth Blackmore, and Marjorie O'Dell.

This, indeed, was a very successful dance. The numbers were very large, especially considering the fact that the K. B. Club had a dance on the same night. We regret very much that the affairs of two associations in our school should conflict like that. However, we hope that in the future such complications will be avoided.

Now to come to the sport of the season which, by the way, will probably be over by the time you read this. Before I begin, however, I wish to mention one fact; that is, of the change in cos-

tume of Senior team made this year. We, all at once, rebelled against old-fashioned, baggy middies and bloomers — and now, you should see the neat, snappy spectacle the Seniors make in their navy blue tunics with a red letter on it. It was indeed a radical change — but a change to the better, to comfort and ease. Also, I wish to mention the name of Catherine Browning, who has been doing very satisfactory, voluntary work as general acting manager.

On January 30 we rode in buses to Wellesley where our three teams showed fine sportsmanship.

Sophomores

CAMBRIDGE—18

WELLESLEY—17

McNally, Guarino, rf.....	lg, Lance
O'Dell, lf.....	rg, MacLean
Taylor, jc.....	jc, Proctor
Beaver, sc.....	sc, Knight
Falvey, rg.....	lf, Gebelein
Gately, Somers, lg.....	rf, Carpenter

Juniors

CAMBRIDGE—13

WELLESLEY—24

Kenney, rf.....	lg, Georges, Hodges
Burns, Maloney, lf.....	rg, Wilson
Cormier, jc.....	jc, Jones, Pratt
Lancaster, sc.....	sc, Hanchett, Georges
Falvey, rg.....	lf, Hodge, McNamara
White, Hodge, lg.....	rf, Ryan
	</

Seniors

CAMBRIDGE—10

WELLESLEY—35

Cummings, rf.....	lg, Portmore, Matthews
Whitman, White, lf.....	rg, Branzetti, Fitzpatrick
Moran, jc.....	jc, Daniels
Zappala, sc.....	sc, Hodgson
Conant, rg.....	lf, Schaller, Dodge, Norton
Hibbard, lg.....	rf, Johnson, Dunn, Hanson

On February 12, Newton came here and we played three games.

Sophomores

CAMBRIDGE—12			NEWTON—15		
Guarino, O'Dell, rf		lg, Fort, Sullivan			
McNally, lf		rg, Offult			
Taylor, jc		jc, Andres			
Beaver, sc		sc, Anderson			
Gately, Kenneally, rg		lf, Chandler, McCredwy			
Jennings, Somers, lg		rf, Green, Arrington			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
Guarino	1	..	Chandler	3	3
O'Dell	3	..	McCredwy	2	..
McNally	2	..	Arrington	1	..

Juniors

CAMBRIDGE—21			NEWTON—24		
Kenney, rf		lg, Mason			
Burns, lf		rg, Jinks, McKenna			
Cormier, jc		jc, Fletcher			
Lancaster, sc		sc, Welch			
Falvey, rg		lf, Harvey			
White, lg		rf, Ham			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
Kenney	4	3	Harvey	3	..
Burns	4	2	Ham	8	2

Seniors

CAMBRIDGE—13			NEWTON—22		
McDonald, White, rf		lg, Eschebach			
Cummings, lf		rg, Hicks, Beals			
Moran, jc		jc, Balkman			
Zappala, sc		sc, Hayden, Winslow			
Conant, rg		lf, Kirby, Harrington			
Hibbard, lg		rf, Goodrich			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
McDonald	2	3	Kirby	3	..
Cummings	3	3	Harrington	0	1
White	1	..	Goodrich	7	1

Then on February 19 we played Waltham here.

Sophomores

CAMBRIDGE—30			WALTHAM—9		
McNally, rf		lg, Gilbert, Lincoln			
O'Dell, lf		rg, Nichols			
Taylor, jc		jc, Peterson			
Beaver, sc		sc, Elder, Baker			
Kenneally, rg		lf, Dunber			
Somers, lg		rf, Luller			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
McNally	5	..	Dunber	1	3
O'Dell	10	..	Luller	1	2

Juniors

CAMBRIDGE—38			WALTHAM—21		
Kenney, Maloney, rf		lg, Gans, Jessup			
Burns, lf		rg, Palladino, Cadillo			
Cormier, jc		jc, Mukow			
Lancaster, sc		sc, Cadillo, Pelkey			
Falvey, rg		lf, Bolton, Zippure			
White, lg		rf, Dean			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
Kenney	3	1	Zippure	1	..
Maloney	6	..	Bolton	4	5
Burns	9	1	Dean	3	..

Seniors

CAMBRIDGE—23			WALTHAM—23		
Cummings, White, rf		lg, Silver			
McDonald, lf		rg, Powers, Peridier			
Moran, jc		jc, Vancleve, Wyk, Stromm			
Zappala, sc		sc, Penketman, Mann			
Hibbard, rg		lf, Glasgow, Arnold			
Conant, lg		rf, Hamell, Storm			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
Cummings	3	1	Glasgow	1	..
McDonald	8	..	Arnold	3	3
			Storm	3	1
			Hamell	2	1

In all these games, however, we do not see the Freshmen. Ah, we could never leave them in the background. They, too, played — with Everett — two teams. Both showed marvelous spirit and sportsmanship.

Freshman, 1st Team

EVERETT—24			CAMBRIDGE—20		
Holmes, Whitside, rf		lg, Larsen			
Kearney, lf		rg, Leary			
Brean, jc		jc, McDonough			
Foretti, sc		sc, Ulvin			
Butler, Sheridan, rg		lf, Gellis			
Coffee, Kelly, lg		rf, Long, Branscombe			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
Holmes	8	..	Gellis	6	..
Kearney	4	..	Long	4	..

Second Team

EVERETT—14			CAMBRIDGE—16		
Whiteside, Staples, rf		lg, Gross			
Canford, Lee, lf		rg, Kellegher			
Alpert, jc		jc, Sheridan, Tibbets			
Woods, Springes, sc		sc, Gore			
Legg, rg		lf, Blouin			
Slaney, lg		rf, Branscombe, Gray			
	Field goals	Free shots		Field goals	Free shots
Whiteside	2	..	Blouin	7	..
Canford	3	..	Branscombe	1	..
Lee	2	..			

To most of the girls in basketball, the name Varsity looms up in the distance as a trophy. Lucky and deserving is the girl who becomes a member of it; and luckier and more deserving still is the girl who becomes its captain, as is Ruth Hibbard again this year. Those girls who played on the first Varsity up to date are as follows: Helen Kenney, Mildred McNally, Evelyn Cummings, Winifred Burns, — forwards; Clara Cormier, Eileen Moran, Palm Zappala, — centers; Ruth Hibbard, and Gertrude Lancaster — guards. Those who played on the second team are: — forwards, Evelyn Cummings, Ann White, Mildred MacDonald, and Helen Kenney; centers, Edna Taylor, Clara Cormier; and guards, Mary Elizabeth Beaver, Caribel Conant, and Mary Falvey. Both teams have already played with Lexington here on March 17 — with the

results of 37 - 20, first team, 26 - 18, second team, both in Lexington's favor. On March 20, we arrived at Medford thanks to Mr. William Cunningham, Mr. Garret Foley, Mr. William Foley, Ruth Hibbard, and to their cars, in the best of spirits. Our first team score was 28 - 16 in Medford's favor and second team 17 - 14 in our favor. On the 25th we played Somerville here with the results of 34 - 17 first team; 33 - 7 second team, both in our favor. And finally, on Saturday, the 28th, we played our Alumnae, which traditionally ends our basketball season.

The elections for next year's captains have already been held. Gertrude Lancaster is reelected for next year; Marjorie O'Dell is also reelected; and Alice Tibbets has been chosen by the Sophomores. May I, in the name of the Seniors, wish you all a very very happy year under the leadership of your trustworthy captains.

After basketball naturally comes baseball. True, it has already started. But there comes something else also, in between. There is to be a tournament in basketball between the 8th grades of the Cambridge grammar schools, held in the gym under the auspices of the G. A. A. which is offering a championship cup. Good luck to the winners!

Swimming is well on its way now, I believe. The tank in the Y. M. C. A. is open to you every Saturday morning under the leadership of Miss Ruth Martin, Sargent Swimming coach. The interclass meets will begin very soon. So, you upper class girls who are members of the G. A. A. because you take swimming, here's your chance.

Tennis, also, starts very soon. Tennis lovers and sharks it's well to be on the look out.

Now, that I have left out no one in any branch of the sports we offer, I'll bid you good-bye until the next issue when I shall appear for the last time. So give me the privilege of saying only once more —

AU REVOIR,

SYLVIA KAPLAN, '31

A SAMPLE OF THE WORK DONE IN THE ITALIAN I CLASS

IO VOGLIO VISITARE L'ITALIA

IO voglio visitare l'Italia per vedere i palazzi, le case, e le chiese. Io voglio vedere San Marco, la più grande chiesa di Venezia e San Pietro a Roma, la cattedrale la più grande del mondo. Io desidero di vedere Firenze grande città toscana perchè e la culla delle arti, degli scrittori, dei poeti, e degli artisti. Io desidero di sedere nelle gondole mentre si ode il canto armonioso dei gondolieri. Se io vado a Venezia io visiterò le fabbriche dove si fa il più fino e più meraviglioso cristallo del mondo. Mi piacerebbe vedere Firenze perchè Dante, uno dei più illustri poeti e uno dei più grandi filosofi che il mondo abbia mai prodotto, nacque a Firenze. A Milano io desidero di vedere la piazza del Duomo; il Castel del Ovo a Napoli; il Ponte dei Sospiri a Venezia; il monumento a Cristoforo Colombo, la Patria, a Genova; i portici degli Uffizi a Firenze; il monumento a Dante Alighieri a Trento; il Duomo di Milano; e il monumento a Vittorio Emanuele II a Roma.

ARAXIE TASHJIAN, '31



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STUDENTS

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Sprechen Sie Deutsch

SCHERZE

Die Neugemahlin: "Diese Eier sind sehr klein. Ich muss den Eikaufmann fragen die Hühner auf ihnen länger sitzen zu lassen."

* * * * *

Der Geheimschreiber: "Ein Mann ist gerade eingekommen. Er will das Geheimnis Ihres Erfolgs im Leben gern lernen."

Der Finanzmann: "Ist er ein Zeitungsschreiber, oder — oder ein Geheimpolizist?"

* * * * *

Der Gasthofsschreiber wurde erstaunt wenn er einen Gast sah, der durch die Vorhalle im Nachthemd spazierte.

"Was ist nun los?"

Der Gast wachte auf und entschuldigte sich, "Ich bitte um Verzeihung. Ich bin ein Somnambulist."

"Nun," verhöhnte der Schreiber, "Sie können nicht hier so spazieren. Es ist mir einerlei was Ihre Religion ist."

* * * * *

Die Erste Studentin: "Sieht irgend einer an?"

Die Zweite Studentin: "Nein."

Die Erste Studentin: "Dann müssen wir nicht rauchen."

DIE UBERZETZUNGEN

DIE LIEBE

von Schiller

Auf Deutsch

Selig durch die Liebe
Götter — durch die Liebe
Menschen Göttern gleich!
Liebe macht den Himmel
Himmlicher — die Erde
Zu dem Himmelreich!

LOVE

by Schiller

Happy are the gods above
By love;
Men are made by love
Like the gods above
Love alone will leaven
Earth unto the wealth of Heaven!

Der Ein Hundert Und Acht Und Vierzigste Psalm

1. Lobt ihr den Herrn. Lobt ihr den Herrn von den Himmeln: lobt ihr Ihn in den Höhen.

2. Lobt ihr Ihn, alle Seine Engel: lobt ihr Ihn, alle Seine Heere.

3. Lobt ihr Ihn, Sonne und Mond: lobt ihr Ihn, alle Sterne vom Licht.

4. Lobt Ihn, ihr Himmel der Himmel, und ihr Wasser, die über den Himmeln sind.

5. Loben sie den Namen des Herrn: denn er befahl, und sie wurden erschaffen.

6. Auch hat er sie immer und ewig errichtet: er einen Beschluss erlassen, der nicht verfließen will.

7. Lobt den Herrn der Erde, ihr Drachen, und alle Tiefen:

8. Feuer und Hagel; Schnee und Nebel; stürmischer Wind, der Sein Wort erfüllt:

9. Gebirge und alle Hügel; fruchtbare Bäume und alle Zedern.

10. Tiere und alles Vieh; Dinge, die kriechen, und fliegendes Geflügel:

11. Könige der Erde und alle Völker, Fürsten und alle Richtre der Erde:

12. Sowohl Jünglinge als Mädchen; die Alten und die Kinder:

13. Loben sie den Namen des Herrn: weil Sein Name allein vorzüglich ist: Seine Herrlichkeit ist über der Erde und dem Himmel.

14. Er erhöht auch das Horn seiner Leute, den Lob seiner Heiligen; ja auch der Kinder von Israel, eines Volkes, der nahe Ihm ist. Lobt ihr den Herrn.

* * * * *

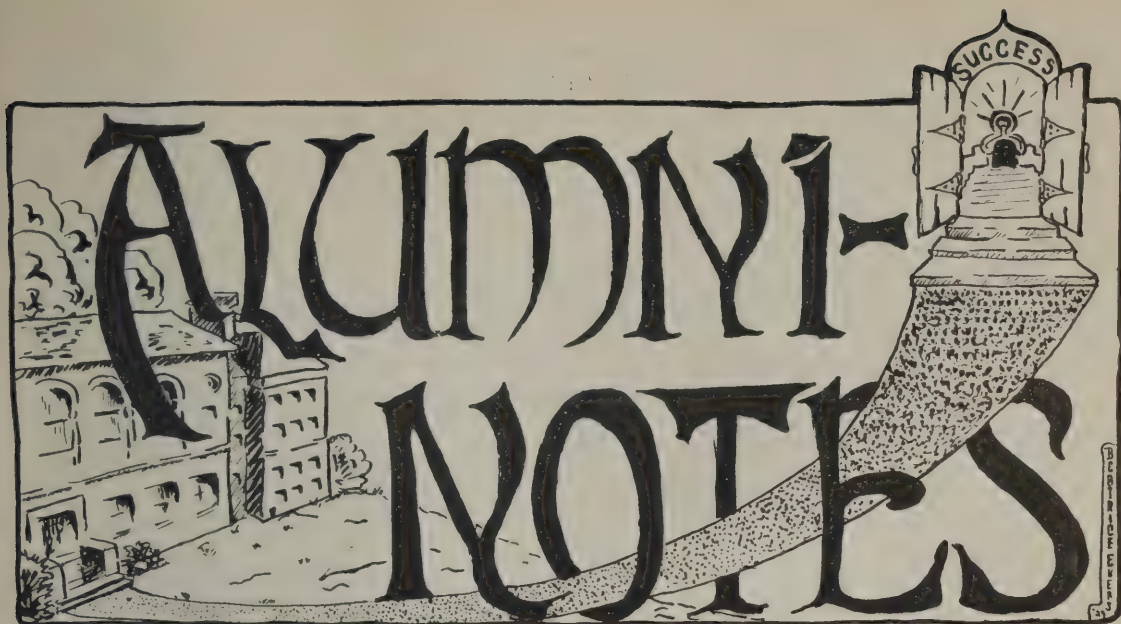
A POEM

by Shelley

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

(Continued on Page 28)



Mr. Durrell, Secretary of the Alumni Association, has very kindly sent us a list of C. H. L. S. graduates who have died from last summer up to the present time; their names and dates of death are as follows:

1866

Walter Deane, A.B. (Harvard 1870), at Cambridge, July 30, 1930.

1867

Mrs. James A. Hunnewell (Stella Abbie King), at Cambridge, September 9, 1930.

1868

Mrs. William L. W. Dow (Sarah Helen Chase), at Cambridge, February 4, 1931.

1869

Mrs. Fred W. Flint (Lucy Maria Blake), at Weston, February 19, 1931.

1876

Eugene Fuller, A.B. (Harvard, 1880), M.D. (i. e. 1884), at Seattle, Washington, June 4, 1930.

1884

David Taggart Dickinson, A.B. (Harvard, 1888), L.L.B. and A.M. (i.e. 1891), Mayor of Cambridge 1901, at Cambridge, November 27, 1930.

1889

Frank Raymond Stubbs, A.B. (Harvard, 1893), M.D. (i. e., 1897), at Newton, Massachusetts, February 9, 1931.

1891

Mrs. Edward Ray Speare (Dorothy Simmons), Ph.B. (B. U., 1894), at Newton, July 30, 1930.

1894

John Alvin Lawson Odde, A.B. (Harvard, 1898), at Belmont, December 27, 1930.

1898

Kilburn Elie Adams, A.B. (Harvard 1905 as of 1902), S.B. (i. e. 1903), at Newton, December 24, 1930.

1903

Cora Lucy Mulrey at Cambridge, May 18, 1930.

1905

Thomas Francis O'Connell, at Quincy, July 22, 1930.

* * * * *

1919

Dr. Maurice Duchin is now practicing in Cambridge.

1922

John Rogers is taking business training at the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School in Boston.

1924

"Hy" Cohen is graduating Middlesex Medical School and intends to interne in the city of Philadelphia.

1926

Miss Rose Nuvant Samourian is a dressmaking teacher at the Waltham Senior High School, Waltham, Massachusetts.

1927

"Tech" Fishman has been on the Dean's list during his first three years at Harvard.

Lorraine Langley was unanimously chosen as Class Marshall for the Commencement activities at Radcliffe.

Priscilla Sage, Class Secretary at Radcliffe, will have the honor of wearing the red tassel at Commencement exercises.

"Red" McGerr is a junior at Harvard.
 Doris Buller is a senior at Radcliffe.
 Murdock Finlayson has received letters in both football and track.

1928

Genevieve McGlinchey is now a junior at Radcliffe.
 Madeline Navien is at Emmanuel.

1929

Robert Bell and Al Sreinkrauss are now attending their second year at Bentley's.
 Elizabeth Tracey, a sophomore at Radcliffe, has been mentioned for the Honorary Society of Phi Beta Kappa.

The prize given for excellence in Italian vocabulary was won by Lucio Gatto after a spirited oral contest. He generously shared it with his class-mates.

1930

Margery Flynn and Joseph Fraser are attending the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School for business training.

William Weisberg is a freshman at the Boston University Business School.

Louise Russell is attending Lasell Seminary.

Marjorie Leighton and Dorothy Jones are freshman at the Massachusetts Art School.

SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH

(Continued from Page 26)

Auf Deutsch

Ach, sanftes Mädchen, fürchte keine Küsse meiner;

Ich, aber, fürchte mich vor Küssen deiner;
 Die Sorge ladet schwierig meine Seele;
 Nie belastet Sorge deine Seele.

Die Miene, Tone, Haltung deiner mich erschrecken;

Nicht lasse dich die Meinen schrecken;
 Mit holdem Herzen liebe ich;
 Wie die hellen Engel, ehr' ich dich.

MITWIRKUNGEN

Auf Deutsch

Die Welt ist wie ein Apfelfass,
 Und wenn Sie einen Moment zögern,
 Dann finden Sie dass die grossen Apfel und Männer
 Immer den Gipfel erreichen.

The world is like an apple barrel,
 And if you hesitate for a minute,
 You will find that the greatest apples and men
 Always reach the top.

MATILDA SPITZER, '31

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L. O. WHITE
 Principal



On the Cap and Gown Question.

It's over at last! As the smoke of battle clears, we see that the Seniors have voted not to introduce into their graduation exercises that dignified, austere element effected by caps and gowns. The vote, if you are interested, fell one short of a majority, and, as you can see for yourselves, quite a number below the three fourths majority necessary to bring about the change. The issue was debated at length before a Senior Assembly by Ed Crane, the opposition, and Joe Olivo, Senior Class President, the defense. Moreover, the question had been well thrashed out before by individual groups. We feel that no one can say that the subject under consideration was rashly voted upon, for every Senior was well acquainted with the issue.

Senior Class Day.

The "Reds" were certainly in power at C. H. L. S. on Tuesday, March 31, when five hundred members of the Senior Class suddenly blossomed forth in a riot of red, crimson, scarlet, (or what have you?) to celebrate Senior Class Day. Flowing crimson bow ties predominated among the males, although red sweaters and berets were also plentiful. The young ladies went big for pig-tails and red hair ribbons. Lolly-pops, miniature teddy-bears, bouncing balls, jump ropes, and one live kitten, black with a red ribbon around his neck, completed the array. Oh, yes, one young lady *did* wear socks. The teachers entered into the spirit of the day, and fortunately no pupil

overdid things, so that the day ended as merrily as it began. No casualties were reported.

Again the Lunch Room.

In the last issue of the "Review" we printed a notice to the effect that pupils of the school might take advantage of the offer made by those in charge of the lunch room which allowed the pupils the privilege of having a lunch the same as that offered the teachers. Notices of the same type were posted in the senior home rooms, together with a menu for the week. *In two weeks exactly two orders were taken from pupils.* The funny part of it all is that the movement for securing the above mentioned opportunity was instigated by members of the student body. Now that they've got it do they avail themselves of it? NO!! May we make so bold as to ask just what they *do* want?

We Wish To Thank . . .

There are in this school a certain number of teachers who are always willing to sacrifice a bit of their own time in helping the students in their extra-curriculum work. Among that number are Mr. William Foley, Mrs. Dunn, and Miss Sampson, who acted as judges in the Senior Drama try-outs; and Mr. William Foley, Miss Bligh, Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Derry, Miss Sampson and Mrs. Dunn who acted as judges in the eliminations for the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest. May we take this opportunity to kindly thank them for their assistance.

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BASKETBALL

Cambridge 29

Milton Academy 26

Cambridge Latin won their third straight victory when they defeated Milton Academy by the score of 29 to 26. The game was fast and close, and the result was in doubt right up to the final whistle.

Through the first period, the score was close, neither team having much advantage. Plauskys scored four baskets in the first period giving Cambridge and 8 to 6 lead. Early in the second period, Currier, of Milton, was put out of the game for having committed four personal fouls. Latin held a slight lead until two foul shots by Milton tied the score at 17 as the half ended.

At the opening of the third period, Milton took the lead on a floor basket, but two pretty shots by Lekakos and Rogert put Latin two points to the good. Rogert scored again before the period ended, giving Latin a 23 to 21 lead at the end of the third period.

In the middle of the fourth period, with Cambridge one point ahead, Rogert was put out of the game for four personal fouls. Lekakos gave Latin a lead with his basket, but Milton came back to net two more points. With only a minute to play, Plauskys caged his sixth basket to give Latin its winning margin.

Plauskys played a great game for Latin, and scored sixteen points. The Cambridge second team was defeated by the Academy seconds, 16 to 13.

Cambridge 31

Newton 20

Cambridge Latin opened their Suburban League schedule by defeating Newton High by a score of 31 to 20. Cambridge took the lead early in the first period and was never headed thereafter.

After a slow start we went into a 6 to 5 lead on Plauskys' basket in the first period and out-classed Newton through the remainder of the game. Newton made a strong bid before the end of the half with two baskets and two fouls making the score 14 to 13, as the teams left the floor at the end of the half.

Latin came back strongly in the third quarter and, on two baskets by Witham and Rogert and

a foul by Lekakos, went into a safe lead at 23 to 13. From then on, Latin was unable to cope with the fast Cambridge five and finished eleven points behind.

Rogert led the scoring with thirteen points, while Plauskys was not far behind with ten. The Newton seconds upset the Latin seconds 22 to 11.

Cambridge 20

Everett 19

Cambridge Latin, after a great uphill fight, defeated the strong Everett High team in a Suburban League game. Klevis's last minute basket gave Latin its winning margin and enabled the Cantabs to hold their place at the top of the Suburban league. This was Cambridge's fifth straight win.

Cambridge played the entire four torrid periods without a substitution. Latin was eleven points behind at the half but came back strongly to win out in the fading moments of the game.

Through the first period, Latin could not pass the great Everett defense and at the end of the first period trailed, 9 to 0; and at the half, Latin was behind, 15 to 5.

At the opening of the second half, Latin began taking long shots and following up fast. Walter Plauskys scored two baskets after taking passes from Lekakos. Klevis netted a foul, and Lekakos scored before the period ended, making the score 15 to 12 at the end of the third period.

Opening the last period, Klevis scored to put Latin only one point behind. As Latin was trying to score, Rogean of Everett broke loose and caged two points for his team. Rogers scored on a rebound to make the score 17 to 16, in favor of Everett. Taking a pass from Lekakos, Rogert sank another to give Cambridge a one point lead.

With less than a minute to play, Schwerdy of Everett scored, putting his team ahead, 19 to 18. Latin should have been beaten then, but once again they swept up the floor. At the seconds ticked away, Klevis took an underhand pass from Rogert and caged the winning basket. Rogean's long shot was Everett's last bid for a score, but it dribbled off the rim, as the final whistle sounded. Everett seconds defeated the Cambridge seconds 14 to 7.

Somerville 33

Cambridge Latin was nosed out by Somerville High's last minute basket by a score of 33 to 32. This was a Suburban League game and Latin's first defeat in six starts.

The game was fast and close, and there was little to choose between the two teams. The burden of the scoring was carried by the Latin forwards, Plausky and Witham, who scored twenty-one points between them. The winning margin was a result of Buckley's last minute basket. Buckley netted twelve points to lead both teams in scoring.

Newton 21

Newton High fought an uphill battle to defeat Cambridge Latin 21 to 15. Trailing at the end of the half, Newton tied the score and were never headed again in the second half.

In the first half both teams guarded closely, and the result was a lack of scoring. At the end of the half, Latin led, 10 to 8. Thirty seconds after the opening of the second half, Ruston caged the tying points.

From this point, Cambridge scored but five points and was unable to regain the lead. Newton played good basket-ball while Cambridge was below its usual form.

Arlington 28

Cambridge Latin was defeated by the fast Arlington High five, 28 to 20. Little Walter Plausky was the only Cantabrigian who could score constantly, and he scored eleven points. Arlington presented a strong well-balanced team which held the Cantabs at bay at all times.

Salem 29

Cambridge Latin went down to defeat before the strong Salem High team, 29 to 21. Salem led the Latin team throughout the game.

Pelletier opened the scoring with a floor basket that gave Salem the lead which Latin could not wrest from them during the game. Cambridge scored only two floor baskets in the first quarter, both by Plausky. At the end of the period, Salem led 12 to 5. In the second and third periods, Plausky netted eight more points which combined with Witham's foul to make the score 23 to 14, Salem leading, at the end of the third period.

Latin scored seven points in the final period on baskets by Rogert, Plausky, Klevis, and a foul by Lekakos. Salem, however, led by Cullen, was successful in standing off the Latin rally.

Walter Plausky, Latin forward, netted fifteen of his team's twenty-one points.

Cambridge 32**Governor Dummer 29**

Governor Dummer Academy got away to a fast start and led Cambridge Latin at the final whistle, 29 to 22.

Governor started strongly and led, at the end of the first quarter, 7 to 1. Latin came back with a rush in the following period, and, led by Captain Lekakos and Plausky, brought the score to 15 to 13, at half time.

In the third period, a basket by Klevis and Plausky's foul put Latin in the lead. But Governor scored three successive baskets before the period ended with the score of 21 to 16.

Shortly after the start of the fourth period, Klevis committed his fourth personal foul and was forced to leave the game. A foul by Rogert and two baskets and a foul by Witham were Latin's best efforts in the final period.

Cambridge 39

Cambridge Latin started slowly but finished with a rush, as they swamped Belmont High by a score of 39 to 18.

Klevis scored the first basket, but a long shot by Anderson tied the score. Rogert scored a pretty basket, late in the period, after taking a pass from Klevis. Latin led 7 to 4 at the end of the first period, and was never headed during the game.

Rogert and Witham each netted a pair of baskets in the second period which gave Latin a 19 to 12 lead at the half.

In the third period, Belmont's best efforts were one foul shot and one shot from the floor, both of which were missed. In this period, Latin scored thirteen points; six by Rogert, three by Plausky, and four by Witham.

The final period was played by Latin's substitutes who managed to ring up seven more points. Rogert featured for Latin, being responsible for fifteen points.

Somerville 29

Cambridge Latin was nosed out by Somerville in a thrilling game, 29 to 28. It was the second time during the season that Somerville downed Cambridge by the margin of one point.

Cambridge scored first but could not hold the lead and trailed 9 to 8 at the end of the quarter. The second period was a repetition of the first, Plausky putting Latin in the lead with a pretty shot, after a long pass, 19 to 17. In the third period, a basket by Witham and a foul by Plausky gave Latin the lead, going into the final period, 22 to 19.

Plausky opened the last period with a basket, but Vitello scored twice, Lundquist once, and

Cambridge 22**Belmont 18**

Buckley dropped in two fouls before Latin could score. This gave Somerville the lead, 27 to 24. Rogert scored after taking a pass from Plausky, and Latin was trailing by only one point. Somerville went into a three point lead on Lundquist's basket with two minutes to play. At this point, Plausky netted two fouls, but Latin could not score the tying point.

Cambridge 30

Mass. Nautical 26

With Walter Plausky leading the attack, Cambridge Latin defeated the Massachusetts Nautical School, 30 to 26, in an over-time game.

The Nautical School led 17 to 12 at the half and, so far, appeared to be the better team. Cambridge came back strongly during the next two periods, however, and tied the score at 26 — all at the end of the regulation playing time.

Plausky broke the tie with a basket in the over-time, and Witham added another to clinch the game for Cambridge.

Rindge 33

Cambridge 26

Cambridge Latin lost the opening game of their series with Rindge Tech, 33 to 26. Latin led at the half and for most of the third period, but Rindge's powerful finish was too much for the Cantabs.

Latin, led by Rogert and Plausky, started fast and rolled up twelve points to Rindge's four, in the first period. In the second period, Latin continued to outplay Rindge and led at the half, 17 to 12. Latin's lead was due to fine foul shooting.

In the third period, Rindge, led by Deluise and Burbul, doubled their total and led going into the final period, 24 to 18.

In the final period, Rindge drew further into the lead on two baskets by Paglierani. Witham and Rogert were both put out of the game in this period for committing their fourth personal fouls. Plausky led the Latin scorers with eight points, while Deluise of Rindge scored thirteen.

Keith Academy 37

Cambridge 18

Cambridge Latin was swamped by Keith Academy by the score of 37 to 18. The game was one sided and uninteresting. Latin trailed throughout the game.

Everett 32

Cambridge 16

Cambridge Latin lost to Everett High by a score of 32 to 16. Cambridge had defeated Everett in their previous game.

Cambridge took the lead in the first period on a basket by Plausky, but Everett soon took the lead and held it throughout the game. Shortly before the end of the quarter, Lekakos shot a

pretty basket from the center of the floor. The second period was close, and the scoring was low. Everett led 14 to 9 at the half.

In the third period, Everett opened a 23 to 9 lead on some fine shooting by Dwenuti, Rogers, and Rokean. Lekakos netted another long shot to make the score 23 to 11 at the end of the third period.

In the final period, Plausky caged two baskets, but this ended Latin's scoring for the day. Everett took a safe lead on four successive baskets before the game ended.

Cambridge 34

Rindge 27

Cambridge Latin defeated Rindge Tech in the second game of their series, 34 to 27. The Latin attack was led by Captain Lekakos and Rogert.

Two fouls by Klevis and a basket by Plausky gave Latin a lead at the start. A basket by Lekakos and a foul by Witham gave Latin a 7 to 3 lead at the end of the quarter.

Rindge started strongly and took the lead in the second period, but fine shooting by Rogert kept Latin on even terms. When the teams left the floor at the half, the score was tied at 14 - all.

Deluise and Parker scored two points apiece to give Rindge a four point lead. Witham was put out of the game for four personal fouls. Rogert caged a pretty long shot, but Deluise scored to hold the lead for Rindge.

Rogert duplicated Lekakos's shot, and later netted another long one to tie the score at 20-all. Plausky netted four points and Lekakos netted another long shot. From then on, the Rindge cause was lost, and Latin increased their lead until there was no doubt as to which was the better team.

HOCKEY

Hebron Academy 5

Cambridge 2

Cambridge Latin journeyed to Hebron Academy only to be defeated by the strong preparatory school team, 5 to 2. The Hebron team was captained by Freddie Harlow, former Cambridge Latin all-round athlete, who was the outstanding star of the game.

The game was fast and well played throughout. The Cambridge team put up a good game from start to finish. Freddie Harlow scored two goals against his old school, and his great checking kept Latin from carrying far into Hebron territory. Russell, a former Melrose star, also scored two goals for Hebron.

Latin's goals were scored by Captain Johnny Reardon and Burke. Reardon, Hovenanian, and Burke featured for Cambridge.

Cambridge 1**Stoneham 0**

Cambridge Latin won its first Suburban League game when it vanquished the fast Stoneham High sextet by a score of 1 to 0. The game was fast and attended by a large gathering.

The game was one of the features of the Stoneham winter carnival. Through the first two periods, close covering prevented either team from scoring.

In the final period Horgan carried past the blue-line and passed to Reardon who scored the only marker of the game.

Newton 2**Cambridge 0**

Cambridge Latin was beaten by Newton High's last period spurt, 2 to 0. Both teams played defensive hockey until the final period, in which all the scoring was done.

In the first period both teams played conservative hockey, waiting for an opening. Cambridge threatened in the second period when Derosia stickhandled through the entire Newton team, split the defense, and then missed a close-up.

In the final period, both teams were striving to break the tie, and for a while it looked as though the game would end in a scoreless tie. Late in the period, however, Colby carried the length of the ice, but was forced to the boards by Reardon. From this position he shot weakly. The puck hit the goal post and rolled in for the first score of the game. Shortly afterwards, Blackler scored from a scrimmage in front of the Cambridge goal.

Derosia, a freshman, was the offensive star for Latin and was continually threatening the Newton goal. McSweeney played a great defensive game.

Rindge 2**Cambridge 1**

Cambridge Latin was defeated by its ancient rival, Rindge Tech, by the margin of one goal, 2 to 1. Latin took an early lead but held it through only one period.

Latin scored its only goal early in the first period. Horgan poke-checked the puck, skated around the Rindge defense, drew the goalie out of position, and scored.

In the second period, Johnson evened the score when he shot from a scrimmage. Johnson scored again in the same period, when he shot from outside the defense. His shot did not leave the ice but it managed to slip past the Cambridge goal.

Throughout the third period, Latin outplayed Rindge and kept the puck in Rindge territory most of the time. Houle broke away in this period, and as he closed in on the Cambridge

net, Burke managed to deflect the puck and save what appeared to be a sure goal.

Horgan and Reardon featured for Latin. Horgan did some fine poke-checking, while Hopkins played well in the goal.

Belmont 3**Cambridge 2**

Cambridge Latin playing at the top of their game, lost to Belmont High, 3 to 2. Cambridge outplayed Belmont and was continually carrying the game to them.

Cambridge scored first, early in the opening period, when McSweeney carried down the right boards, circled the defense and scored. Soon afterward, Ford took a pass-out in front of the Latin net and beat Hopkins with a long shot. Belmont scored again before the end of the period on Disteffano's shot.

The second period was full of action, with the Cantabs carrying the brunt of the attack, but neither team was able to score. In the final period, Latin had four men up the ice in an attempt to score when Jimmy Murphy of Belmont broke away and swept up the ice. Hopkins didn't have a chance to save, and Belmont led, 3 to 1. On the next play, Johnny Murphy of Latin pushed home Latin's final score from a scrimmage. Neither team was able to score throughout the closing minutes.

Cambridge 2**Woburn 2**

Cambridge Latin tied Woburn High in a slow and colorless game 2 to 2. Cambridge played without Captain Johnny Reardon who was injured.

In the first period, Debenedictis was left uncovered in front of the Cambridge net, and the result was a passout which he netted for the first marker which put Woburn in the lead. In the second period, Burke evened the score on a pretty solo up center-ice, and a close-up shot.

In the final period, McDonough, of Woburn, carried down the right wing and was forced to the boards. His passout was knocked into the Cantab cage by a Latin player who was attempting to clear behind the net. McSweeney broke away in the same period and scored the tying goal on a pretty rush. No overtime was played.

Cambridge 2**St. Marks 1**

Cambridge Latin defeated St. Mark's by a score of 2 to 1. Cambridge Latin had the game well in hand up the final few minutes of the game, when St. Mark's threatened to even the score.

Cambridge scored first soon after the opening whistle. Reardon carried along the left boards,

bore in on the goal, and was robbed by a pretty stop by Coleman. He picked up the rebound and passed over to Hovenanian who scored. In the second period, Hovenanian picked up at the blue-line, circled the defense, and batted in his second goal of the afternoon.

In the third period, Latin passed up some golden opportunities to score. Burke took a pass-out and lifted over the cage. Horgan broke loose skated around the defense, and was robbed by a great save. Hovenanian, also, skated free but was denied by good goal-tending.

Through the first two periods, St. Marks was content to take long shots from the blue-line; but in the final stanza, they began to bore in. Hopkins was given plenty of work but managed to keep the strings clear for a time. Late in the period, Oliver scored from a scrimmage. From the on, Latin played defensive hockey and managed to hold the lead.

Hopkins played a great game in the goal. Reardon was immense on the defense, and Hovenanian featured in the scoring.

Melrose 4

Cambridge 1

Captain Herb Keough led his championship Melrose team to a victory over Cambridge Latin by a score of 4 to 1. Keough was the leading scorer, netting the puck three times.

Latin scored late in the game, when Rooney worked around the defense and scored to save his team from a shut-out. Keough was the star of the game, but Hovenanian and Reardon played well for Latin.

Arlington 3

Cambridge 2

Cambridge Latin lost to Arlington High in the last ten seconds of play, 3 to 2. Twice Arlington took the lead only to be tied by Cambridge.

Lax opened the scoring nine minutes after the opening whistle with a burning close-up shot that climaxed a brilliant rush. In the second period, Hovenanian rushed down the left boards and worked past the defense to tie the score. Before the period ended, Lax broke away, and his shot from outside the defense sneaked past Hopkins and put Arlington in the lead, 2 to 1.

Less than a minute after the start of the final period, Burke evened the score with a long shot after taking a pass from Horgan. With but ten seconds to play, Reardon and Hovenanian were in the penalty box. Latin, playing two men short, could not stop Arlington, and Lane scored the winning goal ten seconds before the closing bell.

At a meeting of the letter men, Oliver Laronde was elected to captain the 1932 Cambridge Latin football team. Ollie has played full-back for two years. He is a fine plunging back and a good defensive player. Laronde also has played outfield on the baseball team since he was a freshman. He will be a senior next year. The vote was unanimous on the first ballot.

John "Tweet" Reardon, captain of the Latin hockey team, was chosen on the All-Suburban hockey team, which opposed and defeated the All-Boston team on Washington's Birthday. Reardon was also All-Suburban in football.

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So you will probably guess before you read much further in this article, your regular Exchanger is not writing for you this issue, but a strange person known as a Substitute. However, we shall do the best we can, and try to show at least a little more discrimination than did the professor we once heard of who took the themes he had to mark and, standing at the bottom of a flight of stairs, threw them up, one by one. The mark received depended on the step each landed on. But we've abandoned that method for several reasons and shall try our best to give you some idea of the type of material other papers are printing.

First, we adjust our monacle and procede to examine the "Clarion", published by the Jamaica Plain High School. This is quite good in parts. The editorials are well written and interesting; one, on the subject of carving desk covers, might well be reprinted here. Then comes a long literary department. The many stories and essays by girls seem to have been printed with very little discrimination, but the articles written by boys all seem fine. In one essay on life here in the fortieth century, the author presents a picture of how learning will be acquired then. As far as we can make out, the student merely sits with earphones on for a certain length of time while his professor speaks into a machine. Then he knows that subject thoroughly. That seems like a great improvement over our crude twentieth century methods. But, alas, I fear we shall never live to see that blissful time!

Then come three very interesting departments, on "Agriculture", the "Library" and "Page Cutter's", a page of book reviews. These are all well done, especially the notes on the books and exhibits in the school library.

There is only one poem in the whole magazine, and that is tucked in at the very end as more or less an after thought. This seems queer for the poem is very pleasant. We suggest more of them to lighten the general tone of the magazine, perhaps in place of the too numerous cartoons.

So much for that! This job doesn't seem so bad after all.

Here is another — "The Taconic" from the Williamstown High School. I believe that this

is the first time we have received an exchange copy from there. We are pleased to extend our list of correspondence, and hope they will also enjoy reading "The Review". This paper, too, has been sponsoring a short story contest, and the winning stories are published in it. There are two amusing ballads; one has the unusual feature of providing a happy ending to the traditional Romeo and Juliet story and the other is a clever take-off on many old ballads. A "Faculty Corner" is an interesting feature of the "Taconic". By the way, we are getting many suggestions for our paper. Don't you think that a "Faculty Page" would be an interesting addition to the "Review"? Let's see what comes next.

Here it is, the Christmas number of "The Racket" published by the High School at Portland, Maine. Another contest! It's getting so we scarcely read a story unless it is labeled "First Prize" or at least "Honorable Mention". The first prize story is fine, and the others are very well done, especially "Noel" — one of the saddest stories we've ever read. We also enjoyed very much "Bits About 'Em" — a department of rather informal comments on the articles and the pupils.

The poetry, although rather scarce is exceptionally good. There is one sonnet which is very well written. "A New England Autumn" is also very pleasing. On the whole we like this magazine a lot. We wonder what they think of us?

Next our eagle eyes are turned to "The Harpoon" from the Dartmouth High School. This magazine has lots of life; there seems to be quite a few school activities and much school spirit. The editorials are good, short and pithy. The literary department, however, lacks interest, except for an article on the beginning and history of the whaling industry. In the "Poetry Corner" there are several fine selections, "Sunset" and "Song of the Harvest" particularly.

We have read another issue of "The St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle". The tone of this magazine is far superior to any other secondary school paper so far. The essays are good — especially one on Milton; the poetry is exceptional; the athletics are written up in a very unusual entertaining manner; and the reproductions of paint-

ings add much to the charm of the "Chronicle". This magazine is published monthly, too. If we could learn the secret of extracting that much material from the students here for five issues a year, we should be content.

At last our diligent search of Exchange Columns for remarks on the "Review" is successful. "The Advance", a very pleasant, well developed paper published by the Salem High School includes the following about us: "Your's is an exceptional magazine. In fact it is the first magazine I have seen with a French and a German page. Keep them up as they make your magazine stand out of the ordinary rut." With these nice remarks ringing in our ears, we will leave you until the next issue.

ALSO RECEIVED

"The Register" — The Boston Public Latin School.

"The Mirror" — The Waltham High School.

"The Aegis" — The Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

"The Hamtramck Public School Bulletin" — Hamtramck, Mich.

"The Boston University News"

"The Exponent" — The Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

"The Profile" — The Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

"The Booster"—The Mid-West High School, Mid-West, Wyo.

"The Massachusetts Collegian" — Amherst, Mass.

"The Oredigger" — The Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col.

"The Rindge Register" — The Rindge Technical School.

"The Hi-Newsette" — The Vandergrift High School, Vandergrift, Pa.

"The Sagamore" — The Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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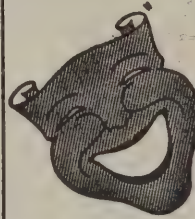
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THE REVIEW



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THE REVIEW

JUNE 1931

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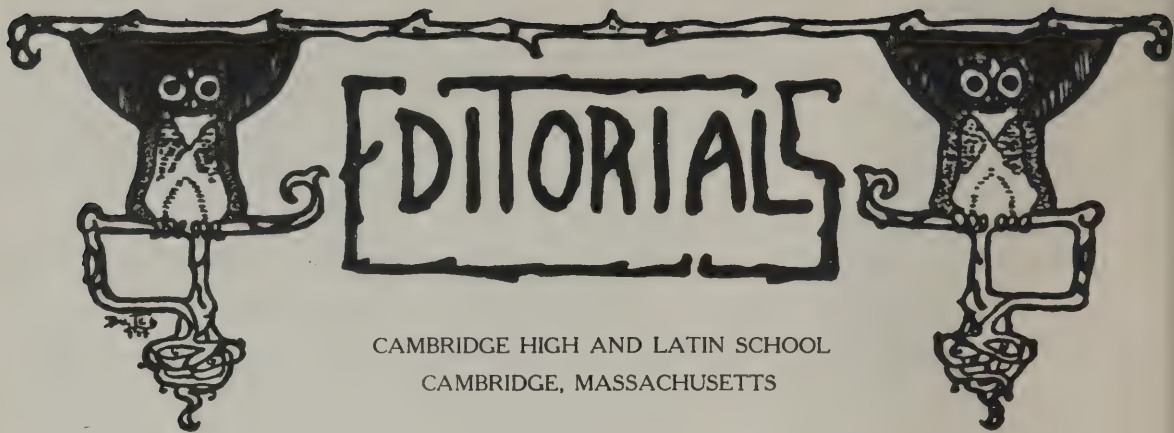
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VOLUME 45

NUMBER 5

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FORTY-FIVE YEARS

WITH this last issue of the current school year, the *Cambridge Review* brings to a close its forty-fifth volume! Founded in 1886, the *Review* is one of the oldest, if not the oldest high school magazine, not only in the United States but in the world! If you don't take our word for the truth of these apparently rash statements, come around to the *Review* Office, and we guarantee to show you the first edition, dated September 1886. Since that time the *Latin and High School Review*, as it was called in the "good old days", has played an important part in this Cambridge High and Latin School.

An editorial in the edition of May, 1894 runs as follows: "Perhaps one of the greatest advancements which the school made was the founding of the *Review* in 1886. From that time the steady growth of school institutions, and the increasing interest in the school itself have gone on rapidly." The *Review* today, although many years have passed, still endeavors to fulfill the same purpose in school life — to increase the interest of the pupils in their school. Its departments are arranged with that purpose; it is almost for that reason alone that there is a school magazine.

There is only one thing that perhaps retards our really accomplishing that purpose. It is that ever present nemesis, lack of what we call SCHOOL SPIRIT! It is that alone which hinders our progress along all lines. It keeps our athletic teams from complete success. We have not the support of the entire student body in all our undertakings. Not until this school spirit disease becomes contagious can we attain the heights of true success!

This year's staff has tried its best to publish a volume that can rank with the best in the long list put out by former pupils. We hesitate to say whether or not we have attained that ideal. We can only say that no man can do better than his best, and all things considered we sincerely

believe that we have done that. We realize that it is impossible to please everyone, but we hope that we have satisfied the trust of our subscribers and readers. We have enjoyed the support of many interested pupils and teachers, and have had a far more pleasant year than we ever dared expect. It has been a positive pleasure to work with so appreciative and sympathetic a faculty adviser as Miss Hardy, and to strive for success in the atmosphere of cooperation and good-fellowship evinced by the many members of the *Review* staff.

May we, then, in closing, for the last time, extend our heartiest good wishes to future staffs? May they be still more successful than we have been in accomplishing their purpose to increase the interest of future pupils in their Cambridge High and Latin School!

I. B.

CLASS GIFT

TO perpetuate its memory in the Cambridge High and Latin School, and to show its appreciation to the school for what it has done for them, the members of the Class of 1931 will present to the school a curtain for the stage in the assembly Hall. For many years now, to the despair of the Elocution Department, this has been one of the most notable of the many improvements that the hall has needed.

It was largely through the efforts of Miss Mildred Ford, popular member of the above mentioned department, that the need for that important improvement was called to the attention of the President of the Senior Class, Joseph Olivo, a former member of one of her classes; and it was to no mean extent through her efforts that plans were started toward its making. Although her classes prevent her from taking an active part in helping Miss Hartigan, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. Cleveland make all arrangements with the firm that has been chosen to make the curtain, Miss Ford's kind and sincere efforts to help

the class select an appropriate gift to the school are deeply appreciated. May we take this opportunity to thank her, Miss Hartigan, Mr. Doyle and Mr. Cleveland in the name of the Class of 1931, for their kind efforts and assistance?

SENIORS!

You have reached your "Journey's End" as for as high school is concerned, Seniors. It has been a long, hard fight, but at last you have reached the top, and attained success — some more so than others. When you leave your Cambridge High and Latin School, you will leave many pleasant memories, many friends, behind you. You are entering a new world. May you succeed in the future as in the past, and may you find only success and happiness in all your undertakings.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

On April 22, in the Latin School Hall, the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest was held. Each year medals are awarded to a boy and to a girl in this contest established by the Class of 1918 to perpetuate the memories of the boys of C. H. L. S. who fought in the great war. From a group of four boys and four girls who demonstrated fine ability and thorough training in their presentations, Anastasia Kirby and Stephen McCormick were chosen as the prize winners.

After an overture by the orchestra under the direction of Miss Wait, Lynne Wyeth presented a delightful, naive interpretation of James Whitcomb Riley's "The Bear Story", a tale of adventure as recounted by a little fellow with a vivid imagination. George Curtin, in his finest manner, then gave the speech in which the American ambassador presented his sincere plea for Cuba in the Congressional Chambers. Eleanor Campbell's selection was of a dramatic nature. Miss Campbell treated "The Lord's Prayer" with sincerity and emotion. "Idol Smashers" was presented with a great deal of spirit by Joseph Ricker. Noreen Leahy, who received honorable mention, gave us vivid contrast in "Three Women of America", which she presented with her usually fine ability. Two of Joyce Kilmer's poems were presented by Laurence Mullen in a manner sufficient enough to win honorable mention. Anastasia Kirby's treatment of "Disraeli" was excellent: Characterization was pronounced, situation keenly sensed, and the whole selection crowned with polished presentation. Stephen McCormick's characterization of

a French dandy, Monsieur Beaucaire, surprised us all. Especially laudable were his accent, interpretation, and ability to so well portray two very different characters.

The entire program follows.

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George Curtin

3. DISRAELI — *Act III*LOUIS N. PARKER
Anastasia Kirby

4. MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE — *Act I*
BOOTH TARKINGTON
Stephen J. McCormick, Jr.

SUITE — "*Antony and Cleopatra*"GREENWALD
A. *Dance of The Nubians*
B. *Antony's Victory*

THE ORCHESTRA

5. THE LORD'S PRAYERFRANCOIS COPPEE
Eleanor Campbell

6. A. "THE SNOWMAN IN THE YARD"
B. "THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT"
JOYCE KILMER
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LITERARY

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

SOME years ago a prize essay contest was established in this school in memory of Miss Caroline Close, a former head of the English Department. From a group of contestants who have honor grade marks in English, a winner from each class is chosen in an essay contest. The prize awards are made at Graduation. The names of the winners and of those who received honorable mention this year are as follows:

ENGLISH I Prize

Ronald Humez

Honorable Mention

Arnold Hurvitz
Virginia Ullvan
Arthur Cushing
Eleanor Robbins
Marian Finkel

ENGLISH III Prize

Gertrude Lancaster

Honorable Mention

Emily Whitman
William Hanson
Manes Specter
Anne Conley

ENGLISH II Prize

Jeanette Eyre

Honorable Mention

Mary E. Rankin
Christina Gallagher
Mary Cronin
Mary Scannell
Veronica Carr
George Maden
Helen Tedford
Ruth Freeman

ENGLISH IV Prize

Joseph A. Moore

Honorable Mention

Israel Berkman
Theodora Hubbard
Dorothea O'Connell
William Millar
Dorothy Henderson

whether they always look as they do now. We would give much to know how they appeared before the mastodon and sabre-toothed tiger reigned supreme. In those bygone days this cluster of rocky capes and beautiful coast with silent tropical forests reaching high harbors might have been one unbroken sandy into the air behind it.

The ice sheets came and went leaving the coast cold and desolate and doing an enormous amount for the sea in this great race between land and water with supremacy of the earth as a prize for the winner.

Then came man, first redmen and later white, who all watched the ocean with great awe. Although they believed the sea to be full of great monsters, they began to depend on it and finally to trust it and to sail on its depths in tiny boats.

As civilization advanced men ceased to fear the ocean altogether and began wondering how it could be made to serve them. The briny depths gave food to men already but with the advent of electricity men commenced to look upon the sea as a means of obtaining power. The tides are being harnessed in some parts of the world which keeps the sea from making any more inroads on the land in those particular places.

This race between land and water goes on although the gain of the sea upon the land is not perceptible from year to year.

RONALD HUMEY, '34

ENGLISH I A RACE



HERE is there a better place in which to be than the seashore on a beautiful day? The white capped billows rolling into foaming embrasures in the rock walled shores, the dashing spray, and the beautiful blue-green sea form a panorama never to be forgotten.

As we look at the worn cliffs, we wonder

ENGLISH II IDLE DREAMS

Olga sat in the doorway of her tiny hut, deftly spinning the snowy flax. Her strong white hands were busy with the threads, but her eyes were lifted to the budding trees against the translucent blue of the spring sky. Her glance strayed down the road, tawny yellow against the green hills; she wondered how many days would pass before Mischa would come galloping down this very road, and would pause to leap the narrow bridge across the chasm. How slowly the time had gone! But surely, now that spring was

here, he would come soon. Had he not told her that when winter had gone, and the fords were passable once more that he would be back?

Unconsciously she let fall her distaff, and her dark eyes lighted up as she thought of his dashing figure, so gay and gallant in his cossack's uniform. She saw in her mind his narrow, dark Georgian face, saw again his white-flashing smile and heard his gusty laugh. Oh, how fortunate a maiden was she to have for lover such a one!

Again she looked with longing down the road which was to bring him back. But look! under her dreaming eyes appeared a cloud of dust, hardly more than a speck in the distance. As she stared intently, she saw the cloud slowly take the form of a horseman, riding furiously. He swung his whip lustily as he rode, and she even saw the gold braid on his tunic glint in the sunlight. It was he — Mischa.

With incredible speed, which nevertheless seemed all too slow to Olga, the horseman reached the narrow footbridge that crossed the rocky chasm. Olga watched breathless, waiting to see him cross the gorge with his usual leap. How strong, how brave, and how agile was he, always scorning to take the easy and well-defined way.

Wide-eyed, she watched him; it was incredible. Had his horse shied? It could not be! Oh God, who art all powerful, he cannot have fallen; dropped down among the cruel rocks, to a certain and horrible death. Dead — *He* is dead!

JEANETTE EYRE, '33

ENGLISH III THE RETURN OF SPRING

Spring was returning. Everywhere faint tinges of green were appearing on hedges, trees, and lawns. Crocuses dotted the rolling landscape of the country estate which Ruth Sherwood viewed from the steps of the large white mansion one morning early in May. There was a bored, half-impatient frown upon her face as she walked down the steps and followed the path that led to the beach below. It was evident that she was not impressed by the beauty about her. Probably, she did not see it, for her mind was on the fact that that day she, with her family, must leave this impressive estate which had always been her home. Her father was practically penniless! The frown deepened. How could a girl be expected to be popular and to keep the position she had gained when suddenly, she is uprooted and rushed away to some little town in

Maine? How silly of Dad to lose his money right now when she needed it most! All these thoughts and many others passed through Ruth's head as she walked along the sand, regardless of the blue waves of the ocean which rolled and broke in tiny ripples at her feet. She thought of the parting words of one of her friends, Tad Lawley. He had whispered, "Do write to me about the woods and lakes. Will you? I have heard so much about them."

In the excitement of the moment, Tad's words had been forgotten. Ruth remembered them now, and laughed scornfully. How could a girl think of woods and lakes when her friends have deserted her and nothing else matters? She thought to herself, "I never did understand Tad. He was always raving about nature or something just as silly. . . ."

A week passed in the country uneventfully. Ruth was cross and sullen to everyone. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood often wished that Ruth were happier. Sometimes, in trying days, when they attempted to make both ends meet, they longed for her sympathy and love.

One day, when she felt she could stay home no longer, in desperation, Ruth took the path to the woods, hoping to find some amusement. While wandering slowly along the path, she suddenly came upon a young boy, clad in old clothes, sitting by a stream, idly dangling his legs over the side of a log. He jumped to his feet when he saw Ruth and smilingly offered her a seat. He looked so very happy that Ruth wondered at his joy, knowing him to be an orphan and the hired boy of a very bitter old man. She sat down beside him, silently. The boy, unheeding of her silence, burst out spontaneously, "Aren't you glad just to be alive? Listen!" The boy leaned forward eagerly. A bird called out shrilly, and his mate warbled a soft reply. Ruth's glance followed where the boy silently pointed. Gliding lazily about in the water unaware of observers, were two handsome brook trout. The sunlight glittered and sparkled on the water as it gurgled, bubbled, and rippled gently on the rocks. Dainty May flowers, peeking from beneath leaves, edged the brook. Raising her glance, Ruth saw through the canopy of delicate greens above her a soft patch of blue, surrounded by dainty white clouds. Looking again at the joyous expression in the boy's eyes, Ruth felt strangely happy. She didn't know exactly why, but she knew that she wanted to run home and tell mother what she had seen, to tell her that Dad needn't worry for they were all going to work together and be happy, to tell her that Spring had returned.

ENGLISH IV

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY
FOREVER

To music lovers everywhere, Wagner will always hold a foremost place in the world of music; and it is not at all difficult to understand the reason. After listening to the excerpts from one of his operas, "Die Walkure", or "Tannhauser", or to the overture from "Lohengrin", we realize the depth of his power, his beauty of expression, his dramatic force and subtle touch, and we appreciate the genius of the master. Perhaps we can not fully understand why we do enjoy the music; we say that it is wonderful, we talk of its charm and praise its grand style, but we never realize the fact that it satisfies our emotions and appeals to our nature because it is beautiful.

We can never stop before Millet's "The Man with the Hoe" without thinking at once of the beauty of the portrait. The lines on the face, the bend of the back, the glowing sun in the distance, even the sheep in the field are drawn so beautifully, so life-like that we marvel at the great gift of the artist.

Let us read "Millay's "Renascence" or Kilmer's "Trees", or Masfield's "Sea Fever". In the poet's words we find such beautiful thoughts and expressions that we wonder how such common every-day ideas are made everlastingly beautiful just by the power of a poet.

Today, in springtime, let us look around at nature, and let us understand the beauty of it. The majestic trees, covered with their green leaves are beautiful in themselves; the flowers in the fields, the tulips, the snap-dragons, the pussy-willows, the Easter lilies—all show to the world the goodness of God, and His love for mankind.

Long after we are in our graves these same things will be appreciated. As long as there is a God above, beauty will be admired. As long as man breathes and has his being, there will be beauty. The old saying is really true, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

JOSEPH A. MOORE, '31

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES

Miss Butler's class in English IV has lately been studying Browning's "My Last Duchess". Several members of the class have made attempts to write monologues of their own, based on the story of Browning's work. We here present two which, though not equal to Browning's, are at least interesting as attempts at poetry.

Two years after the Duke of Ferrara has married his "New Duchess", the Duke's valet calls upon the Count, the Duchess's father.

The valet speaks:

Mi-lord, I thank ye for thy courtesy;
Your proffered cup I would put by,
And warm me by your hearth. The night is
chill;

My message, full of ill foreboding, for
Your daughter is in danger. What? Oh yes,
I know the Duke; his valet I. 'Tis he
That harms your child. You can't believe?

Well then,

Let's gaze into these flames while I recount
My tale. Perchance the dancing fire will aid
Your mind to grasp and feel what I will tell.
Oh! well do I recall that night long past
(In howl of wind and slash of rain, such as
Tonight it was) when first a Duchess, blest,
(So said the Duke) with his nine-hundred-years'
Old name Ferrara, died a victim of
This Duke's harsh temperament. You think not
so?

Let me go on. You'll see my reason soon.

A fortnight saw another Duchess in
The former's place, a second wife to "share
The honor" of that heritage; how blithe
She stood, how like a rose that rears her head,
Rejoicing in the sunlight and the dew.
'Twas she Fra Pandolf's hand with agile sweep
Once painted for my master's gallery.
Oh! the foreboding of that glance and passion of
That earnest eye! That smile, how soon sup-
pressed

Until she drooped and died, just as the rose,
When the stem is snapped, and the sap has
stopped its flow.

You say that she a fragile frame possessed?
Oh yes, perhaps, but this at least you'll grant:
That, while he dares not harm the spirit's shell,
His dignity, integrity, his name,
Its worship, have the power to turn to stone
The stoutest soul. What, sir you don't agree?
You know how like a lily was your gem
Before she met the selfish Duke. But now
Your fairest daughter haunts Death's door. You
knew

A tear dropt from her gentle eye the night
She married him. She did not love that man.
Compelled, she left a soldier in your guard,
(A man of less repute, but man indeed)
And took the Duke Ferrara in his stead —
(To sound his very name doth sting) Oh! that
You'd harkened to that nurse who warned you of
The stone-cold heart concealed beneath that air
Of stateliness. Then trustless Rumor came

With head above the fleecy clouds, to tell
 That her soft pillow "oft was wet with tears".
 But naught, you said, save natural tenderness
 In woman's constitution, troubled her.
 How you could know is more than I can see.
 You knew her growing weakness; now of late
 The Duke forbids your seeing her, though scarce
 On hour's walk would bring you to her side.
 And now the Duchess in a stupor lies.
 Tonight I heard the solitary wail
 Of dogs. What's that? Of course there are no
 ghosts.

But something in me dwells that says, "Beware!"
 I love your daughter, and would save her from
 This wretch's grasp before it is too late,
 For while she lives and breathes, Hope still re-
 mains.

I fain would have you send your men to snatch
 Her from this peaceful tyrant's hand. Oh good,
 At last you see my point. You'll send a band
 This very night? That's fine. I'm glad you'll
 waste

No time. There's not a moment to be spared:
 The Duchess weakens more and more. Now I
 Must seek my castle most. With more delay
 The Duke might find my counsel out. But hark,
 What's that! Me thought I heard a footstep in
 The castle-gate. I fear mine absence is
 Revealed. Your servant, Count. A note for me?
 A message from my brother at the Duke's.
 O wrest me from this eddying swirl of woe!
 Mi-lord, a fire; And while we planned to save
 Her life, she burned! A careless servant's torch
 The drapings caught, and like a flash her room
 A whirl of flames became; and she, oh woe,
 Unconscious, in her stupor lying, died,
 The victim of those thirsty tongues. Alas,
 Your daughter, oh my cynosure, my love!
 The servants would have rescued her, had not
 The Duke cried out, "That wench, leave her!
 This way!"

My paintings! 'My Last Duchess' must be
 saved."

(A curse for aye upon his age-old name!)
 And he, descending with his prize, stumbled
 And perished with it in the flames. Ah yes,
 A red flush tints the sky, where but an hour
 Ago your daughter's spacious prison reared
 Its head. I know how hard this blow must
 strike.

But come, let's thither. We can help to quell
 The hungry fire, and give our sorrow vent
 In realization that this Duke ne'er more
 Will lead a Duchess from the altar to
 The grave. Come, now, to horse. Full speed.

CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO, '31

Fra Pandolf, the Painter, speaks:
 Come, Brother Mickel, let us stroll a while
 Into the garden, now our psalms are said
 For one more day. Ah me, but yonder tow'ring
 Cloistered roof seems but a prison now
 That spring is here with all its beckonings.
 One year ago it was, as you have heard me tell
 Before, I journeyed North to Duke Ferrara's hall
 To paint the portrait of his Duchess — See,
 The golden tints of sunset on that hill!
 To paint that would be joyful work to me;
 But first Duke Andrée's portrait must be done
 Before my brush is free to paint at will.
 You wish to hear about that trip? To one
 Like you such journeys seem to be so great;
 But do not envy me my work, young friend;
 To travel in this world is but to see
 More sorrow. You should be content to spend
 Here in this peaceful place such happy years. —
 About the Duchess? She reminded me
 Of Raphael's madonna, in our chapel.
 So were her features, but her face more gay,
 More used to laughter. Used to laughter, yes,
 But sldom did the carefree notes drop from
 Her lips while I was there, It was not long
 Before her death, and even then she seemed
 Often lost in revery. But still,
 When the Duke was not at home, she'd talk
 To me as does a child, requesting me to
 To tell her of myself, taking joy in everything,
 Pleased at any chance remark I said
 About her looks. Yes, beautiful she was,
 And knew it too, but wanted now and then
 To hear it said; so strange all women are.
 The garden too she loved, and oft would walk
 There all alone, when'er the Duke allowed.
 One tiny plot she called her own, and there
 She planted shrubs, in pleasing disarray,
 Sharp contrast to the strict, severer plots,
 Of what the Duke was pleased to call his park.
 We talked of that and many things besides;
 All while my brush worked steadily
 To reproduce in paint her dainty face.
 Yet do not think 'twas always thus;
 For many times the Duke would sit and watch
 My painting and her pose. But on such days
 She did not freely talk to me but seemed
 As if she were restrained and sad. Silent
 She sat, or tried at times, with pleasant word,
 To bring the Duke, her Lord, to talk with her:
 But he with one sharp word would bid her keep
 Her silence and to mind the pose. Each time
 It seemed as if he struck her. She kept still
 But her breath came short and downcast were
 her eyes.

Thus I worked 'til all was done at last —

The finished painting hung up on the wall.
 Within six months she died. God rest her now!
 Some say 'twas of a broken heart she went,
 But I have heard it whispered that the Duke
 Grew tired of his Duchess and so took
 A harsh and cruel means to end it all.
 I know not which; and recently I've heard,
 Within so short a time, he has brought home
 Another Duchess to his hall. — 'Tis late.
 We must go in. But, friend, remember this:
 To travel and to see much more of life
 Than from yon cloistered roof is visible
 'Tis but to see more sorrow, more distress
 Than closed within those walls you dream about.
 Come, we must go, — but see that tiny star
 Herald of night, glowing in the sky
 Far, far above our petty griefs and cares.

ELIZABETH ROORBACH, '31

DEATH

A sombre gloom, drums' intermittent roll —
 The frenzied terror of a tortured soul
 Dreading to cross with frantic human fears,
 Weighted with torments and regrets of years,
 That shady river which serenely flows
 Into the mystic land that no man knows.

I think that Death should prove to be
 Returning to Infinity;
 A quiet slipping into boundless blue,
 A tranquil, welcome rest when life is through.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

THE SMYTHE-THOMPSONS IN ENGLAND

ISN'T it beautiful outside! I think the English countryside is just as lovely as it is always pictured as being. Everything is such a delightful green and the flowers are so colorful — "Belle's voice trailed off in ecstasy as she gazed at the ever-charming panorama of daisy-pied meadows, patches of woodland, and picturesque little villages clustered along the banks of silvery streams.

The Smythe-Thompsons were now on their way to Leamington Spa where they would begin a tour through Oxford and the Shakespeare country. They had been in London nearly a week and had visited most of the famous places such as Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square, London's two best-known squares; Cheapside,

TRIAD

These three
 Be things of power:
 A roaring fire at large —
 A snorting train — the ocean in
 A storm.

E. G. CUMMINGS, '31

TRIAD

These three
 Be graveful things:
 A dancing girl — the swoop
 Of birds — tall poplars bowing in
 The wind.

E. G. CUMMINGS, '31

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

Timid little flower, white as purest snow
 Growing midst the grasses hiding there, you
 know,
 Gazing at King Sunflower with look so coyly shy,
 Yet at the same time trembling, I often wonder
 why.

For let him have all his splendor, his power, and
 his sway,
 Yet give to her that gentle sweetness, to her,
 that quiet way,
 For by that she conquers Heaven, e'en the mighty
 are not free

Look, sweet gentle blossom, King Sunflower
 bows to thee!

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.

the birthplace of Milton; the Houses of Parliament; the Old Curiosity Shop; and Fleet Street, which is noted for its former connection with Dr. Samuel Johnson and is now the hub of London's newspaper world. They had made more extended visits to the London Museum, the British Museum, and the National Gallery, which contain many old treasures, the most notable of which is the Rosetta Stone, the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics; and also to the Guildhall, the historic municipal building of the old City, where they saw the medieval Reception and Banqueting Hall.

When the Smythe-Thompsons reached Leamington they found that the bus was ready to depart, so a few moments after their arrival they

were comfortably settled on their way to Warwick Castle. Here they spent a delightful morning examining this historic seat of the Earls of Warwick. The castle contains a beautiful chapel and a choice collection of paintings and old armor. Since one room is devoted to a group of portraits of Henry VIII, the guide spent much time giving an account of this romantic king's many loves. Junior was particularly amused to learn that this rather stout unromantic-looking man was married six times and that of those numerous wives, two were divorced, two were beheaded, one died, and one outlived him.

At one end of the immense courtyard before the castle, the Smythe-Thompsons found the well-preserved fortifications of the 14th century. These medieval relics are situated upon a slight rise of ground and lend a peculiar majesty and romance to the beautifully kept gardens and parks which completely surround them. From Warwick, the party returned to Leamington for lunch.

After this repast had been eagerly partaken of, the group resumed their journey, this time having as their goal Stratford-on-Avon. En route to this famous little town they passed Charlecote Park, the seat of the Luces of Charlecote. It was here, according to tradition, that Shakespeare was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy on the charge of poaching deer in the Park. After a delightful ride through one of the loveliest parts of England, the tourists reached Stratford and immediately proceeded to the birthplace of the "Bard of Avon". Here they found many precious documents, to many of which was affixed the priceless signature of this master of poetry and drama. In the upper rooms they saw a few of his personal belongings such as the desk at which he sat while attending the Stratford grammar school. Returning to the lower floor, the tourists were shown the very interesting kitchen and were then permitted to inspect the picturesque old garden which occupied the yard in the rear of the house. Here Mrs. Smythe-Thompson was delighted to find one of those rare collections of old-fashioned flowers which are so singularly suggestive of English gardens. Here hollyhocks and zenias, sunflowers and marigolds, dahlias, nasturtiums and ladyslippers were mingled profusely to produce a striking but pleasing combination of colors.

From this quaint old house the tourists proceeded through the town, passing the grammar school as which Shakespeare probably received his early education, and the site of New Place, the residence where the poet died. Next, they visited Holy Trinity Church by the Avon and

saw his modest burial place in the chancel of this tiny church. Here, too, they gazed in wonder upon the curious old sanctuary knocker which adorns the heavy oaken portals. It is said that in days gone by, a pursued criminal who could grasp the huge iron handle of this knocker was safe from the law no matter if his pursuers should overtake him before he could gain the sanctuary of the interior of the church.

Leaving Stratford, the Smythe-Thompsons continued their trip by visiting Shutterly, and viewing Ann Hathaway's cottage. This familiar dwelling with its quaintly thatched roof seemed to belong to a world set apart from the busy life of the Smythe-Thompsons, and was strangely reminiscent of rural life in Shakespeare's time. Of all the many interesting pieces of furniture and other objects of domestic use in the sixteenth century which this house contained, one article drew more attention and interest than any other. This was a stiff-backed, heavy, awkward, oaken settee on which William and Ann spent many of the long evenings during their courtship. As Belle rested upon this uncomfortable seat, she wondered how it could ever have helped further a romance, and the thought of the young poet pledging his love there seemed ridiculous.

The tourists completed their day's journey with a visit to the ruins of the magnificent castle described so vividly by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth" as "That lordly palace where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry where beauty dealt the prize that valour won." Although now in ruins, the remains of its great Norman Keep, which withstood the famous siege when held for the Barons against Henry III, and the beautiful banqueting hall and other buildings of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, enabled the Smythe-Thompsons to visualize its former magnificence when Queen Elizabeth in 1575 was entertained here with such splendor by her favorite, the Earl of Leicester.

The following day our friends continued their trip by visiting some of the more famous of the colleges of Oxford. Of these, the best are Magdalen College and Christ Church. The former was founded by William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, in 1458 and is particularly remarkable for the beauty of its buildings and grounds. Its most important members are Cardinal Wolsey, Addison, Gibbon, and the present Prince of Wales. Christ Church owes its inception to Cardinal Wolsey, who projected and commenced a magnificent College, which, after his death, passed in an uncompleted state

into the possession of Henry VIII. In 1546, the King connected it with his newly created see of Oxford, and named it Christ Church. The Great Quadrangle is the largest in Oxford, and adjacent is Wolsey's Gateway, surmounted by the Tom Tower which contains the famous bell, "Great Tom". The splendid hall was built by Wolsey and is adorned with many portraits of famous members of "The House". The Smythe-Thompsons spent much time examining these two colleges and then continued to Pembroke College, which contains the desk on which Johnson wrote his famous Dictionary; the Bodleian Library, one of the most important and most interesting in the world; and the Sheldonian Theatre, designed by Sir Christopher Wren in imitation of the Theatre of Marcellus at

Gothic Architecture in England. It was begun in 1440 and until recently was known as St. George's Chapel. It serves as the Chapel of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, founded by Edward III about 1348, and as a Royal Mausoleum ranks next to Westminster Abbey, for it contains the tombs of Edward IV, Henry VI, Henry VIII, Charles I and other Kings down to Edward VII. While at Windsor, an opportunity was given the tourists to see the remarkable doll house which was presented to the Queen and exhibited at Wembley Exposition in 1924. Many of the party were, like Belle, delighted with the unexpected privilege of seeing this famous model but several of them agreed with Junior when, in disgust, he exclaimed, "Aw gee! Who wants to see a *doll house*?"



WINDSOR CASTLE—PLACE WHERE ROYAL PRISONERS WERE KEPT

Rome, where every June the University commemorates its founders and benefactors, and confers degrees upon distinguished persons.

The next day our friends visited Windsor, Eton, and Stoke Pages. Windsor Castle, the most royal of all the residences of the British Monarchs, is in every way a remarkable building. Begun by William the Conqueror, it was rebuilt and enlarged by Henry III and in the reign of Edward III a commencement was made on the Chapel of St. George which adjoins it. The incident which provoked Edward III to utter the much-quoted motto of the Order of the Garter — "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" — took place in the castle. Leaving the castle, the visitors strolled along the terrace, enjoying a delightful view of the Thames Valley, until they reached Albert Memorial Chapel, one of the finest examples of the Perpendicular phase of

From Windsor the group proceeded to Eton College. The travelers here visited several of the old classrooms, the walls, desks, and benches of which were covered with carved initials and names, representing some 17,000 youths who had laboured at their lessons in these very surroundings. The sturdy beams which support one of the nearby rooms are said to have been made from the ships captured during the momentous struggle with the Spanish Armada. This college, founded by Henry VI in 1440, is the most famous, as well as the largest, of the English Public Schools, and numbers Pitt and Gladstone, Shelley, Gray, and Wellington among its many famous alumni.

The final place which the Smythe-Thompsons visited that day was the picturesque old cemetery of Stoke Pages. In this church-yard set amidst a charming scene, a singular reverential hush

fell upon the tired tourists as they experienced the quiet restfulness that inspired the famous "Elegy" by Thomas Gray. For some strange reason, not even the noiseome Junior could voice his enthusiasm in shouts or calls. They all gazed with a feeling akin to awe upon the modest brick vault where, "far from the madding crowd," in the grave of the beloved mother to whom he owed so much, the poet's remains were laid to rest. A very interesting spot which the lecturer pointed out at this time was a small window near the foundation in the side of the church. This was the "squint window" where formerly the lepers of the community might receive the benefits of a church service without exposing the congregation to their horrible malady.

As they were leaving this quiet churchyard for the return trip to the bustle of London, the guide pointed out a peculiarly fashioned gate, the explanation of which brought a smile to the lips of every member of the group. It is called "The Kissing Gate", and is so constructed that it will not fully open either way. It was originally built in that manner to prevent cattle from straying from their pasture lands, but its use became very much altered. Often when a youthful couple would be returning home across the meadows in the twilight, they would have to pass through this gate. What could be more natural than that the gallant swain who would open the gate for their passing would then let it close, holding the maiden captive and releasing her only upon payment of a kiss?

As the Smythe-Thompsons had only two more days before their departure for New York, they decided to spend them in London. Accordingly, the first of these days they spent in sight seeing, leaving the second free to pack and prepare for sailing. There still remains three important places for them to see — St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London; therefore, they devoted the entire day to these visits. St. Paul's Cathedral, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, was commenced in 1675 and completed in 1710. It is the scene from time to time of splendid ceremonies, and contains the tombs of many great men such as Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Christopher Wren himself.

Westminster Abbey, however, far surpasses the Cathedral as a Mausoleum. This church was begun in 1050 by order of Edward the Confessor, was partially remodelled in 1245 in the reign of Henry III, and was completed from designs of Wren in 1740. It is a fine example of Gothic architecture; viewed from the open Parliament Square, the beautiful proportions of the build-

ings are readily realized, but it is somewhat dwarfed by the vast adjacent bulk of the Houses of Parliament. However, the fame of the Abbey lies not in its architecture, but in the fact that it has long been the place of the coronation of sovereigns and the burial place of many of them and of their greatest subjects. The original reason for this was the reverence attached to the memory of the Confessor, whose shrine stands in the central chapel behind the high altar. From William the Conqueror onward every sovereign has been crowned here excepting Edward V. The coronation Chairs stand in the Confessor's Chapel; that used by the sovereign dates from the time of Edward I and contains beneath its seat the stone of Scone on which the Celtic Kings were crowned. It is of Scottish origin, but tradition identifies it with Jacob's pillow at Bethel. Needless to say, the Smythe-Thompsons visited the famed Poet's Corner and saw there the many monuments and memorials to distinguished men of letters.

The final point of interest to our friends was the Tower of London, the Castle of the City, which was commenced by William the Conqueror about 1078. Its chief interest lies in its association with prisoners of high rank. Twelve Towers rise from it at intervals, in one of which, the Wakefield Tower, the famed Crown Jewels are kept. The Beauchamp and Bloody Towers were for a long time places of confinement, but dungeons and other chambers are also associated with prisoners of fame. Many of the executed, such as Sir Thomas More, two of Henry VIII's queens, Lady Jane Grey, and Sir Walter Raleigh, were buried in the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula. The attendant staff, called Yeomen of the Guard, or more familiarly, "Buteaters," still wear their picturesque Tudor costume, and Tony spent much time trying to get a snapshot of one of them. After several futile attempts, he succeeded in snapping two, but neither of them satisfied him.

One week later, Junior, who was leaning over the railing anxiously scanning the horizon for the first sign of New York, suddenly cried out, "Land! — to the left! Land!" This long-awaited cry brought everyone to his feet and soon the deck was crowded with passengers eager for the sight of America. Surely Columbus could have been no more joyous at sighting land so long ago than were these modern adventurers who about an hour later cheered lustily as the steamer slid by the Goddess of Liberty — to every American, the emblem of "Home, Sweet Home".

FLORENCE M. JONES, '31.

TWO ENCOUNTERS

NUMEROUS people seem to think that the glory of Greece lies mainly in its ancient history, but my few years' residence in that little country has made it possible for me to see that the modern Greeks are not inferior to their world-renowned ancestors. One example of this is that crafty Cretan, Venizelon, "the world's greatest living statesman", as President Wilson called him. The long fought revolution for freedom, after five centuries of foreign domination, parallels the struggle of the ancient Greeks against barbarism. In the seven years of the revolution, many cruel battles were fought. In the battle of Valtetsi, in Peloponesus, a few hundred Greeks routed a Turkish army of ten thousand, even though the arms of the Greeks consisted mainly of stones, clubs, slings, and a few rifles which could not be used due to the lack of powder. In many other instances the modern Greeks have proved themselves worthy of their ancestors.

During this war of independence, which started on March 25, 1821, and up to the time when it came to an end successfully in 1831, many names were immortalized and among those is that of Diacos. The news of the revolt, which was begun by Archbishop Germanos of Patras by raising the flag of revolution, was heralded throughout the territories where Greeks lived and it spread with lightning rapidity. In the square of Patras, a cross was erected where the Greek manhood came and made its oath to the cause. War necessities were being manufactured and preparation for a hard struggle had begun. All the foreign consuls in Patras were notified that the Greeks were resolved to liberate themselves from the Turkish yoke or die, to the last one, in the attempt. The world was reminded of the glorious past of the Hellenic race. The time had come for the Greeks to rise against their harsh oppressors and to form an independent nation "of the people, by the people, and for the people".

The Greeks assembled under different leaders for the revolution and one of the leaders was Diacos. He had five hundred men as his force and was stationed to guard a passage of the river Sperheious, nearby the battle ground of the memorable battle of Thermopylae, where Leonidas and his Spartans died heroically for their country. The Albanians under Omer Brionis allies of the Turks would have to pass through this place in order to reach southern Greece where the major part of the struggle was being fought. The arrival of the Albanians was awaited every minute. Finally, the barbarian

horde, eighteen thousand strong, appeared on the plain. It is told that some of the Greeks left, seeing the impossibility of holding their position; those that remained fell to the incomparable numbers of the enemy, after a savagely fought battle. Once again the Greeks died heroically in their struggle against the barbarians who outnumbered them both in Thermopylae and in this case.

In the meantime, a relative of Diacos had brought him a horse in order to escape, but the courageous Greek said, "I've been stationed here to guard the pass and I will stay here, faithful to my duty, as long as I have sufficient strength." It wasn't long before he was wounded on the shoulder and fell a captive to the enemy. The Albanians triumphantly dragged him and brought him, stained with blood and weak from his wound, into the presence of their leader, Omer Brionis.

Omer Brionis, who admired the valor of Diacos, then said to him, "I have a little offer to make to you: if you become a Turk, I'll not only save your life but I'll make you a pasha also. That is a high position; you'd better consider my offer."

Diacos faced the problem as a real Greek and said without the slightest hesitation, "To h—— with you Turks and your offers; I was born a Greek and a Greek I will die."

"You shall die a horrible death," warned the Turk.

Fearlessly the brave Greek replied, "Greece has many like me; Odysseus Androutros shall revenge my death." As he was led to the ground where he was to be executed after he had been tortured for some time, Diacos called to the Turks and said, "Dogs, you may kill me but I regret my death for only one reason — that I die before I see my country liberated."

Those of the Greeks that had left before the battle crossed the plains and mountains and joined the small force of Odysseus Androutros, dreaming of the day when they would be able to revenge the death of Diacos. A short time after their arrival, it was learned that the Turks were approaching the inn of Gravia, an important position that had to be captured before advancing south. The inn was built in a favorable position from a military point of view. Immediately Odysseus, understanding the importance of the inn, rose and said, "The inn of Gravia must be defended! Which of you are coming?" More than one hundred chosen men jumped up one after another. "That is all; the inn is small

and we cannot take any more," ordered the leader for others were standing up and moving toward the inn.

When these few men reached the inn they found it to be rather small. Instantly, they began fortifying the windows and door with stones. Then they made holes in the wall and placed their guns there, ready to fire. While they were awaiting the arrival of the Turks, Odysseus was running from man to man, giving instructions for the battle.

Presently the tumult of the approaching horde was heard, at first faintly, but, as it neared the inn, more and more distinctly. Like locusts, the enemy advanced toward the inn. Evidently, Omer Brionis had not understood the intention of the Greek leader. When Androustos had separated from the Greeks, the Turk thought that it was the intention of Odysseus to negotiate with him, since Omer Brionis had offered to make the Greek a pasha over eastern Greece, if he became a Turk.

In the meantime Odysseus instructed his men not to shoot before he did. As the dervish who was leading the hostile force neared the inn, the Greek leader asked in a thunderous tone, "Where to, my dervish?"

Without hesitation the Albanian replied, "To kill unbelievers."

Instantly Odysseus fired and the Albanian dervish fell off his horse dead, and at that second the Greeks followed the example of their leader. The Turks then rushed like mad dogs against the Greeks. The enemy were covering their faces with their left hands, so as not to lose their courage, and were running ahead in the darkness. The onslaught was terrific. Many were killed and many wounded but some managed to reach the walls of the inn, because they were so many that the defenders could not mow them down in sufficient rapidity. Those that reached the walls drew their sabres and struck the wall with them; some put their shoulders against the walls and pushed as if they were trying to dislodge it from its foundations. Calmly the Greeks

fought on, and the battle raged until nightfall. Their guns were burning and red from the excessive use; the inn was covered with a dark cloud of smoke; and the men inside were as black as coal from the smoke of the powder.

Finally, night fell and the Turks, disgusted at their inability to capture a small force of men enclosed in an old tavern, tired, and ashamed, brought the battle to a close for a time, and withdrew a short distance. Evidently, they planned to pass the night around the Greek fort and renew their attack in the morning. In the meantime, they sent for cannons from a nearby city, so that they could destroy the fortified house in the morning.

However, after night had dragged along for a few hours, the Greek leader spoke thus to his men, "Fellow soldiers, our material has been exhausted; we have very little powder left; we have no food, and in this state of affairs we can't hold out very long. The only thing that is left for us to do, is to try to slip by the enemy in the darkness of the night".

Before long, the stones were being removed from the door, as quietly as possible. The Greeks cautiously left their fort, unable to avoid stepping on the bodies of dead Turks that had been killed during the day and were piled on one another around the house. As the Greeks were escaping, the faces of dead Turks turned up here and there when someone stepped on the neck of the body. The dead seemed to be just ready to warn their countrymen of the Greeks' attempt to escape. However, after what seemed years, the Greeks made their escape and joined their comrades with only two men killed and two wounded. The survivors continued the struggle until their country was recognized as an independent nation, although the Greeks were allowed to keep only one-fifth of the territory where the Greeks lived. It was a horrible struggle — both sides committed pillage and destruction. Nevertheless, the few men that witnessed the death of Diacos retaliated his death at Grapia.

CONSTANTINE CULOLIAS, '32.

AMERICA'S ACHIEVEMENT

EARLY one cold December morning a small group of men stood on the bleak sand dunes of Kitty Hawk and gazed in astonishment as a strange looking machine with out-stretched wings and sputtering motor raced along the ground and rose erratically into the air. Little, however, did they realize that from this first

successful flight in a heavier than air machine was to grow one of the greatest industries of the world.

Slowly through various stages of growth aviation has risen until to-day machines can stay aloft for more than a week without landing. Aeroplanes have spanned every continent, the Atlan-

tic and the Pacific and now regular airlines, running on established schedules, are every day occurrences.

For centuries man had endeavored to overcome the seemingly insurmountable barriers that blocked the way to Aviation. Eminent scholars tried to scale the heights without success. Then, out of what seemed like dismal failure, stepped two young men, the immortal Wright brothers, with a successful machine that just flew that cold December morning.

They had no scientific training but they went at it systematically, not taking any of the data then available for granted but testing it all. In this way they found errors in the work of experimental predecessors and on the new material they built their experimental models.

Then from these tiny planes Aviation grew. Today we have gigantic airlines and tiny sport planes. Hundreds of planes fly daily and hundreds of people travel via the air in preference to land or water. All who take one flight are impatient till the next. Aviation grows upon one and one flight leads to another. Who could resist it? To go racing across the ground with the motor roaring in one's ears and then, with wires humming and the roar of the motor rising to a whim, to rise gracefully into the air is something that no man or woman could ever resist.

Of course some say that it is dangerous, yet they ride in automobiles and according to statistics there are more automobile accidents in comparison with the number of automobiles to the number of aeroplanes, than there are aeroplane accidents.

Then there is the parachute, the life preserver of the acorplane, which has done much to eliminate many of the original dangers of Aviation. Manufacturers guarantee their parachutes and therefore in case one should not work, which is,

very, very seldom, you can come back and have your money refunded.

Yesterday aeroplane designers turned much of their attention to the building of large transport planes, but today they are entering the field of the tiny sport plane. Outstanding among the designers of the transport plane is Dr. Claude Dornier, the builder of the gigantic D. O. X. This super ship has met with many misfortunes and its trans Atlantic flight seemed to be doomed. These misfortunes, however, do not mean that such planes are impractical. The D. O. X. is in every way practical but fate has played many tricks on her. Another leading figure in this line of work is the famous Anthony Fokker whose planes have gone to many corners of the globe and set many new records.

One of the earliest pioneers in the field of the sport plane is Heath, the designer of the famous Heath Parasol and Baky Bullet. Henry Ford, however, is now stepping in and endeavoring to the air just as he did the roads. His chief designer, Mr. Stout, has recently designed the new Stout Sky Car, which Henry Ford will soon begin to produce and which he hopes will become as numerous and popular as the famous Model T. This field, however, is still in its infancy, and are looking forward to the time when every household will have its own sport plane just as every home today has its own automobile.

And now since Aviation has come to stay, let us all stand by it and not be like the man who when asked if he would like to fly responded that he preferred to stay on terra firma and the firmer the less terror. Let us all be air-minded and give Aviation a helping hand and then America the land of the free will see her citizens sail way across the skies and making new records for the glory of the good old U. S. A.

BERNARD WHITMAN, '31

NIGHT

The moon is high;
The budding branches of a tree
Stand out like ancient filigree
Against the blue and silver of the sky —
The poplars quiver in sad ecstasy
In wonder for the night's blue rhapsody,
And gently sigh.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33



SENIOR SOCIAL

ON Friday, May 8, the senior class had a Social in the gymnasium of the Cambridge High and Latin School. Despite the rain and two or three conflicting affairs, the dance was well attended. The committee, headed by Tom Mahoney, deserves special praise for the masterly manner in which this function was handled. The orchestra, with its sophisticated dance music, and the multi-colored balloons and decorations hung from the rafters in the gym, completely transformed the familiar appearance of that hall. Although there was some danger that the dance might turn into a swimming meet because of two large puddles on the floor under a myriad of leaks in the roof above, the ever vigilant committee proved equal to the crisis with the aid of some odd pounds of corn-meal. Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Miss McElroy, Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Cunningham acted as patrons and patronesses.

That the social was a successful affair cannot be questioned. We have but one regret — that there haven't been more of them. May we suggest to future senior classes that they have a social in the gym, in coming years, at the end of each marking period. They make for more friendship and good-will between the majority of the seniors than four years of high school together do. If this arrangement could be made, perhaps the seniors might get a chance to learn to know a few of the people with whom they graduate from high school!

YEAR BOOK STAFF

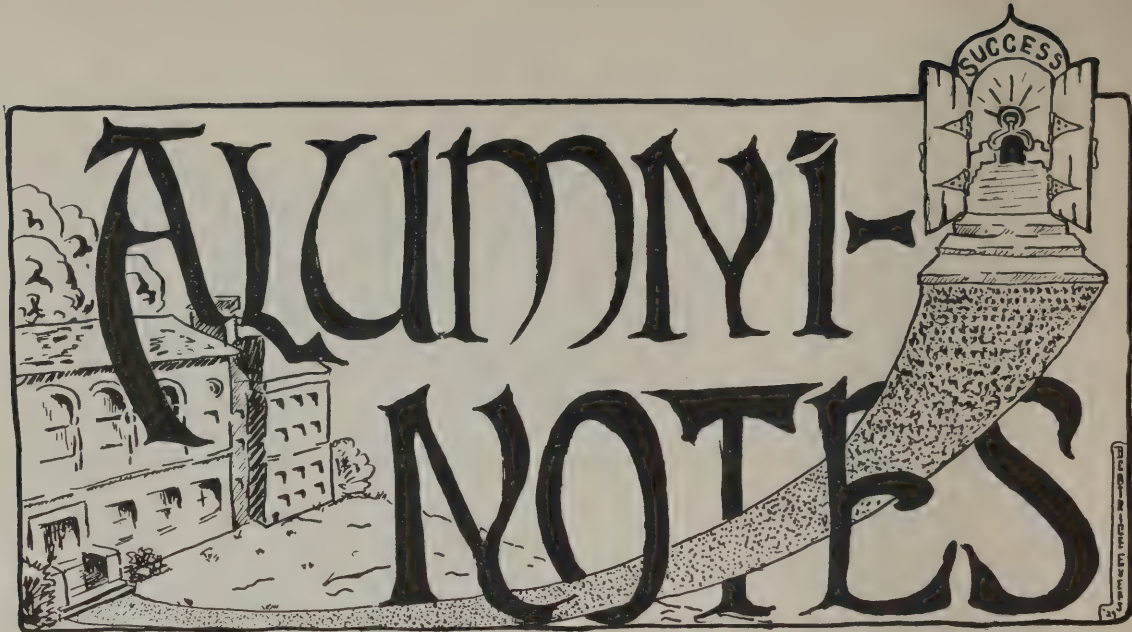
The following members of the Senior Class are on the Year Book Staff: Paul Tiffany,

Editor-in-Chief; William Royce, Business Manager; Noreen Leahy, Marion Mader, Mary Comeau, Bessie Livingstone, Frances Hayes, Eileen Moran, Sally Whitman, Caribel Conant, Elizabeth Grant, Lillian Bronstein, Florence Jones, Dorothy Hooker, Frances Downes, Evelyn Cummings, Dorothy Duffy, Kathleen Cail, Walter Roberts, Edward Gordon, and Ken Daly.

JUNIOR PROM.

Due to the ever growing popularity of the Junior Promenade, it was found necessary to hold that affair on May 10, in the largest available ball-room in Cambridge — the main ball-room of the Hotel Continental. The affair was without doubt an outstanding success, both socially and financially, due to the untiring work of the Junior Prom committee, headed by Anne Conley, and composed of William Baker, Mary Mahoney, Joseph Palmer, and Richard Shine, assisted by Miss Murray, popular Junior dean, and the Junior class officers: John Moran, President; Victor Gatto, Vice-President; Francis Potter, Treasurer, Barbara Farwell, Secretary. Among the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie L. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Danehy, Mr. and Mrs. Dugan, Mrs. Brooks, and Miss Murray. Mayor and Mrs. Russell were unable to attend, but showed their interest in the affair and in the success of the class by sending flowers of the class color. Especially appropriate were the favors given to the young ladies — red leather book covers with the letters C. H. L. S. engraved in gold. In years to come, how many pleasant memories may be associated with this memento!





1916

Mr. Durrell has kindly sent the *Review* a list of the recent marriages of graduates of the Cambridge High and Latin School.

Marion Clarke Grogan and Milton Cooper at Watertown, June 21, 1930.

Lucy Gertrude Lamkin and Maurice Cameron, June 25, 1930.

1918

John Jerrold Collier and Kate Watson Smith, September 6, 1930.

Madeline Monica Sharkey and Francis J. Murphy, November 11, 1930.

1920

Robert Martin Darling and Elizabeth Sever, June 14, 1930.

1921

Martin Faris and Edwin Huston McBurney, June 5, 1930.

Howard Dustin Green and Isabelle S. Tyler at Hartford, Connecticut, September 27, 1930.

1922

Gertrude Elizabeth Colder and Gerard Oteiza, July 5, 1930.

Frances May Coltery and Silvio J. Martore, June 8, 1930.

1923

Gladys Charlotte Nodstrom and Morgan Harry Harris at Boston, January 15, 1931.

1924

Barbara Brigham and John Loew Whitney, June 7, 1930.

Mildred Louise Conroy and Henry M. Sullivan, May 31, 1930.

1926

Hazel F. Brockbank and Sperry Saunders Shea, June 11, 1930.

1926

Samuel Cohen, upon graduating Harvard Engineering School in June, will be employed by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

"Hank" Barber has been awarded an honorable mention on the All American Football Team of 1930. Incidentally, only three in the entire College of Dartmouth have received this honor.

1927

Al Serino, Lou Wasserman, John Holbrook, Tech Fishman, Gordon Mansfield, Harold Snyder and Hi Buller are graduating in June from Harvard.

1928

Margaret Holmes has been on the Dean's List for two semesters at Wheaton owing to the fact that she has maintained an average of 85.

1929

Mary Drinan is at Simmons.

Dan McKillop, Thomas Rinaldo, Vincent Sorrentino, and Clifford Swenson are at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Peter White and William Power are freshmen at Harvard.

Walter Doherty is attending Georgetown University in Washington, D. C.

Charles Good and Gilbert Dexter are at the Northeastern Law School.

Continued on page 22



REVIEW STAFF

Third Row: M. Segal, M. Mader, S. Kaplan, A. Jacobson.

Second Row: E. Traknis, N. Leahy, T. Hubbard, Miss Hardy, E. Roorbach, E. Cummings, I. Nichols.

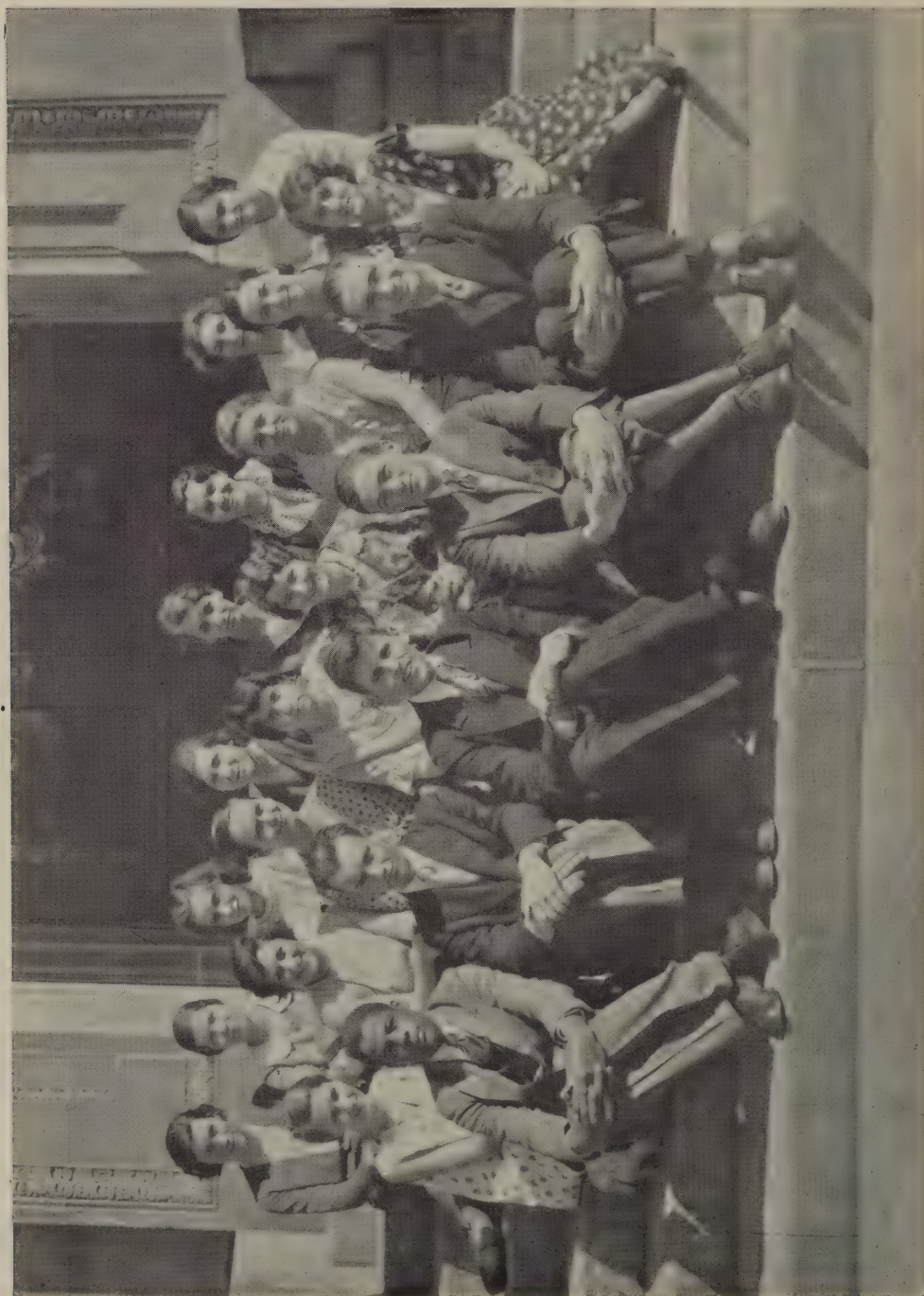
First Row: E. Sugarman, F. Hodgdon, W. Roberts, I. Berkman, E. Gordon, J. Glacken, J. Winthrop.



G. A. A.

Second Row: M. Falvey, M. Hudson, Miss Brown, L. Larson, C. Conant.

First Row: M. MacDonald, R. Hibbard, G. Lancaster.



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Third Row: N. Leahy, M. Mader, M. Comeau, B. Livingstone, F. Hayes, E. Moran, S. Whitenan, C. Conant.
Second Row: E. Grant, L. Bronstein, F. Jones, D. Hooker, I. Downes, E. Cummings, D. Duffy, K. Cail.
First Row: W. Roberts, E. Gordon, P. Tiffany, W. Royce, K. Daly.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Third Row: Ronzio, D. Johnson, F. Hopkins, H. Roger, A. Dzendolet, J. Palmer, J. Powers, P. Lekakos, G. Runlet, W. West

Second Row: Coach MacDonald, F. O'Keefe, W. Swisher, D. Swisher, J. Dimitro, J. Reardon, Captain, E. Barry, C. McSweeney, W. McKeever, S. Claymen, J. Sheehan.

First Row: J. Carchia, M. Cohen, A. Good, J. McKenna, E. Conlon, O. La Ronde, Petoncionus, F. Hamilton.



BASEBALL TEAM

Third Row: F. Hopkins, J. Kelley, J. Reardon, F. Crawley, W. Allen, J. Horgan, Mr. Foley.

Second Row: O. LaRonde, J. McArthur, W. McKeever, D. Argenzio, J. Powers, J. McGarrahan, A. Batchelder.

First Row: J. Mahoney, J. Rudgis, W. Plausky, F. Sullivan, P. Lekakos, E. Conlan, Mr. McDonald.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Third Row: A. Batchelder, J. Walch, F. Montgomery, Mr. Kozlonsky, A. Frisoli, J. Ricci, M. Spectis.

Second Row: J. Glick, J. Mulgrew, J. Mahoney, F. Lynch, V. Campbell, W. Stewart, N. McKeeves, Mr. Foley.

First Row: W. Plausky, J. Klevis, F. Lekakos, H. Rogert, J. Witham.



HOCKEY TEAM

Third Row: J. Murphy, O. LaRonde, F. Hopkins.

Second Row: F. Simpson, J. McArthur, G. Desrosier, E. Skinner, J. Horgan, E. Conlan.

First Row: Mr. Foley, E. Rooney, J. Reardon, M. Hovenanian, Mr. McDonald.



Here at last is the long awaited summer once more! I'll not bore you by a review of the year's fun because I have yet to record many things since the last vacation. It would be useless anyway, because the year under Ruth Hibbard has indeed been so wonderfully different, it seems everything will stand out, without my interference, as a reference and example in the immediate years to come.

The cup offered by the G. A. A. for competition in basketball between the eight grades of the Grammar Schools, has been won by Peabody with a last score of 10 - 9 against Thorndike. The tournament, conducted by the officers and Miss Brown will now enter the annals of the year and will be an annual affair hereafter.

That was one of the many events, new of its kind, that took place this year. The spirit or desire for more and newer amusements evidently was contagious; for the Freshmen without any hint from the upperclassmen decided to establish a precedent of giving to the upperclassmen a party in return for that one given to them earlier in the year. Therefore, on Friday, April 24, the Freshmen presented Booth Tarkington's "The Travelers" in our assembly hall. The cast was as follows:

LA SERA	Edith Gellis
CHAUFFEUR	Mary McDonough
MR. ROBERTS	Barbara Sheridan
MRS. ROBERTS	Alice Tibbets
JESSE ROBERTS	Ruth Rosenberg
MRS. SLIDELL	Rita Wetmore
FRED SLIDELL	Martha McCarthy
MARIE	Josephine Ciampi
LUIGI	Leila Larson
SALVATORE	Mary McDonough
THE MAN IN THE DOORWAY.....	Agnes Beukoski

I must admit that this group of Freshmen did a marvellous piece of work; and I for one would encourage the idea of their repeating the performance so that more people might see it.

The baseball games have, so far, caused much interest, although the championship has not been decided yet. Only two interclass games have been played thus far. The first game between Sophomores and Seniors on May 6 went smash-bang to the Sophs with a score of 14 - 4.

SENIORS

Mary Hines, p.....	p, Beaver
Thelma Darrock, c.....	c, McNally
Beatrice O'Neil, 1b.....	1b, Freeman
Palm Zappala, 2b.....	2b, O'Dell
Mary Grendell, 3b.....	3b, Berger
Mary Gahill, ss.....	ss, Lucy
Mary Leary, lf.....	lf, Navien
Ann White, cf.....	cf, Kesslich
Margaret Sullivan, rf.....	rf, McGowan

	Runs	Hits
Seniors	4	9
Sophomores	14	15

The second Sophomore-Senior game on May 12 the Seniors won, putting the Sophs way in the background: 35 - 9. The first Freshman-Junior game on May 7 went to the Juniors with the score of 22 - 6.

JUNIORS

Lancaster, p.....	p, Gore
Mahoney, c.....	c, Larson
Kenney, 1b.....	1b, McDonough
Cormier, 2b.....	2b, Branscombe
DeLallo, 3b.....	3b, Gellis
Brownrigg, ss.....	ss, Leary
Zrazulis, lf.....	lf, Tibbetts
Fleming, cf.....	cf, Linsky
Zygalus, rf.....	rf, Sygalis

	Runs	Hits
Juniors	22	20
Freshmen	6	5

The second Frosh-Junior game, on May 13, went to Juniors this time. Now the Juniors will play the winners of the Soph-Seniors; all decisions based on two out of three games. The champions are then rewarded with silver baseballs. Congratulations to the winners!

On May 18 our baseball Varsity plays Arlington here in Cambridge; and Lexington on some later date.

Marvellous to relate we have a swimming team which is scheduled to have a meet with Somerville on May 14. On May 21st our interclass meets will go off. Besides everything else we have mermaids, too!

Tennis has been getting along pretty well under the guidance of Catherine Kelso. It seems to me that the winner will have a pretty hard time to show her tennis ability and talent.

There remains one thing more, something else that has never been heard of in C. H. L. S. heretofore. On May 16, all present basketball ad-

mirers with the 1930 team are having a Basketball Luncheon in the Riverbank Court Hotel. We shall lack nothing it seems, with Sally Whitman as toast-mistress and Evelyn Cummings as practical joker. Speeches (the kind that are fun), and dancing, gesides the eating part of it ought to be a good cause for inspiration of any sort.

On June 6 comes the climax of the year: installation of new officers; the end of 30-31; the beginning of 31-32; the picnic at Miss Brown's home in Kendall Green! Words cannot describe the program of the picnic day; so I shall not commit myself. Only, Freshmen, it is one that all should try to attend; and one that you will never regret having attended. "Nuff said!"

I must bid you, readers, a pleasant good-bye. I hope I have fulfilled my desire in interesting you in this page. The returns of the elections for next year's officers have not returned — but whoever they will be — congratulations!

A pleasant summer to you all!

*Returns of the elections for next year's officers are:

GERTRUDE LANCASTER *President*

HELEN KENNEY.....*Vice President*

MARJORIE O'DELL.....*Secretary*

Best wishes for next year! Congratulations!

SYLVIA KAPLAN, '31.

ALUMNI NOTES—*Continued from page 16*

1930

Robert Hurley, Joe Moran, and Thomas Ryan are freshmen at Boston College.

Evelyn Robinson is at Burdett. ?

Eliabeth Dempsey and Mary O'Reilly are attending Emmanuel.

Rachael Kincaid is a freshman at the Massachusetts Art School.

Anne Goverman, Dorothy Howard, Margaret Mazel, Ethel Buzzelle, and Mary Socoloff are at the Framingham Normal School.

Pauline Brooks, Rose Maybush, Suzanne Revaleon, and Adelaide Wentzell are studying at the Salem Normal School.

Helen Murray in Lynn.

Margaret Donahue in Cambridge.

Elizabeth McCarthy at St. Elizabeth's.

Margaret Eleanor Hill in Cambridge.

Josephine Mahady in Cambridge.

Sara McCraigne at St. Elizabeth's.

Edna Skelley at St. Elizabeth's.

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6. *Wide range of Employment Opportunities* offered by our Placement Bureau, which for nearly fifty years has assisted graduates in securing desirable positions.
7. *No Solicitors or Agents* to annoy you.

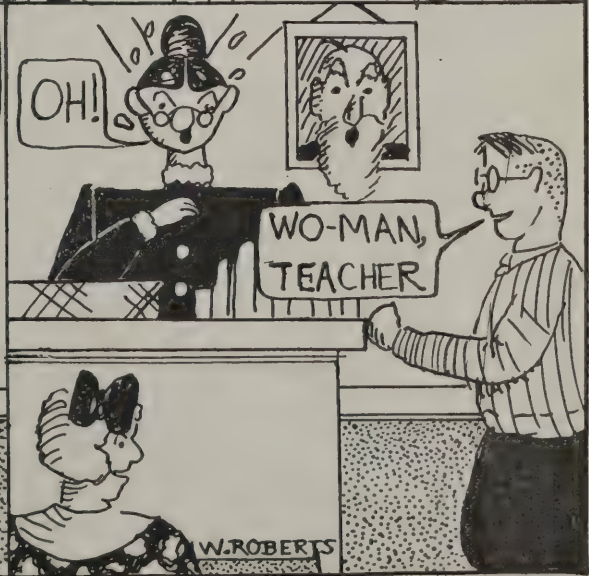
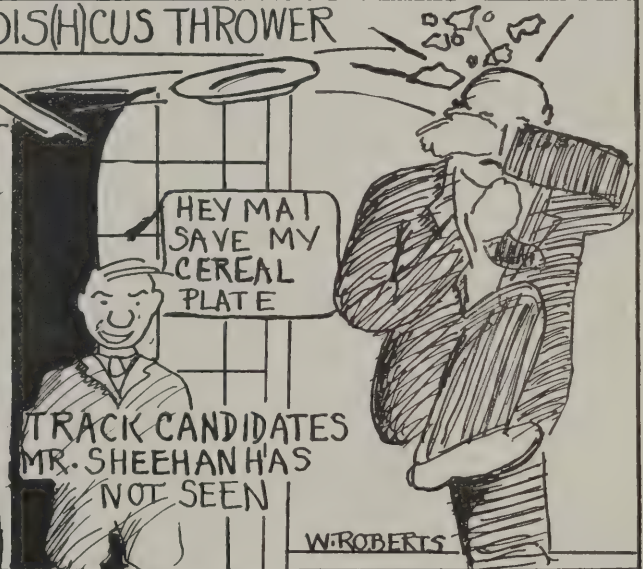
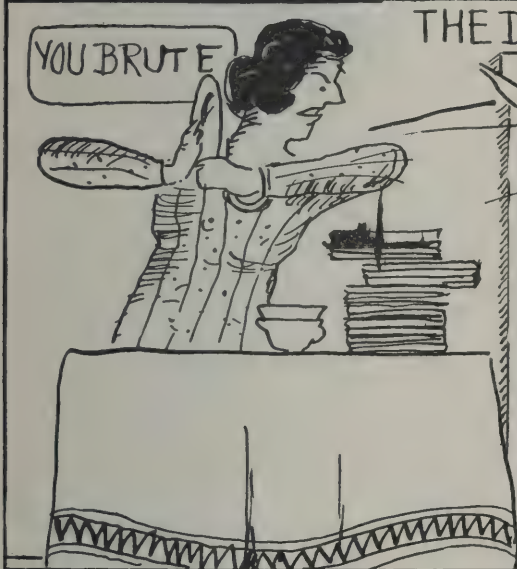
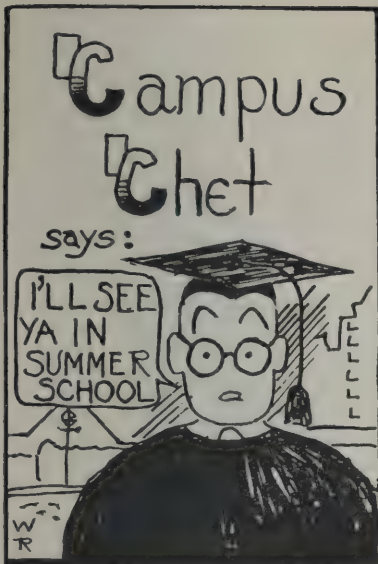
Prospectus sent upon request.

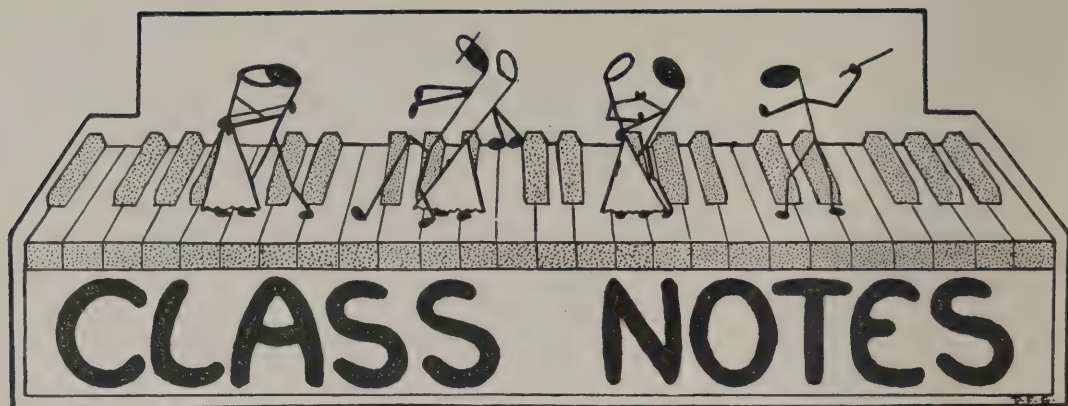
Summer Session opens June 29 — Fall Session, September 8

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L. O. WHITE
Principal





1931 — Category — 1931

<i>Most popular girls</i>	K. B's.
<i>Most popular boy</i>	Joe Olivo
<i>Most beautiful girl</i>	Ella Gans
<i>Most handsome boy</i>	Dan Doherty
<i>Most brilliant</i>	Irene Grace
<i>Most even tempered girl</i>	Marion Mader
<i>Most even tempered boy</i>	Bob Worden
<i>Most business like</i>	Evelyn Cummings
<i>Most charming</i>	Lynne Wyeth
<i>Most versatile</i>	Ken Daly
<i>Most athletic</i>	Tweet Reardon
<i>Most chic</i>	Noreen Leahy
<i>Most conscientious</i>	Connie Panunzio
<i>Most loquacious girl</i>	Kay Pray
<i>Most loquacious boy</i>	Bunny Haverty
<i>Most tactful</i>	Ita McCarthy
<i>Most companionable</i>	Alice Wood
<i>Most radical</i>	Betty Roorbach

Popular Songs

"Satisfied"	Paul Dugan
"Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone"	Virginia Dillon
"The One Man Band"	Paul Tiffany
"It must be True"	Jimmy Brine
"Just A Memory"	Freshman Year
"One Heavenly Night"	Graduation

Current Movies

"Check and Double-Check"	Louise Magill
	Martha Meade
"The Tailor Made Man"	Harold Lyche
"THE Sophomore"	Peg Hudson
"Tol'able David"	Dave Swisher
"Born to Love"	Anne Conley
"Found"	Jim Pray
"Lightnin'"	Graham Sweetster
"Dawn Patrol"	Bernard Whitman
"Reaching for the MOON"	Ken Daly
	Ed Crane
"Remote Control"	George McInnis
"The Little Accident"	Harry Shtiller
"Land of Missing Men"	Stag Line
"Misbehaving Ladies"	G. A. A.
"Way Of All Flesh"	P. G.

"The Easiest Way"	Trots
"The Spoilers"	Chaperons
"The Big Trail"	To Mr. Bramhall's Office

Heard at the Senior Social

She — "I could die waltzing."

He — "Excuse me while I speak to the orchestra leader."

Page Miss Butler!

"I beg pardon, sir, but what is your name?" the teller politely asked the man presenting the check.

"Name," replied the indignant customer, "don't you see my signature on the check?"

"I do," answered the teller. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

"Mama," said little Tommy, "I think I'll be a preacher when I grow up."

"Fine, my boy," replied his mother. "But what put that idea into your head?"

"Why," answered the little fellow, "I s'pose I'll have to go to church all my life anyway, and I'd rather trot up and down the stage than sit still!"

Eddie — "Pop, do angels have pockets in their wings?"

Pop — "No, they certainly do not."

Eddie — "Then where will I put my hanky?"

Snappy Comeback

Mr. — "Men don't broadcast scandal the way you gossipy women do."

Mrs. — "No, you simply furnish the scandal to be broadcast."

A Word to the Wise —

"What made Hokem send that bomb to the Editor of the Evening Snooze?"

"The Editor told him to send all future jokes written on tissue paper so he could see through them."

Hoax — "How did you get out of admitting that your father was electrocuted?"

Joax — "I said he occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions."

"Clothes do not make the man"
Observe the dandies —
If further proof's required
Just gaze at Gandhi's.

"I went to an organ recital yesterday and sure did enjoy it."

"Who played?"

"Nobody — it was my professor's appendicitis lecture."

Art Critic — "I was just noticing the brush marks on this Rembrandt."

Mrs. Newrich — "Would it cost very much to have them removed?"

Heard in English I

Teacher — "How do you like O. Henry?"

Nitwit — "I can't stand it. The peanuts stick in my teeth."

"What made Frisoli's hair look so strange at the Social, Friday? Didn't he use some new kind of stickum his mother gave him?"

"He meant to — but in his hurry he got hold of a bottle of Dennison's glue by mistake."

Chicken Feed

Floridian (picking up a melon) — "Is this the largest apple you can grow in your State?"

Californian — "Stop fingering that grape."

Is That a Fact?

Latin Prof. — "Seven towns, I believe, claimed Homer."

Wise one — "Some of our citizens are wanted by more than that."

Judge — "The traffic officer says you got sarcastic with him."

Mr. Nagger — "But I didn't intend to be. He talked to me like my wife does, and I forgot and answered, 'Yes, my dear'."

A. — "How did Richleigh make all his money?"

B. — "By judicious speculation and investment."

A. — "And how did Poorman lose all his money?"

B. — "Gambling on the stock market."

Teacher — "What insect requires the least nourishment?"

Class of '34 — "The moth — it eats holes!"

"She cost a fortune to buy. She's depreciated so much that I can't get her off my hands. And the man that introduced me to her was five kinds of a liar."

Lady Nebuchadnezzar

Among the first to enter was Mrs. Clara —, lone woman passenger. Slowly her nose was turned around to face in a southwesterly direction, and away from the hangar doors. Then, like some strange beast, she crawled along the grass. —

Excerpt from Californian Paper

Kent — "Why do you call your car "Regulator?"

Jerome — "Well, don't all the other cars go by it?"

Since Spring is Here

Circus Owner — "Why is the India rubber man quitting?"

Barker Bill — "Well, he says that every time the strong man writes a letter, he uses him for an eraser."

This Business Depression

Snip — "I lost my entire fortune in Wall Street yesterday."

Snap — "That so?"

Snip — "Yeah, I was standing on a corner and dropped my quarter, and it ran down a sewer."

Proof

Judge — "How fast was she driving when she passed you?"

Officer — "Well, the bulldog on the seat beside her looked like a daschund!"

Catch On?

Staylate — "Oh, my dear, how can I leave you?"

Mae Knott — "You have your choice of street car, bus, or taxi."

Hotel Page — "Telegram for Mr. Niespondiavanci, Mr. Niespondiavanci!"

N — *ci* — "What initial, please?"

What a Life!

"Why have you named your car for your wife?"

A young man had just driven home from college at the end of the term.

"Did you pass everything?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Everything, except two Buicks and a Hudson. Darned if they mustn't have had aeroplane motors in them."

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of his host's little son.

"That is a difficult question," answered the young lad, removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively. "The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be twelve; my moral age, four; my anatomical age, seven; and my physiological age, six. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age which is eight. That's so old fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."

Repairing Needed to Uphold Law

The students who take law in room 59 are continually in fear of being overthrown, because of the broken chairs in which they sit. One accident has already occurred with the result that one pupil's pride was considerably injured. Nearly all the chairs have become detachable, and a chair that is divided against itself cannot stand. The chairs should be repaired immediately if law and order are to be upheld.

LAURENA ROBERTS, '31

Disease Sweeps C. H. L. S. — Beware

As the flu swept the entire country some few years ago, so does highschoolitis cast its shadow over the students of Cambridge High and Latin School.

The disease seems to be making strong headway, for many people are showing its symptoms. A sure sign to tell whether or not you are developing "highschoolitis" is to ask yourself:

- (1) Do I come late to school?
- (2) Do I help litter the floors?
- (3) Am I noisy or disrespectful during classes?
- (4) Do I chew gum?
- (5) Am I disorderly in the corridors when classes are in session?

If you have only one of these symptoms, you have some hope of recovering without consulting your physician. Students who have developed all these symptoms should take the advice of the local observer and see the highschoolitis specialist, Doctor Inez McCaffrey.

ANNIE RUTKAUSKAS, '31

Miss R. — "I am tempted to give the class a test on the fixation of nitrogen today."

Voice from rear of the room — "Yield not to temptation."

Diner — "What sort of pudding is this?"

Waitress — "We call it college pudding, sir. Like it?"

Diner — "No, I'm afraid there's an egg in it that ought to have been expelled."

Freshman — "Will you hold these books for me?"

Mr. Cleveland — "Sir, I am the Principal of this school."

Freshman — "Oh, that's all right. You look like an honest man."

Mother — "Bob, I heard that instead of going to Sunday School this morning you played football."

Bob — "That isn't true — and I've got a string of fish to prove it."

Relief for Unemployment

There would be no unemployment situation if the unemployed were employed at storing away the statistics gathered about unemployment.

From the depths of the History Class, Betty ejaculated — "Did you know that the Pilgrims used cosmetics?"

"No."

"Sure, they all used the Mayflower Compact."

"And why, warden, do you feed the prisoners yeast cakes?"

"To keep them from breaking out, of course!"

Irate Father — "How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it?"

C. H. L. S. Senior — "Great! Great!"

Judge — "Haven't I seen you before?"

Prisoner (trying to get in good) — "Sure I'm the fellow that taught your daughter to play the piano."

Judge — "Forty years! Next!"

Presidential Formula

1790—Cut down a cherry tree.

1860—Split it into rails.

1908—Hack it into a big stick.

1912—Make it into golf club.

1928—Refashion it into fishing pole.

Dave Swisher — "The enemy is as thick as peas. What shall I do?"

Commanding Officer — "Shell them, fool, shell them."

"Our theatres are much larger than yours," said the American.

"Oh, but we have some very large ones," replied the Englishman. "At Drury, for instance, if a man threw an egg from the back of the stalls, it would probably fall short into the orchestra."

"Really," asked the American. "Now if a man threw an egg from the back of the stalls in our biggest theatre, it would hatch out before it got anywhere near the orchestra!"

Miss D. — "Who was Anne Boleyn, Charlotte?"

Charlotte — "Anne Boleyn was a flat-iron."

Miss D. — "How dare you make such a frivolous answer?"

Charlotte — "It isn't a frivolous answer. Our text book says that Henry the Eighth pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

A chemist lost his night-shirt in the Wet-wash. When it didn't come back after a week's wait the chemist sent the following message to the laundry:

Has my C6-H5-NO2?"

C6-H5-NO2 is the chemical formula for nitro-benzene. Now figure it out for yourself.

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SCHERZE

Lehrer — "Die Kerben sind gar nicht schlimm, Hans."

Hans — "Ach, wissen Sie, ich bin der Verständigte in meiner Familie?"

Lehrer — "Ist das wahr, Hans? Wie viele sind es in Ihrer Familie?"

Hans — "Nun, ich bin der Einzige."

* * * * *

Der Speisende — "Kellner, nun sehen Sie dieses Stück von Hühnchen an; daran ist nichts als Haut und Knochen."

Kellner — "Ja, mein Herr; wünschen Sie die Federn auch?"

* * * * *

Lehrer — "Was finden wir in dem östlichen Lufthimmel?"

Schüler — "Die Sterne."

* * * * *

Allein im Frankreich

"Und da, mein Sohn, hast du die Geschichte von deinem Vater und dem Grossen Krieg."

"Ja, mein Vater, aber warum brauchten sie alle die anderen Soldaten?"

* * * * *

"Lachen Sie über mich?" fragte der zornige Geschichts-lehrer die Klasse.

"Nein," erwiderten sie zusammen.

"Nun," betonte der Lehrer, "Was anders ist es in dem Zimmer zu belachen?"

DIE UBERSETZUNGEN

Wandrer's Nachlied

von Goethe

Der du von Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,

Ach, ich bin des Treibers müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach, komm in meine Brust!

Wanderer's Night-song

by Goethe

'Thou who dwellest in the skies,
All our pain and grief who stillest,
Him with sorrow-laden eyes
With new strength who fillest,

How weary am I of this life!
What avails our restless striving?
Ah, thou blessed Peace in Life,
For thee I am longing!

* * * * *

Müde Bin Ich

von Luise Hensel

Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh,
Schliesse beide Auglein zu;
Vater, lass die Augen dein
Über meinem Bette sein!

Hab' ich Unrecht heut' getan,
Sieh es, lieber Gott, nicht an!
Deine Gnad' und Jesu Blut
Macht ja allen Schaden gut.

Alle, die mir sind verwandt,
Gott, lass ruhn in deiner Hand.
Alle Menschen, gross und klein,
Sollen dir befohlen sein.

Kranken Herzen sende Ruh,
Nasse Augen schliesse zu;
Lass den Mond am Himmel stehn
Und die stille Welt besehn.

Weary Am I

by Louisa Hinsel

As I, weary, pass to rest,
Close my eyes, I make request;
Father, may Thy guardian eyes
Watch my bed till morning rise.

If I have done wrong today,
Oh, condemn it not, I pray;
All my errors Thou wilt make
Clean and pure for Jesus' sake.

All who now are dear to me
Thou dost guard with Thy decree;
All we men, whoe'er we be,
Shall be obedient unto Thee.

Grant peace to my troubled heart;
To tearful eyes sweet rest impart;
Let the moon rise in the sky
And view the world while sailing by.

* * * * *

Der Zwölfte Kapitel von Ecclesiastes

1. Erinnern Sie sich Ihres Schöpfers in den Tagen Ihrer Jugend, während die schlimmen Tage nicht kommen, noch die Jahre herannahen, wenn Sie sagen werden, ich habe keine Lust in ihnen:

2. Während die Sonne, oder das Licht, oder der Mond, oder die Sterne nicht verfinstert werden, auch nicht die Wolken auf dem Regen folgen:

3. In den Tagen, wenn die Verwahrer des Hauses zittern sollen, und die starken Männer sich neigen sollen, und die Schleifer ablassen sollen, weil sie wenig sind, und die, die an den Fenstern hinausshen verdunkelt werden sollen;

4. Und die Türen sollen in den Strassen zugemacht werden, wenn der Klang der Schliefer leise ist, und er soll bei der Stimme des Vogels aufstehen, und alle die Töchter von Tonkunst sollen heruntergebracht werden.

5. Wenn sie sich auch dem, was hoch ist, fürch-

ten sollen, und die Besorgnisse in dem Weg sein sollen, und der Mandebaum ergrünen soll, und das Heimchen eine Last sein soll, und die Sehnsucht fehlen soll, weil der Mensch nach seinem langen Heim geht und die Trauernden in den Strassen umher gehen.

6. Oder je der silberne Strick wird gelöst, oder der goldene Napf wird zerbrochen, oder der Krug wird an der Quelle zerbrochen, oder das Rad an der Wasserbehälter,

7. Dann soll der Staub zu der Erde zurückkommen, wie er war; und der Geist soll zu dem Gott zurückkommen, der ihn gab.

Eine Dame sah dass ihr Sohn ein Buch las, das hiess "Das Kind und seine Erziehung".

"Warum liest du dieses Buch," fragte sie.

"Ich will sehen ob du mir richtig erziehen."

NICHT JETZT!

"Mein Kind, bist du verloren?"

"Ja."

"Warum hältst du nicht an das Kleid deiner Mutter."

Die Grassmutter sagte zu ihrem Enkel,

"Ich kann es nicht reichen."

"Willst du mich nicht küssen?"

"Früher will ich sehen was Sie in dem kleinen Sack haben."

Contributed by Helen Katzen

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Cambridge 9

Cambridge Latin opened their baseball season by defeating Phillips-Exeter Academy, 9 to 3. Cambridge started strongly and led, 6 to 0 at the end of the fourth inning. Exeter was unable to score until a futile rally in the seventh inning netted but three runs.

In the second inning, Conlon singled with one out. Rudgis scored him with a smashing double. Successive hits by Plausky and Reardon and an error by Twillis enabled the Cantabs to garner four runs in this inning.

In the third, Horgan singled, La Ronde reached on a fielder's choice, and Conlon's second hit gave Latin their fifth run. In the fourth, Kelly doubled down the left field foul line, and Sullivan tripled to right-center to score the sixth run.

In the eighth the Cantabs garnered two more tallies on hits by La Ronde, Rudgis and Reardon, and a sacrifice by Conlon. The final score came in the ninth when Lekakos hit a long triple to right and scored on Horgan's timely single.

Exeter's scoring was confined to the eighth inning. Westby hit, Hart doubled, Willis was passed, and Chubert singled. Exeter could do very little with Kelly's offerings, and eight went out by the strike-out route. Every man on the Latin team made at least one hit.

Somerville 6

Cambridge 5

In the opening Suburban league game, lasting thirteen innings, Somerville High pinned a 6 to 5 defeat on Cambridge Latin. Davis's single in the thirteenth inning scored the winning run. It was a twirling battle between Lefty Kelly of Cambridge and Danny Lynch of Somerville. Kelly fanned 14 batters but was hit harder. Lynch fanned eight but walked nine. Somerville scored first in the fourth inning. With one out, Mahan doubled and Chesterfield scored him with another two base smash. Androski and Davis singled to drive in the second run.

In the fifth, hits by Sullivan, Lekakos, and La Ronde tied the game at two all. In the sixth, Chesterfield and McNamara hit successive pitches into the brook for home runs, giving Somerville a 4 to 2 lead.

In the next inning, Sullivan opened with a single and Pete Lekakos, Latin right fielder, smashed one of Lynch's fast ones clear to the

Exeter 3

fence in right field. It was one of the longest hits ever made by a schoolboy.

In the eighth, Latin took the lead when Plausky walked and Reardon was hit. Both advanced on a wild pitch, and Plausky scored on Sullivan's infield out. In the ninth, Jeremiah batted in Davis with the tying run.

In the thirteenth, Kelly hit Chesterfield, and walked McNamara. Androski sacrificed and Davis's single to right scored the winning run. Sullivan, Latin short-stop, hit three times and accepted eight chances, slipping up only on his first.

Brookline 13

Cambridge 7

Cambridge Latin lost a free hitting game to Brookline High by the score of 13 to 7. Kelly struck out fifteen but was hit hard.

Brookline got off to a flying start by scoring three runs in the first and three in the second, but Latin tied it up in their half of the second, with a batting rally which netted six runs.

Lekakos and Horgan walked, and La Ronde, with the two men on, sent on of Madden's fast balls over the right field fence for a home run. Reardon singled and Kelly walked. Sullivan scored Reardon with a single and Conlon hit to score Kelly and Sullivan.

Tailing 12 to 6 in the eighth, Latin scored their final run. Three passes filled the bases and Plausky hit to score Lekakos. Brookline scored their final run in the ninth when Quinn doubled to score Madden.

Arlington 7

Cambridge 1

Unable to hit the great pitching of Lane, Cambridge High lost to Arlington High 7 to 1. After the first inning, when Arlington made five runs off the delivery of Lekakos, who then steadied down, the contest was close.

In the first inning, Barrett and E. Clarke walked and G. Clarke reached on an error. Crovo hit to the pitcher, but the throw to the plate was low and it got away from Reardon. Galluci, then, doubled to right, and Hederman and Traynor hit to give Arlington a five run lead.

In the third, Lekakos snapped his elbow and was forced to cease pitching. Hopkins took up the burden at this point and finished up the game in fine style.

Arlington scored again in the sixth when Lane tripled to deep right field, and E. Clarke singled to score him. In the next inning, on successive hits by Crovo, Gallucci, and Hederman Arlington scored their last run.

Latin scored their only run in the eighth. With one out, Sullivan singled but was forced when Rudgis reached on a fielder's choice. Successive hits by Conlon and Lekakos scored Rudgis.

B. C. High 5

Cambridge 0

The twirling battle between Hopkins, of Cambridge Latin and Bleiler, of B. C. High, ended in the sixth inning, when the Maroon and Gold scored three runs, to help toward a 5 to 0.

In the big sixth inning, Good, the B. C. High center fielder was passed; Riley singled, McKenna singled and Curran singled for three scores.

In the eighth, Good hit in the direction of the left field fence for three bases, and Iarribano and Curran singled for two more runs to clinch the verdict.

McKenna, the B. C. High third baseman, got three hits in four trips to the plate to lead the hitting. Latin was able to garner only five hits off Bleiler, the B. C. High rotund portsider.

Cambridge 3

Newton 2

Newton High was nosed out by Cambridge Latin, after a pitching duel between Johnny Kelly of Cambridge and Tommy Rhodes of Newton, by a score of 3 to 2. Newton was able to score in only one inning, the seventh.

Kelly pitched a great game, striking out eight and allowing only seven hits. The fact that no putouts were made in the Cambridge outfield proves that Newton could not hit Kelly's offerings hard.

The feature hit of the game was Butler's long home run which sailed into deep center field. This hit brought Newton to within one run of tying the score, but except for a slight letdown in the seventh Kelly was invincible.

Reardon, the Cambridge catcher, was the heavy hitter, collecting a double and two singles in four trips to the plate.

Latin opened the scoring in the second. With one out, Horgan and La Ronde hit. Plausky singled, filling the bases, and Reardon hit scoring two runs. The winning run came in the seventh, when Plausky walked, and Reardon scored him with a smashing double.

Revere 8

Cambridge 2

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Revere High by a score of 8 to 2. Revere made eleven

hits, and collected eight runs by bunching their hits.

Hopkins was hit hard early in the game, and Kelly relieved him in the box. Latin could not hit consistently and, therefore, could score only twice on seven hits.

A sparkling catch by Foley of Revere and a clever stop by Sullivan of Cambridge, together with the pitching of Steinberg, proved to be the features of the game.

Reardon of Cambridge connected for one of the longest hits of the game in the fourth inning, but failed to touch second and was declared out.

Latin put over their first run in the fourth. Horgan singled and Reardon scored him with the above mentioned hit. Latin scored again in the seventh. Reardon singled, Allen pinch-hit and singled, and Sullivan scored Reardon with a one base smash.

Revere staged a big batting rally in the second, to take a five run lead, on two passes, an error, two singles, a double and a triple.

Rindge 7

Cambridge 6

A big third inning, which was featured by Corbin's home run with the bases full, netted Rindge Tech six runs and enabled them to nose out Cambridge Latin by a score of 7 to 6. Latin outhit the winners by 12 hits to 10.

Except for the one big inning, Latin played the better ball and, by virtue of Kelly's great pitching, deserved to win. A great uphill battle by Latin fell one run short of tying the score.

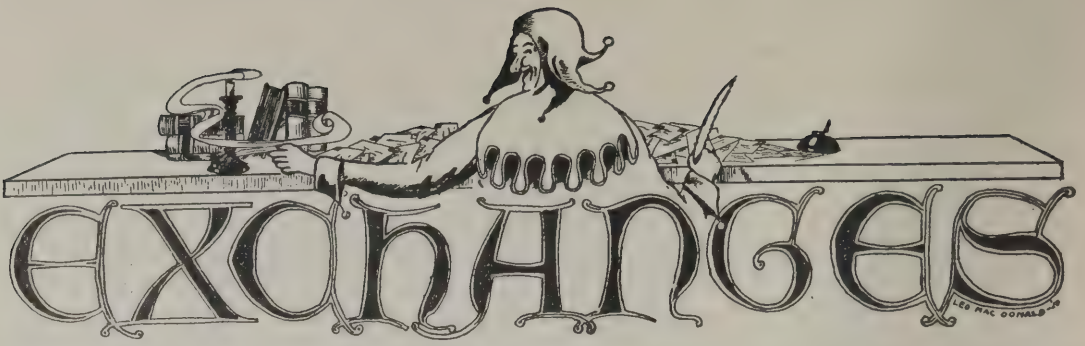
Latin took the lead in the second when they scored two runs on hits by Conlon, Kelly, and Plausky. Then came that big third inning.

Paglieram reached on Lekakos's muff in right field. Maloney sacrificed Deluise and Lyons hit and a run scored. Burbill reached on a fielder's choice, but the throw home was too late to catch Deluise. Burgess walked to fill the bases. Then Corbin hit to deep left field for a home run and four more runs crossed the plate.

Latin scored twice in the seventh when Horgan and Reardon walked and Conlon reached on Dinjian's error. With the bases filled, Chapman relieved Dinjian, to pitch for Rindge. La Ronde fanned, but Kelly and Plausky hit scoring two runs, but a double play nipped the rally.

In the eighth, Latin came within one run of tying. Sullivan walked, and Rudgis singled to left. Horgan and Reardon walked, the latter forcing in Sullivan with a run. Rudgis scored on Conlon's outfield fly.

In the ninth Latin threatened to tie the game with two out, Sullivan walked and stole second, but the next man fanned.



Re-enter the regular Exchange Editor, and if you prefer last month's substitute, please don't mention it. The torture will be over in this issue. The first on the pile of papers and magazines are a set of school-papers, which are really quite exceptional.

First of all is our dear old friend across the way, "The Rindge Register", and, sad to relate, they too have succumbed to the lure of Story contests, for, on the very first page, there is a thrilling tale about a clerk who couldn't get a "raise" to procure the money to save the life of his little son, and, single-handed, beat up some bandits who had robbed his employer's office. Somehow, I think I've heard that before, somewhere; anyway, it's all very exciting with five bandits and a fierce dog thrown in for good measure.

Next, there is a fine publication from Pennsylvania, entitled "The Periscope". It is a curious coincidence that several of our best Exchanges come from Pennsylvania — "The St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle", "The Hi-Newsette", "The Blue and White", the last a stranger to this department. To return to "The Periscope", it seems to be undergoing a severe attack of Tennysonitis, for its pages are crammed with selections from Tennyson. Here's wishing them a quick recovery! The Joke Column is perhaps the best item in the paper; we enclose several.

POOR FRESHIE

A green little freshie in a green little way
Mixed some green little chemicals up on day;
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little freshies little grave.

* * * * *

A private was standing in the company street outside his tent, shaving.

"Do you always shave outside?" asked the sergeant.

"Of course," answered the private. "What do you think I am, fur-lined?"

The next in the pile of Exchanges, (This is meant sarcastically, but don't we wish it were true!) is the above-mentioned "Blue and White", from Warren, Pennsylvania. This is an enticingly plump little magazine, containing some very good jokes, some pretty, unimportant

stories and essays, and eight pages of poetry, most of which is astonishingly above the grade of the rest of the magazine. There are some unfortunate experiments in Verse Libre, but "mistakes will happen in the best regulated families". An interesting attempt at originality which is, none the less, only a little short of being really beautiful poetry is "Winter's Peace" by Alfred McDonald. A clever little jingle by Imogene Reynolds scarcely deserves a place among real poetry is of sufficient brevity to quote here:

Cleopatra smeared her royal face
With bear-grease and with honey,
And started a fad for the present race
That costs a lot of money.

By the way, we've just found in "The Blue and White" one of those nice comments on "The Review" that are so rare and make us feel so good. Here it is:

"Our next sprint is to Cambridge, Mass., and — we simply can't leave until we get our hands on a 'Cambridge Review'.

"By jinks," says Grandpa, 'if you read that essay "Chess", you'll be good enough to play with me!' (Which by the way is quite an honor!) The "Review" is filled with uproarious jokes."

We regret to state that "The Saint Joseph's Prep School Chronicle" has decidedly fallen off during the year. In the fall, the occasional melodrama were an interesting break in the more sober tone of the serious efforts, but gradually more and more "thrillers" have crept in, until now there is an actual scarcity of the interesting articles which have raised this magazine above the average. A fine exception to the rule is "The Bell", a truly remarkable poem.

Another example of the light type of magazine is "The Clarion" from the Jamaica Plain High School, which contains some rather humorous essays, many corking jokes, and a hilariously funny playlet, "First Come, First Served".

Two other magazines which have rather deteriorated since the beginning of the year are "The Aegis" from Beverly, "The Artisan" from the Mechanics Arts High School, and "The Advance" from the Salem High School. Though they are still good magazines of their type, they are no longer exceptional.

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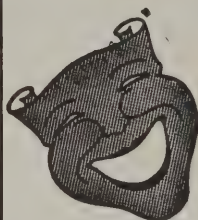
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